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MEMOIRS

OF

MARY, THE YOUNG DUCHESS OF BURGUNDY,

AND

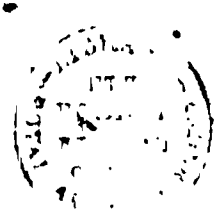
HER CONTEMPORARIES.

XXA 5

BY

LOUISA STUART COSTELLO,

AUTHOR OF "A SUMMER AMONGST THE BOCAGES AND THE VINES,"
ETC. ETC. ETC.



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THIS WORK,

Begun in their Society, is affectionately Dedicated

TO MY YOUNG FRIENDS,

MINA AND MILLICENT KENNEDY ERSKINE.

JUNE, 1853.

INTRODUCTION.

THE traveller who passes through Belgium, on his way to Austria, may begin and end his journey with two of the finest monuments in Europe, to both of which attach recollections worthy of occupying his attention throughout his rambles, if he be one of those to whom a visit to other countries is something more than a mere dissipation of ennui.

The first of these great works of art meets him almost on the threshold, for he is sure to pause at Bruges to make himself acquainted with all the treasures of that curious city; amongst the most renowned of which is a gorgeous tomb, raised to the memory of the most amiable and gentle of her sex, by the despairing husband who lost his beautiful and cherished companion at the very outset of her valuable life.

Mary of Burgundy's mausoleum at Bruges is a world's wonder, unrivalled in art; dazzling with gilding and enamel, glittering with rainbow colours and a maze of delicate carving; covered with tracery and mottoes, and resplendent with the richest adornment that taste and genius could devise.

At Innspruck, on the wild banks of an impetuous torrent, which threatens at every gush to overflow its rocky borders, closed in with beetling cliffs which hang over the town and seem ready to fall and crush its buildings, is seen the extraordinary and magnificent monument of Maximilian, Emperor of Germany, the bereaved husband of the Burgundian heiress.

No one who has seen these two tombs can fail to be interested in the fortunes of the pair of whose earthly splendour they are the close.

If, anxious to trace out the history still further, the stranger take his way from France to the Tyrol by Dijon and Bourg, before he enters Switzerland he will stop at the first-named city, and moralise at the sight of those admirable works of art, which throw all attempts at modern invention into shade—the tombs of the ancestors of the gentle Mary, a race of Dukes famous in the history of Europe, not on account of their virtues —the care of which they left to her—but noted for their riches, their valour, and their daring—qualities which were perhaps held in more esteem in the stirring times of the Middle Ages.

At the small and now insignificant town of Bourg, where the traveller usually halts merely to change horses and admire the pretty costume of the peasant girls, if he do not inquire curiously, he may miss seeing one of the finest churches in France, within whose enclosed walls rises another tomb equal in beauty and in splendour of architectural details to

This is in the curious and of Nôtre Dame de Brou, out-

Here is a superbly sculptured shrine, raised in honour of the only daughter of Mary of Burgundy, who succeeded her young mother as heiress and governess of the Netherlands, and whose singular motto—mysterious as her lot—

"Fortune, infortune, fort une,"

—excites the mind to try and unravel its meaning. Both mother and daughter were pursued by a singular fate, and the story of each is as sad as extraordinary.

Nothing occurs more romantic in the history of Europe than that of Mary of Burgundy, from her cradle to her grave, a space of only twenty-five years: her glorious girlhood, surrounded by all the luxuries of the world, all the splendour and enjoyment that wealth could procure or a proud father gather together to adorn his greatest treasure; her womanhood, when, placed by his love and ambition on a pedestal, he commanded all the princes of Europe to bow before her shrine—the troops of adorers who obeyed the summons, including the brothers of the Kings of France and England, the brother of the fair and envied Queen of England, the Dauphin of France, and the son of the Emperor of Germany; besides these came Counts and Dukes, powerful and wealthy and distinguished, all eager to possess the richest and most beautiful heiress of the age.

Then follow her reverses: the awful fall of the great hero, Charles the Bold, her father—his ruin, his death, and the destruction of his army; her orphan state, her grief, her destitution; the persecutions she suffered from her triumphant enemies and her revolted subjects; her captivity, her tears, her wandering in the

streets with dishevelled hair, her fainting, covered with the blood of her only friends, at the foot of a scaffold. Her rescue by the most gallant and handsome prince of his time; her marriage, and the blissful period of her union with the tenderest of husbands—their mutual affection, their satisfied and adoring subjects, their beautiful children. The victories of Maximilian, the discomfiture of Louis of France, their triumphs and content—all to finish with the fatal hunting-match, which promised pleasure and ended in despair, the death of the young Duchess, and the extinction of the sovereignty of Burgundy.

These events are full of the most exciting interest, and, grouped around them like the bronze multitude which surrounds the tomb of Maximilian, stand the other actors in this drama:—

Louis the Eleventh, the Mephistopheles of the fifteenth century.

Charles le Téméraire, the Napoleon of his time—grasping all, daring all, winning all; yet ruined by that last most ambitious venture, which he expected would subjugate Europe to his sway.

Edward the Fourth of England, bold and sensual, weak and turbulent.

The discrowned, saintly Henry, and the bold and wandering Margaret of Anjou. The restless Warwick, and the fickle Clarence.

The haughty Duke Francis of Brittany, and his protégé Henry of Richmond; destined to gather the last leaves of the Roses, whose blossoms, instead of [redacted] gardens in England, had covered tombs.

[redacted] uthful fortunes of the heir of Lorraine, the

unexpected conqueror of the greatest warrior of the age.

All these and more—statesmen, captains, poets, and ministers—figure unceasingly during the twenty-five years of Mary's career, and give life and animation to her biography.

It appeared to the author, having herself followed the fortunes of the Heiress with intense pleasure, that the same amusement might be conveyed to the public in the Memoir she presents.

Those who have read her brief account of Jacques Cœur will find that the story of Mary of Burgundy forms a sort of continuation of the reign of the son of Charles the Seventh, which that history left at its commencement, after the rare justice of Louis had repaired the ingratitude of his father to his best friend.

The author has travelled over the whole of the country which was the scene of these recorded events; and probably the greatest part of her readers will have done the same—will have paused in equal admiration at Bruges, before the golden sarcophagus of the Heiress, and have been startled, as she was, by the giant figures in the church at Innspruck which guard Maximilian's sculptured treasure; may haply have followed the course of the Danube, and, in seeking the falls of the beautiful Traun, have passed the old Castle of Wels, where the hero died; have stopped by the foaming banks of the furious Inn, and looked up at the precipice and its cavern, where the Hunter-Emperor was saved by Zips of Zirl, on the Martinswand.

To those who know these sites this Memoir will be

a pleasing reminiscence; and to the stranger to their romantic haunts, they may serve as an incitement to undertake one of the most delightful pilgrimages to be made in Europe.

It is scarcely necessary that the historical reader should be informed that none of the conversations in this work are imaginary: all are derived from authentic sources.

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MEMOIRS

OF

MARY, THE YOUNG DUCHESS OF BURGUNDY.

CHAPTER I.

THE DUKE AND THE DAUPHIN.

PHILIPPE LE BON, Duke of Burgundy, lived honoured, respected, prosperous, and happy in his flourishing city of Brussels, in friendship with his neighbours, and contemplating a pleasant future as the reward of his virtues and his valour; for, considering the period at which he lived, he possessed more good qualities than usually fell, in those days, to the lot of princes. He was beloved by his subjects and by his own family; his eldest son, the Count de Charolois, though impetuous and hasty, was generous and noble, and sincerely attached to his father. He had acquired by his bravery the surname of the Bold, which he eminently deserved, and Philippe had but lately seen him, with satisfaction, united to an amiable princess, Isabelle de Bourbon, whose virtues promised to increase the happiness of those to whom she was allied.

There was no cloud in the cheerful sky which shone above the court of Burgundy, at the moment when there appeared suddenly a royal fugitive, imploring hospitality and protection from the generous Duke, and destined to play a conspicuous part in the future fortunes of the illustrious and powerful house of the prince who nobly exercised the rights demanded.

With a very small retinue, unprovided with money or means, harassed, distressed, full of alarm, and flying with a conviction that his life and liberty were endangered—flying from a justly irritated father and enraged subjects, threatened and hunted and driven to the last stage of destitution—Louis, Dauphin of France, son of Charles the Seventh, that long-struggling monarch, the greatest part of whose dominions were possessed by triumphant strangers—Louis, the most cruel, artful, and unprincipled of princes, but one of the most intelligent and fascinating in manner that then existed—came to throw himself at the feet of his uncle, Philippe of Burgundy.

Louis had ridden far, over a difficult and dangerous country; he was fatigued in mind and body, and appeared to have lost all the spirit which had formerly animated him for good and for evil, and to be entirely cast down by his ill fortune. He asked for an asylum in humble accents, and begged to be shielded from severity and persecution.

This was not the first time that Philippe had given hospitality to his nephew, and the prompt kindness with which he now received him was the more remarkable, considering the ill success of his former negotiations in favour of the Dauphin.

Although the perverse character of Louis the Dauphin was such that he would probably have acted equally ill, without a cause, it must be allowed that he had some reason to complain of the manner in which he was

straightened in his means by his father, who preferred his own to his son's gratification.

There appears to have existed but little affection between them; and historians, who have desired to soften the faults of Louis, have asserted that the chief cause of their dissension was the manner in which the Queen, his mother, was neglected for favourites, in particular for Agnes Sorel.

On the other hand, it must be remembered that Charles had but little in his power when he was first restored to his dominions, for he was surrounded by persons to whom he owed everything, and these, as is usual with the friends of restored princes, clamoured ceaselessly for their reward. If he had listened to the Dauphin's claims, he would have been forced to deny those of his former benefactors; and he preferred turning a deaf ear to the representations of his son, for whom he had little affection, to neglecting those powerful supporters who surrounded his throne, and whose arms, turned against him, might have overwhelmed him with trouble and danger.

Still, when Louis had attained the age of thirty, and was kept in indigence and dependence, there is some excuse for his impatience and vexation, and it is not to be wondered at that he resolved at last to throw off his allegiance, and endeavour to force his father to do him justice.

With more rashness than sense, Louis then embarked in his chimerical scheme of supplanting his father, and gained over to his views two of the princes of the blood, Charles Duke of Alençon, Governor of Touraine, always ready for rebellion, a base prince, a traitor to France, and capable of every vice; and Jean Duke of Bourbon, lately offended by the refusal of the King to make him Constable.

Louis was received at the strong castle of Loches by

D'Alençon, but was soon so closely pressed by the troops of his father, that he was fain to apply to the King of Sicily and the Count de Maine, his maternal uncles, to give him an asylum. But these princes both excused themselves, as they equally disapproved of their nephew's proceedings and feared to offend the King.

Louis with difficulty escaped from Loches to Moulins, where the Duke de Bourbon received him for a time. The Princes of Savoy, however, who only wanted an opportunity of taking possession of a part of his territory bordering on their own, thought this a good time to make incursions, and attacked the sovereignty of Dombes, to which they laid claim. The Duke de Bourbon, finding himself unable to resist these uneasy neighbours if he continued at war with the King of France, was forced to decline affording further hospitality to the Dauphin.

It was in this emergency that Louis applied to the Duke of Burgundy.

Philippe in receiving him acted with greater circumspection than the other two princes, for he professed to do so only with a view of negotiating a reconciliation between him and his father. The Duke of Burgundy was anxious to avoid giving so bad an example to his own son, the Count de Charolois, as a rebellious son protected and encouraged in his errors; and though he willingly afforded the Dauphin an asylum, it was only with a view to settle the difficulties between the parties.

Louis returned, after this first flight, to his father's court, but he never forgave the cautious conduct of Philippe of Burgundy, and concealing the bitter feeling of anger he really felt, under a veil of gratitude, he pretended to be penitent and obliged to his uncle,* and

* Louis was the nephew of the Duke, through his wife, Michelle de France, sister of Charles the Seventh. Philippe, however, was also of the blood of France, through King Jean.

retired into Dauphiné, feigning to be resigned and contented with the portion allotted to him. But in Dauphiné the extravagant airs of sovereignty which he assumed, his extortions and tyranny, rendered him odious, and finding his position no better than before, he resolved once again to seek protection at the court of Burgundy.

He felt certain that if he sent to ask an asylum it would now be refused, and knowing the noble nature of the prince in whom he trusted, he resolved to present himself at once in his dominions and again to rely upon his generosity.

Duke Philippe was on his return from a visit to Lille, when two pieces of intelligence, of infinite importance, were brought him; the one was the announcement that the young Countess of Charolois, wife of his eldest son Charles, was about to present an heir to the Duchy.

This news heralded the birth, on the 17th of February, 1456, of the only child ever born to Charles the Bold, for Isabelle de Bourbon died soon after her daughter's birth, leaving the infant heiress Mary, the subject of this memoir, in that most trying of all positions, a motherless childhood. Margaret of York, the second wife of Charles, brought no increase to his family, and thus allowed all his paternal feelings to centre in the one treasure left him.

At the same moment, as if an evil star had risen to "blast his wholesome brother," Duke Philippe was told of the arrival in his dominions of the fugitive Dauphin of France. The Duke, considerably agitated by both these events, resolved at once to return to Brussels, his capital, and to conclude a truce with his turbulent subjects of Deventer, near Lille, whom he was about to chastise severely, and hasten to meet his dangerous but illustrious guest.

Anxious to show him honour, he sent word to the Count de Charolois to precede him, and despatched several of his nobility to welcome the fugitive prince.

Accordingly the Count and Countess, gallantly attended, lost no time in setting forth, and conducted Louis with infinite honour to the palace of Brussels, where they awaited the arrival of Duke Philippe.

So anxious was the Dauphin to see him, that no sooner had he reached the inner court of the palace, where he was met by his son and daughter, than, interrupting the congratulations and embraces of the father of his future rival, Louis descended the steps and was received in the arms of the Duke half-way, with warm demonstrations of friendship.

Louis was soon domiciled in the castle of Genappe, four leagues from Brussels,* where an establishment was prepared for him conformable to his rank, and a sum set apart for his expenses of two thousand five hundred livres a month.

* Philippe le Bon kept his court sometimes at Dijon, sometimes at Brussels, and at both places his magnificence was extreme. An amusing account has been preserved of the visit of certain Bohemian Ambassadors in the middle of the fifteenth century to the court of the great Duke at the latter city, when they describe the banquet of which they partook as "overflowing and incredible!" *überflüssig und unglaublich!* The royal treasure which they saw they call *unaussprechlich* and *viel überköstlich*.

The Count de Charolois, in all his splendour, appeared on this occasion.

It appears that this same embassy visited the court of the Emperor of Germany, and entertained the Empress, and her young son, Maximilian, the future husband of Mary of Burgundy, then only eight years of age, with the foreign wonders they brought with them. "At Neustadt, near Vienna, the Ambassador Leo became the guest of the Empress, who, with all her lords and ladies, was enchanted with the *apes* and *negroes* from Portugal; but when the Legation sung the seguadillas and danced the fandangos they had learned beyond the Pyrenees, Eleonora's nationality and maternity overflowed, and her son Maximilian was taught them forthwith."—See *Quarterly Review*, March, 1852.

When the Dauphin found himself thus in safety and so comfortably provided for, "without his stir," he began to consider his good luck worth some congratulation; it was not that any feeling of gratitude for the great service rendered him took possession of his heart, but he enjoyed the security in which the fortunate venture he had made had at once placed him. Fond of pleasure and amusement, and, like many princes of his time, no stranger to polite literature, he resolved to give himself up for a time to quiet enjoyment, and wait till Fortune's wheel should, by another turn, give him back the power he had lost in France by his ill-conduct.

On one point he was resolved, not to give way to his father or show the least signs of submission, and he determined to persevere in the course of policy he had adopted, and shut his eyes to the consequences which might ensue to his friends.

He passed his time at Genappe in hunting, reading, and study, and even caused his name to be placed on the list of students at the University of Louvain.

While he was thus apparently occupied with other things, his mind was still brooding on the means of regaining the position he had lost, and he saw with pleasure the arrival at the court of Burgundy of the Legate of Pope Calixtus, who was then sending to every court of Christendom his entreaties, that the nations should arm against the Infidels who had taken possession of Constantinople.

The Legate was on his way to France; and Louis, happy in an opportunity of action, had several conferences with him, in which he boldly offered to bring in person to the siege of Constantinople all the French troops which his Holiness might desire, chosen from those victorious bands who had conquered Normandy and Guienne, provided that his father would consent.

The Legate was charmed with the prospect held out,

and immediately on his departure proceeded to represent to King Charles that a holy war like this was the only thing fit to be undertaken to expiate the crimes committed by the houses of Orleans and Burgundy, the one towards the other, for a series of years.

But Charles treated this romance with contempt, and refused his consent altogether, seeing in this enterprise of the Dauphin's only an artful attempt to impose on him and gain the Pope to his interests. He replied that he would listen to no propositions from his son until he returned to his allegiance, and flatly rejected the proposal of sending so many of his subjects to be cut to pieces before the walls of Constantinople, as they had before been at Nicopolis in the time of his predecessor.

Thus disappointed in his sanguine scheme, for six years Louis remained the guest of the Duke of Burgundy, musing on his enmities, and waiting for the time to wreak on his benefactors his vexation at the *ennui* and uneasiness he experienced.

The court of the Good Duke Philippe was oftener held at Bruges than at any other town, and surpassed all others in Europe by its splendour. Philippe was considered as one of the most powerful sovereigns of Christendom; the fame of his greatness had made him feared and respected by the Turks, by whom he was called The Great Duke of the West. His reputation attracted to his court an immense number of rich and noble personages, and as his wealth was great, so was his splendour in proportion; a circumstance which induced the utmost luxury and extravagance amongst all the noblemen around him, who vied with each other in gorgeous apparel and expenditure.

As an instance of the magnificence of this prince, when he set out for the conquest of Luxembourg, he had in his suite eighteen superb led horses covered with black velvet, embroidered with the arms of

Burgundy, and adorned with bosses of gold. The pages who held them were in a costume of cloth of gold, decorated with pearls; and one helmet, which they bore, was of the value of a hundred thousand gold crowns.

The Duke in his youth had been still more gorgeous in his dress than on this occasion, when he was all over jewels; for at a tournament at Brussels, in 1421, his *cotte d'armes* and his mantle were adorned with forty ells of silver ribbon, in knots and rosettes, and the plume of his casque was the most beautiful ever beheld, the *aigrette* being of twenty-one heron's feathers, the *cimier* of twenty-four ostrich feathers, and seventeen peacock's feathers floated behind. The lowest of his people were dressed in velvet and silk, and extravagance in dress was at its height in his establishment.

It was at this period that the Countess of Charolois presented her expectant husband with a daughter; and as a proof of the respect in which he was held by the Duke of Burgundy, the Dauphin Louis was solicited to hold the child at the baptismal font.

All was now harmony and friendly feeling, and none who beheld the gentle and courteous manner of Louis, as he named the young heiress after his beloved mother, Mary of Anjou, the only being probably to whom his flinty heart ever warmed, could have augured anything but good from his professions and his bearing.

It was not long, however, before the restless spirit of intrigue and deception which characterised this singular personage, showed itself; for in the midst of his apparently literary seclusion he was hatching plots and schemes for his own future advantage, and endeavouring to secure his own interests at the expense of the son of his generous benefactor. Whenever he observed persons of talent in the service of others, he left no means untried to gain them over to his side,

and neither caresses nor bribes were spared to facilitate his purposes; his natural mistrust, however, was such that he never continued long in the same mind with respect to his companions, so that he was neither loved nor esteemed by any; and according to De Commines, who writes to that effect to the king, no one trusted to his friendship, and all were so disgusted with his prodigality and uncertain humour, that they looked with fear and anxiety to the time when France should fall into such hands.

Amongst those whom the Dauphin particularly desired to attach to himself were the powerful lords of Croï, whose influence had long attracted towards them the envy and hatred of less fortunate courtiers; and in order to bring his designs to bear, he did all in his power to foment an ill-feeling which existed against them in the mind of the Count de Charolois, who, although he was apparently his friend, Louis continued to behold with jealousy and mistrust, and resolved, as much as lay in his power, to injure with the Duke, his father, by encouraging the feud which had long existed between the De Croï party and that of Charolois.

CHAPTER II.

JEALOUSY.

The great family of De Croï, issue of the Kings of Denmark, held then the highest rank at the court of Burgundy, and were looked upon as little short of royalty itself; the civilities which they showed to the Dauphin Louis displeased Prince Charles, and he became enraged when he found that some rich possessions belonging to the last Lady of Bethune, which had been adjudged to him by his father, were given through the interest of the De Croï to Louis; besides this, he understood that the county of Namur was also to be offered as a gift to the fortunate Dauphin.

Charles grew every day more and more enraged as he saw the favour of his father given to those he hated; and, naturally impetuous and violent, he had all the difficulty in the world to avoid declaring open war against them. He joined himself with several discontented persons who envied the favour of the De Croï, and particularly with Nicholas Rollin, Chancellor of Burgundy, whose son he insisted on keeping in his service, instead of a son of Jean de Croï, whom his father wished to force upon him.

It was on occasion of the last circumstance, that the anger of Charles burst forth, and he forgot that respect which he had hitherto shown to his father.

Philippe had sent for him into his private chapel, and

had given him a list of the personages whom he wished should compose his household; when Charles read the name of De Croï instead of Emeri, he flew into a furious rage, and, regardless of the presence of his father or his mother, he dashed the paper into the fire and abruptly left the room, exclaiming violently that he had no humour to be governed by the De Croï. His mother followed him instantly, anxious to calm his feelings, but her doing so deeply wounded Philippe, already shocked at his son's conduct, and so distressed was he by the event, that he fell at once into a deep state of dejection, and the great spirit which had resisted all Europe seemed quenched in an instant. While he was suffering from these feelings he hurried out of his palace, mounted his horse, and, yielding to that desire of solitude which seems natural in the mind when hardly pressed by grief, he rode forth, and, entering the forest of Soignies, gave himself up to gloomy musings. As the forest was close to his palace gates at Brussels, he had no long distance to pass, and in the depth of its shadows he found a suitable retreat for the uneasy temper of his mind.

The season was very severe, but the outraged father rode on, regardless of the weather; there was a chill in his heart which prevented him suffering from outward causes for some time, till at length nature became exhausted, and at the door of a charcoal-burner's hut in the forest he paused, benumbed and faint.

The peasant received him with all the hospitality his poor means allowed. He saw, of course, that the stranger was no ordinary person, but, beyond that, he knew not his rank. He gave him some food and placed him by the fire, and recalled his wandering spirits by his care, after which he conducted him to the abode of a huntsman, where he knew he would receive better accommodation.

The huntsman, with surprise, recognised the Duke, and lost no time in sending news of his safety to the court, where all was in confusion, and where the most frightful apprehensions were entertained. When it was found that the Duke was missing, the consternation and terror of the whole city was extreme. The fêtes prepared for the baptism of the young Mary were suspended, and all was anxiety and sorrow.

No one exhibited more signs of distress than the godfather of the heiress: he is said to have exclaimed, "Alas! what will be thought of me in France? I shall be looked upon as one whose mere presence brings with it misfortune, and that I never am able to appear in any place without carrying tumult and discord in my train!"

All the night of that day when the Duke of Burgundy had so abruptly quitted his court, did the Dauphin ride through the forest, seeking him and directing the search.

In a short time the forest was filled with the friends and subjects of the good and beloved prince, and he was conducted back to the palace in a sort of triumph.

The spirits of Philippe were restored by the demonstrations of affection he received, and he doubtless heard besides of his son's remorse, which had been great on hearing of the effect of his ill-advised passion. The indulgent father condescended to make the first advances, and accordingly applied to the Dauphin Louis, not aware that he was in fact the cause of the unfortunate dispute, entreating him to interfere between his son and himself. Louis did so, feeling perhaps that some reparation was owing from him to both, and the repentant Charolois hastened to throw himself at his father's feet.

The recollection of this event is said never to have passed away from the mind of Charles, and the horror

he felt at having nearly caused his father to lose his reason was deeply impressed on his heart.

The father and son were at length reconciled, but it was otherwise with the Duchess of Burgundy and her husband. He could not forgive her having taken part with her son against him, and was deaf to all remonstrances and to all her penitence.

"How could I act otherwise!" exclaimed the unfortunate princess. "I know my husband to be a knight of a very violent character: I saw him furiously attack my son, and I hastened to make him leave his father's presence. I entreat the Duke to pardon me; I am a stranger in his dominions, and my only happiness and support is in my beloved son."

But never after that time did the father and mother of Charles the Bold live as they had before done, and, despairing to regain the confidence of her irritated husband, the Duchess retired altogether from court, and took refuge in a convent of Sœurs Grises of the order of St. Francis, in the forest of Nieppe, which she had founded.

The Dauphin did not lose in this quarrel, which he had secretly fomented, but outwardly appeared to deplore. He was active in endeavouring to bring about a reconciliation between the father and son, and ceased not to negotiate with all the apparent sincerity imaginable.

He gained one advantage at least by the transaction, which was, that the two favourite servants whom the Count de Charolois consented to dismiss at his father's request, were not sorry to place themselves at his disposal; both, one named Guillaume Dusie, and the other Guyot Biche, passed into the service of France, and were willing to become spies upon King Charles, and convey all the intelligence to the Dauphin which he desired.

Well might Charles the Seventh say of his son, "My cousin of Burgundy knows little what he is about to harbour the fox who will destroy his chickens."

Philippe of Burgundy, as events afterwards proved, was quite right in the suspicions he entertained of these two men, who both became traitors to his son; abandoning his interests for those of Louis, by whom they were bribed, and also in after times betraying his grand-daughter Mary, when she inherited her father's possessions.

Olivier de la Marche thus remarks on this occasion:—

"Iceluy Guillaume Biche se tirâ à Soissons et a Paris, et Guillot Dusie se tira en sa maison en Bourgongne, et à ces deux fit le Comte de grands biens en leur exil, et mesmes le Roy de France retint de son hostel ledit Guiot Dusie, et à la verité, ledit Guiot estoit pour lors un des gentils Escuyers de la maison, et ainsi fut le Duc obey: et Guillaume Biche (qui estoit un homme sage et subtil, s'accointa de ceux de Paris, tellement qu'il sçavoit les secrets des consaux tenus par les gens du Roy de France: et moy-mesme fus par plusieurs fois envoyé devers luy pour advertir M. le Duc et M. le Dauphin de choses qui grandement leur touchoiênt et par telles manieres se commença à bander le royaume de France, les uns pour le Roy Charles le père, et les autres pour M. le Dauphin le fils, et se concluoit en France bien peu de matières de grand effect, dont M. le Dauphin ne fut averti."

The Dauphin, destined afterwards to play so important a part in the drama of Mary of Burgundy's life as Louis the Eleventh, possessed all the good and evil qualities which could avail him in great undertakings, and lead him to succeed by every means, both bad and good.

In person he was tall and well-formed, strong and robust, and, though by no means handsome, appeared

at times pleasing, from the courtesy of manners he knew well how to assume when it suited him to do so.

"His mind was penetrating and energetic, easily amused with trifles, yet capable of rising to superiority. His religion he accommodated to circumstances, and the little he had inclined him to superstition. He held in contempt all rules of morality which were unsuitable to his policy, and he had no tender weaknesses to combat, having natural attachments neither as son, father, husband, nor friend.

He had no respect for virtue or merit, yet he felt the value of both, and purchased them for his own interest at any cost, knowing the advantage he should himself derive by gaining over those who possessed such qualities, and how much he could injure his enemies by depriving them of valuable friends.

His most striking characteristic was cunning, never seeking his end by direct means, but using every subterfuge to deceive those he dealt with, in order that they might be unable to follow the track of his policy.

When he considered it advantageous to do so, he would not shrink from the most servile and abasing apologies to those he had injured, hoping to regain any ground which severity had made him lose. He looked upon his dignity with indifference if it stood in the way of reconciliation with those he had imprudently offended, and whom he found were wanting to him. He acted himself on these occasions, and sought the ministry of no other person, for he trusted none, and usually found that he had the power to negotiate better than any one he could employ. If, however, he required agents, he chose them for their ability and address rather than for their probity, and he preferred employing persons of low birth, because in case of their compromising him he could sacrifice them without question, and he could also preserve more secresy in transactions with them.

Although he was in the habit of furnishing agents of this kind with directions in writing, he cared little to disavow them or substitute others, and he never kept copies of his instructions, in order that nothing should be found against him, being content to trust to his memory on all occasions of this kind.

With all his cunning and talent, with all his caution and deceit, one passion was so predominant in his mind that it became a mania with him, and was the cause of the greatest failures he experienced. This passion was hatred, a hatred so immoderate that he sacrificed to it all the other inclinations of his soul; and the object of this frantic hatred was no other than the son of his friend, protector, and benefactor, Duke Charles of Burgundy. The animosity he so long indulged to the father he transferred to the daughter, and the Princess Mary, his god-daughter, in inheriting the large dominions of her father, came in for all the malice and jealousy not yet extinct in the heart of her hereditary foe.

The character of Louis was the same in youth as in age—equally able, but cruel, subtle, false, and revengeful; that of his rival, Charles, underwent some slight changes in the course of his life.

CHAPTER III.

PARALLEL BETWEEN CHARLES AND LOUIS.

As if born natural enemies, Charles and Louis had but one object throughout their lives—that of destroying each other.

Louis of France was valiant in his actions, but not in his resolutions; his courage was more of body than mind, while in Charles the iron frame that aided his ardour found a corresponding spirit: his determination was such that it degenerated to obstinacy, and he would desist from a cherished purpose for no obstacle that could be opposed to him; he gloried in difficulties, and was untiring in his strife against them.

Louis, on the contrary, had no objection to change his course if he found it more expedient to do so, and had no particular pride in persisting in an original plan if he found that another more feasible was open to him. He watched opportunities, and took advantage of every mistake of his opponents: his cunning frequently carried him as much too far, in the same manner as the obstinate courage of his rival frequently injured him; but he understood mankind better than Charles, and pursued his vengeance from innate cruelty, while the other was cruel only when excited to passion: both were sanguinary, both tyrannical, revengeful, and ambitious, and probably one possessed as little real virtue as the other; but Charles had less meanness, less low cunning and treachery than Louis,

and only made use of stratagem when forced to do so by the artful manœuvres of his foe.

Louis had as little confidence in the faith of those about him as Charles, but he was more social. He loved to be considered a man of knowledge, and delighted in receiving praises: he was fond of the company of learned men, and took them into his counsels; and although he was coarse, and even brutal in his manners at times, he admired refinement, could assume it, and could appreciate talent in others; he even had a certain respect for probity when he could bring himself to believe in its existence. He loved to flatter rather than to be flattered, for he rightly considered that it is the receiver of flattery who is the dupe; he never spared civilities or bribes to gain his end, but he never allowed himself to be influenced by either.

The inclinations of Charles of Burgundy were altogether different in this respect; and by neglecting all the arts which his rival cultivated, he lost friends which the other gained. He was rough and coarse in his manners, proud and passionate, and, though at times generous, never conciliating. Both were fortunate in valiant commanders, and men of genius at their courts, but Louis profited most by generally seducing them from his rival and securing their services, so that there was scarcely a man of distinction who had not served both, at one time or the other. Louis disliked war, Charles delighted in it, and always advanced assured of conquest. Louis always preserved his *sang froid*, and Charles his obstinacy, under every difficulty and danger.

When the first son of Louis the Dauphin was born, in 1459, nothing could equal the rejoicings made by him on the occasion, or the honours paid him by the Duke of Burgundy and his court. The child was baptised in the church of Genappe, the Duke carrying

him in his arms, and the Sieur de Croi standing god-father. The presents made to the mother were splendid, the chronicles of the times dilate on the magnificence of the silver plate presented.

After the ceremony, the Dauphin, as he thanked the Duke, took off his hat entirely, which compliment the Duke was so sensible of, that he sunk on one knee and would not rise till Louis was covered.

"My dear uncle," said the Dauphin, "I thank you for the great benefits you have shown me; I cannot, I never could, recompense you, if in return I did not give you my body, that of my wife, and my child."

This was said with such an appearance of sincerity, that every one who witnessed the scene was affected to tears to behold the friendship of these princes.

Indeed the good understanding which seemed to exist could scarcely be suspected, and on the part of the Burgundians it was doubtless sincere. Louis now passed his time tranquilly and gaily—hunting, and enjoying the banquets and entertainments he gave and received.

It is related that at these convivial meetings the Count de Charolois and the Dauphin contended only who should be most jocose and amusing, and tell the best stories: all the guests exerted their wit, and amongst them were distinguished the Bâtard de Bourgogne, the Sieurs de Fienne, de Digoine, de Thianges, de Rothelin, de Lannoy, de Crequi, and others. The good Duke himself did not disdain to make one in these parties of pleasure.

A collection of the tales told on these occasions was afterwards made, under the title of "Les Cent Nouvelles," but they appear to have been more entertaining when recounted than witty or edifying when read.

About this period the infamous Jean, Comte

d'Armagnac, who had fled from France, justly pursued by Charles the Seventh for his horrible crimes, sought an asylum in Burgundy, but the Duke would not even see him, and Louis the Dauphin avoided having any intercourse with so unworthy a relative, whose character was such that his cause could not fail to suffer by association with him.

But Louis, though well aware of the advantages of a good reputation, was still obstinately resolute in not submitting to his father, and resisted all offers of accommodation made to him. A singular scene, of mere cerémonious words on his part, took place when the Bishop of Coutances waited on him to represent his duty to him, and to request him to state his cause of grief and discontent against the King, who, he assured him, was ready to listen to any reasonable terms, loving him as he did and desiring his welfare.

The Bishop of Arras replied for the Dauphin, and both prelates seemed bent on exhibiting their powers of eloquence and persuasion, neither neglecting to show their knowledge of antique history, and pressing all the great names of Greece and Rome into their service.

The Bishop of Arras was peculiarly poetical on the occasion, quoting St. Ambrose on the fleur de lis, which has the form of the heavens, encloses ornaments of a golden colour, fears no injury from the air, and possesses an odour which drives away serpents; this, he added, was a type of Christian France, rich, unshaken by tempests, and driving forth its enemies.

"The dew of heaven," continued the prelate, "is not sweeter to the earth than his father's love to the Prince. Tears and sighs cannot express the agony he has experienced. What joy, what glory, what cause for thankfulness has he not to Heaven, that he was made the son of such a father, whom God has endowed with

more of his grace and his strength than any other prince. Full of energy, knowledge, and courage, terrible in war, humane in victory, patient under the greatest reverses.

"Alas! now the anger of such a father falls on his son—his eldest son. Sorrows are greatest when they fall on the sensitive,—and what is dearer to a man than the home in which he was nourished? Nevertheless, when a fire breaks out, then he flies from the spot.

"Thus has my Prince been forced by calumnies, inventions, and false reports made against him, to quit his father's house, and seek refuge in the mountains of Dauphiné, hoping that time and absence would subdue those fatal flames, but, as Scripture saith: They renounce not their plots, but continue to walk in the hard road to which they are accustomed.

"His enemies have prepared for my Prince anguish upon anguish, sorrows upon sorrows; his fortune has been undermined, but not his courage, nor the love he cherishes towards his father!"

The eloquent Bishop spares no affecting allusions, and, above all, places the position of the Dauphin, and his wrongs from interested enemies, in the most moving light;—amongst other grievances, mentioning that the Dauphiness, when called upon to join her husband, possessed not a single crown, and had but one gown, *all torn*, in which to appear.

All that Louis is made to require is to be left to enjoy, in peace and quiet, the honourable retreat which had been accorded him.

The Duke of Burgundy replied himself to the remonstrances addressed to him, by stating his reasons for receiving the Dauphin and affording him an asylum, protesting that as long as he had a denier he would share it with him, but that he by no means counselled him to keep away from his father; on the contrary, if

he would consent to return he would send him, honourably accompanied by his son, or even go himself to show the greater respect both to the King and the Dauphin.

These fine speeches tended to no reconciliation, and Louis remainded the guest of Burgundy, and in disgrace with France.

Another child was born to him in 1461, replacing the son whose christening had been so grand, but who died soon after. This child was the Princess Anne, who was destined to form so conspicuous a figure in the after history of France. The same honours were paid at her birth as at the former birth, and the munificence and hospitality of the Duke continued unabated.

Charles the Seventh died on the 22nd of July, 1461, after having for fifteen years endured the ill-conduct of his ungrateful son, and the Dauphin became King of France.

Nothing could exceed the pomp of his coronation at Rheims, or the ceremonious honours he heaped upon his benefactor the Duke of Burgundy, and all his nobles who accompanied and surrounded him on this great occasion.

It was from Philippe that he requested to receive the honour of knighthood, and then he bestowed the same on numerous princes and nobles of the house of his great subject,—in particular on the two sons of the Seigneur de Croï, the adversary of the Count de Charolois. Louis begged the Duke to act as his deputy in bestowing the same mark of regard on many others. But the finest trait of the day was the boon asked by Philippe of his late guest; which was, a general pardon for all those whom Louis might have suspected of fomenting the disturbances between him and his father.

Louis accorded this boon with one reservation: he

refused to grant to eight persons this immunity, and these devoted victims to his rancour he would not name.

Amongst these the famous Count de Dammartin was one, who, as soon as the King was dead, overcome with grief and fears for himself, had retired to the château of Saint Fargeau, now his own by the confiscation of the property of the ill-fated and ill-used Jacques Cœur. From thence he sent a faithful servant to sound the Duke of Burgundy as to his willingness to protect him against the new king.

Philippe, knowing the value of the redoubted warrior who had so long served Charles the Seventh, exclaimed, after reading the letters brought him,—

"He is one of the most honest gentlemen of the kingdom of France; there is none that I know of so worthy as he, nor so full of knowledge. I would fain have him seek retirement in my dominions, and I would do him more good than ever King Charles did."

"If," said the Duke of Bourbon, who had undertaken to plead for him, "you would write him some words to that effect, you would rejoice his heart."

"The time is not yet come for that," replied the Duke, "but depend on it, it will not be long first, for *the present man* will not reign long in peace. I know him well: before long he will have put everything into the most wonderful confusion."

These expressions prove the sort of sincerity which was felt by each of these supposed friendly princes towards the other.

The Duke, after twenty-six years' absence from Paris, hastened there with the Comte de Charolois, the Comte de Nevers, his brother the Comte d'Etampes, Adolphe of Ravestein, and all the lords of the court of Burgundy, to the number of two hundred and forty, and met Louis the Eleventh on his return from attending his father's funeral at St. Denis, in great pomp and

ceremony; the King entering Paris with twelve thousand horse to secure his good reception by the citizens.

The Duke of Burgundy rode a few steps behind the King, with his son Charolois beside him, and all his nobles following.

The aged poet, Charles Duke of Orleans, unable to ride, was placed at a window to do honour to the scene, and the Duchess of Alençon and her young son were at another.

All the usual pageants of the day were exhibited, and all the customary splendours of a royal entry were carefully attended to; but there was more fear and doubt in the hearts of all than love for the prince who had so ill-conducted himself towards a father who was the idol of his subjects.

Everywhere, however, the acclamations were great when the Duke of Burgundy appeared, and numerous voices from the crowd thanked him for his noble and generous conduct to their King in his misfortunes. How welcome these demonstrations were to the heart of Louis it might perhaps be dangerous to inquire.

So great was the splendour kept up by the Duke, and so gorgeous was his suite, that the people of Paris were actually dazzled with the grandeur he displayed. Every day he wore fresh jewels; every day he exhibited new glories. Nothing could exceed the brilliancy of his train and his manner of living; and the overflowing population of the city, swelled by crowds daily arriving from the provinces, was never weary of gazing on him and admiring him: he was more their hero than the new King, and they hesitated not to proclaim the favour in which he was held.*

* In a variety of miniatures Philippe is represented in black, with a head-dress of a turban form, enriched with a knot of diamonds, a band of the same colour as the cap, hanging down, which could be fastened under the chin. (This he wore after his hair was cut off.) He wears a close dress of damask, bordered with fur, which descends to his knees; and hose tight to the shape and covering the feet, which are supported by high shoes like pattens.

His Hotel d'Artois was a wonder to behold; people flocked to see it and marvel at the wealth there displayed. He had caused the richest tapestries of Arras to be brought, and gold and silk embroidery decked every wall, while vessels of gold and silver of enormous value adorned every buffet; amongst other rarities were exhibited two *unicorns'* horns,—certainly a treasure worthy to excite surprise.

In his garden he had caused a splendid pavilion to be erected, covered with the armorial bearings, worked in gold and colours, of all his vassal lords. Here he gave feasts to the nobles and ladies who were proud to be his guests, and neglected not to invite some of the most notable citizens of Paris, who expected that honour.

All this time Louis acted precisely opposite, showing no attention to the nobles or the people—dressing, after he had thrown aside his satins and velvets on his grand entry, as humbly as possible—and avoiding every kind of expense and show.

Perhaps in this particular he did wisely; but not in changing everything which his father had left, merely for the pleasure of doing so; for he was afterwards obliged, for his own interest, to recall most of those ministers whom he displaced at the first.

CHAPTER IV.

DRESS OF THE TIME.

At this period the luxury of dress was very great, and nothing could be more mortifying to the young men of the day, who delighted in their fine hair, which they wore long over their shoulders and hanging in their eyes, than an order which emanated from Duke Philippe immediately after his recovery from a severe illness, during which his head had been shaved. Resolved not to appear alone in his court thus shorn of his beams, the Duke, somewhat selfishly, required that all his subjects should show their sympathy in his misfortune by submitting to the same operation; and the long locks of the whole court fell a sacrifice accordingly.

To Messire Pierre Vacquembac and others was given the charge of seizing upon all the noblemen who presented themselves, and, if they had neglected this piece of a courtier's duty, they were forced, before they entered the presence of their lord, to submit to be shaven, as he was.

Most unfortunately for the gay gallants who loved to exhibit themselves to the best advantage, this circumstance took place precisely at the time when news reached Burgundy that Charles the Seventh was no more, and that the Dauphin Louis had come to the crown of France. Alas! where was the glory of their fine hair now; and how should they appear before the Parisians without the curls which would so much have adorned them! It was a very hard case, and sufficiently deplored.

Du Clerq describes the costume of the time as consisting of tight pantaloons close to the shape, with very short silk or velvet doublets, padded on the shoulders * to give them breadth, and the sleeves and body slashed so as to show a shirt of fine texture beneath, the sleeves of which were very full. Their hair, till the fatal order changed the fashion, was extremely long, hanging almost into their eyes in front, and below their shoulders behind. They wore on their heads a cap made of cloth, of a quarter or a quarter and a half-ell high. Their necks were adorned with rich gold chains; and the long ends or *poulaines* of their shoes were of the same length as their caps were high.

Sometimes they wore very long robes, which reached to the ground, instead of this short apparel; this was according to taste; but both are equally scoffed at by the writers of the day, who inveigh against the effeminacy of the period.

As for the ladies in the time of Duke Philippe, they had ceased to wear trains to their robes, but their gowns were trimmed with very broad borders of rich fur or velvet. On their heads they wore *bourlets*, which are a sort of round cap, the top terminating in a point half or three quarters of an ell high, or more, according to taste, with a thin veil attached which reached to the ground.

Their waist-belts were extremely broad, with heavy ornaments of large size in gold and silver; and large massive necklaces, more or less rich, covered their necks.

The Count de Charolois, as well as the Duke his father, was fond of rich apparel, and Louis, when Dauphin, appeared to have no objection to dress. His favourite, Du Lau, was accustomed to appear in the same costume as himself, and on several occasions he is described as being splendidly equipped: it was in

* *Gros malcutres.*

later days that he was so careless in his dress, and wore the ugly costume by which he is generally recognised.

Although the hatred of Louis and Charles was of early date, and showed itself in all their actions towards each other, it is curious that there is no particular reason assigned by the historians of the time for its origin. It appears to have arisen from a natural jealousy and envy of each other, and a mutual mistrust, which circumstances proved to be only too well founded.

In spite of this, the instances are innumerable of civility and apparent friendliness exhibited by one and the other, evidently quite hollow and worthless, though wearing the semblance of trusting friendship and regard.

Immediately after Louis came to the crown, and the Duke of Burgundy was only just returned to his estates in Flanders, the Count de Charolois paid a visit to Burgundy, where he was born, but where neither he nor his father resided. He soon ran through that province, and hastened back to France, to see Louis at Tours. They met as brothers, and every sort of honour was paid by Louis to him: they lodged in the same hotel, were constantly in each other's company, and Charles was named by the King Governor of Normandy, with a pension of thirty-six thousand francs a year.

One day he went out to hunt, and having lost himself in the woods, the Count de Maine came back without him, much to the consternation of Louis, who ordered all the bells to be rung, and torches to be lighted on every church-tower, while messengers were sent to scour the country in every direction to find the stray hunter.

The King was in such a state of anxiety that he gnawed the stick he held in his hand, with impatience, and made a vow never to eat or drink till the Count was found. At length, at eleven o'clock at night, a messenger arrived with a letter from Charolois, informing the King, whose anxious care of him he

seemed perfectly conscious of, that he had found a good place of refuge, and would soon return.

Almost the same scene had taken place in Flanders, while Louis was in exile there, he having been himself lost when hunting; and his friend Charolois was dispatched by Duke Philippe, and ordered to find him, or not return without the cherished guest, who received such honour and care at that hospitable court.

But even at this very time began a series of mortifications and mistrusts. Louis saw with vexation that Charles was friendly to the Duke of Brittany, and had granted audiences to Tanneguy Duchatel, his ambassador, relative to the affairs of Brittany, and his great care was to prevent a meeting between the two princes, for it was evident that he felt he could not trust the friendship of Charolois towards himself. When the Duke of Brittany * arrived he hastened the departure of Charles, and they parted on the best outward terms, though Louis was then negociating with the revolted Liégeois against Duke Philippe.

Even long after hostilities had been openly declared, and the two princes were carrying on a furious war against each other, when they met it was with demonstrations of friendship, quite startling to read of.

Duke Philippe, who seems to have known the character of Louis well, said of him, on one occasion, "I believe there never was a person who could so delude with fine

* Francis Second of Brittany had a particular hatred to the idea of being dependant on the throne of France, and especially disliked the memory of that Prince who had voluntarily submitted to be feudatory: he was accustomed to call him Pierre *Mauclerc* for this act. At the time of the coronation, at Rheims, of Louis the Eleventh, the Duke of Burgundy had just done homage for his provinces, and it was then that the Duke of Brittany was expected to do the like for his of Brittany; but as he did not come forward, and Louis was resolved not to excuse him, he made a pretext to visit his uncle, Charles of Anjou de Maine, and entered the territory of the Duke, who could not avoid inviting him, and there Louis made himself so popular with the people that François was forced to do what he desired.

words. Mountains and marvels have been promised me, and of these great things, what has ensued? Of all I asked and was promised at Rheims, Paris, and elsewhere, what have I gained? What confidence is to be placed in him? Happen what may, I will do without the promising king."

The words of the Duke were soon fulfilled, for in less than four years the restless and turbulent policy of Louis had plunged into war and confusion a country left by his father in the most prosperous state, recovering from its long sufferings, and promising to become happy and flourishing.

He had sown dissension between the Duke of Burgundy and his son, and caused to both bitter regrets and continued vexations, for their affection for each other was deep and sincere, although they each showed resolution not to yield what each considered his right. When, however—which was continually recurring—a reconciliation took place, it was then that Louis was really mortified and annoyed; and he was instantly on the alert to illume another torch of discord, which his hand was ready to throw into their camp.

The memory of the wrongs he had to complain of in his youth, which had caused him to leave his father's court, and to rebel against him, did not induce him to do justice to his brother, the Duke de Berri, whom he kept in so much subjection, and for whom he provided so ill, that at length he sought the protection of the Duke of Brittany; and those wars ensued which occupied the chief years of the beginning of his reign.

The Count de Charolois took part with the brother of Louis against him, and the hostile feelings which both had long entertained in secret had now free scope. The league of the princes of France followed, and henceforth Charles and Louis were in a state of continued warfare, with intervals of deceitful reconciliation.

CHAPTER V.

THE BATTLE OF MONTLHÉRI

It was the fortunate chance of having gained the battle of Montlhéri against Louis which caused such extreme exultation in the mind of Charles of Burgundy, that he never afterwards would listen to advice or be guided by his captains.* Yet the day was just as likely to have been gained by Louis, whose conduct was quiet and dignified on this occasion, in singular contrast to the exultation of his rival. It was here that the famous La Hire was slain, one of the great heroes of the period of Charles the Seventh's conquests.

The Duke de Berri, afterwards De Guyenne, brother of Louis, who was of a gentle and pitying nature, was much shocked at the carnage of the field of battle; and as he looked mournfully at the heaps of dead, he could not refrain from regretting that his quarrel had been the cause of so much misery.

* The Duke of Burgundy remained all day on the field, after the French had fled, in almost wild spirits of exultation, considering the glory his own; an opinion that in the end cost him dear, for never afterwards would he listen to advice, but relied on his own judgment, and, although before this day he had neither talent for nor pleasure in war, his ideas changed at once, and till his death he followed it with ardour: the taste cost him no less than his life and the destruction of his race. Three great and wise princes, his predecessors, had raised him very high, and few kings, save he of France, were equal to him in power, and for large and splendid cities none equalled him. A great prince should not esteem himself too much, but should know that all grace and good fortune come from God.—PHILIPPE DE COMMINES.

"I would rather," said he, "that this war had never been begun, than that it should have occasioned such misfortunes to so many people. You are yourself wounded, my cousin," said he, to the Count de Charolois. "Never mind that," answered he; "it is only the fortune of war." And his ardent and dauntless spirit urged him at first to follow up his success, and march on to Paris.

Nevertheless, the words of the Duke de Berri annoyed Charles. "Did you hear," said he, to one of his people, "how this man speaks? He is cast down for the sake of seven or eight hundred men, whom he sees killed and wounded—people who are nothing to him, and whom he knows not. He would feel it much more if it touched himself: he is capable of making good terms for himself, and leaving us in the mud. The memory of the old contentions of the king his father and my father may come into his mind, and the Bretons and he may turn against us. We must assure ourselves of our other friends." He lost no time, on this reflection, in sending off to King Edward of England, in order to rivet the alliance between them.

While the Burgundian and Breton army were before Paris, waiting to begin the attack, and while Louis was doing all in his power to propitiate the Parisians and keep them faithful to him, a scene sufficiently comic occurred.

The weather was extremely foggy, the night dark, and everything wore an aspect foreign to itself. A great noise of artillery was heard on the ramparts of Paris by the Burgundians. A skirmish took place between the cavalry of each side, and a troop came back to the camp with a report that at a distance in the plain was a forest of lances behind the men-at-arms of the enemy. The Duke of Calabria hastened with the news to his cousin, Charolois, exclaiming:

"Well, at length we have what we desired. There

is the King, with all his people, come out of the town, and on the march. Let us all rouse our hearts and our courage: we shall soon measure the Parisians by the Paris ell, which is the longest."

Preparations were accordingly made, and a party advanced to the rencontre, much astonished to find that the enemy had never moved from the place where they were first seen. The day at length rose, and the mist began to clear, when, as the advance-guard continued its way, it was discovered that what they had taken for the army of the King turned out to be a large field planted with enormous thistles.

Great hilarity was the consequence of this discovery; but the allied princes were somewhat mortified, and went to mass in no very amiable humour.

Meantime the Parisians began to get tired of the delay, while both parties were waiting for an opportunity to attack each other. Louis was very mistrustful of his officers and governors, but he was consoled by knowing that there was equal cause for mistrust in the camp of his rival; and although money and provisions were failing him, he was aware that the same circumstances were existing in the midst of his enemies. Frequent conferences took place at the gates of Paris, and Louis saw that his best policy was to make use of the gifts, with which Nature had endowed him, of art and cajolery, rather than allow the war to go on. He lost no opportunity of gaining over the Parisians, discontented as they had reason to be with the manner in which he had hitherto governed them, which had been the cause or pretext of this war for the *bien publique*, now clearly pursued for the private advantage of each of the princes engaged in it.

The Count de Maine was given as a hostage, and De St. Pol conferred before the gate of St. Antoine with the King, who, after having remained with him for two

hours, said, on his return to the crowd assembled to hear the news,

"Well, my friends, the Burgundians are content not to do you so much harm as formerly."

"Ah, but meantime," said a procureur of the Châtelet, "they are eating our grapes and gathering them in our vineyards, with nothing to stop them."

"That is better," replied the King, "than if they were drinking the wine in your cellars."

At length Louis resolved to try the effect of his smooth tongue on his redoubted rival De Charolois himself, for he found it necessary to conciliate him. One morning, therefore, he got into a boat, accompanied by several of his people, and crossed to the other side of the river. De Charolois and St. Pol were there to receive him.

"Brother," said Louis, in a frank manner, as he leaped out of the boat, "am I in safety?"

"Certainly," replied the Duke, "since you come as a brother."

On this the rivals embraced very cordially.

"My good brother," said Louis, smiling, "I see that you are a good gentleman of the house of France."

"Why so, my lord?" replied De Charolois.

"Because," said he, "when I sent my ambassadors to Lille, to my uncle, your father and yourself, and when that mad De Morvilliers spoke so well to you, you sent out word by the Archbishop of Narbonne—who is a gentleman, and showed it, for every one was content with him—that I should repent the words that Morvilliers said to you, and that before a year. Pâque Dieu! you have kept your word, and even long before the end of the year is arrived."

All this he said with an open countenance, laughing the whole time, and well knowing that his words would flatter the Count de Charolois; he then went on:

"I like to have to do with people who keep their word." After this he disavowed Morvilliers' conduct, and professed that the words he had used were quite without his sanction.

On this the King and the Duke walked together for some time on the bank of the river, in the most amicable manner imaginable, much to the surprise of the friends on each side, who were amazed at this aspect of good-will between them. During this walk they agreed together on the terms of peace, but De Charolois continued firm in allowing no concession to the house of De Croï, his ancient enemies.

When he retired, the King said to M. de St. Pol, that, in consideration to his cousin, he would make him Constable. They took leave, cordially embracing; and Louis invited Charles to come to Paris, where he promised to make good cheer for him.

"My lord," replied he, "I have made a vow to enter no good town till my return."

The King distributed fifty golden crowns amongst the archers of the court, and re-entered his boat, rowed to the other side, and returned to the town.

From this time continual messages were sent to the Count by Louis, through the two men who had been banished by Duke Philippe from his son's household—De Biche and Dusie—and the other princes saw with vexation the treachery that was going on. However, in a short time other conferences were held, at which De Charolois was not called, and he had nearly broken out into anger again. This breach was however happily healed, and confidence restored to all parties.

It was while these interviews were taking place between Louis and Charles, when so much apparent cordiality reigned on both sides, that the news arrived of the death of the Count de Charolois' young wife,

Isabelle of Bourbon, which occurred at Antwerp on the 26th of September, 1465.

Chroniclers pass over this melancholy event with extreme coldness, merely recording that she was buried in the abbey of St. Michel with due honour.

Her career had been short, and all that is known of her is that she was appreciated by the excellent Duchess of Burgundy, her mother-in-law, and held to possess great virtues, while the affection of Duke Philippe for her seems to have been extreme. Her loss had a severe effect upon him, and the grief he felt has even been said to have hastened his death, which occurred a few years after.

Isabelle of Bourbon had been educated at the court of Burgundy, in conformity with the custom of the time, which regulated that young ladies should be sent away from their own homes, almost in infancy, and brought up in the house of some friend or relation of their family. Duke Philippe was the uncle of Isabelle de Bourbon, and it was his desire that his son should become her husband; although the Duchess, who was of the house of Lancaster by her mother's side, would have preferred an English alliance. She, however, was much attached to her interesting and amiable charge, and yielded without reluctance to her husband's wishes.

Duke Philippe arranged the marriage in a somewhat arbitrary manner, without asking the consent of her father, the Duke of Bourbon, who, he understood, intended to bestow her on a son of the Count de St. Pol. As the young lady was in his hands, he therefore resolved to take advantage of the circumstance, and sent private orders that the Count de Charolois and Isabelle should be immediately affianced: he being at that time at Lille, where soon after the bride was brought, and the nuptials were somewhat hurriedly celebrated, but not

without the usual tilts, and tournaments, and festivities. Monsieur de Ravestein and Le Grand Bâtard de Bourgogne—the latter of whom always made a great figure in chivalric entertainments—particularly distinguishing themselves at this solemnity.

Nothing is related of her illness, but her death must have been sudden: it appeared to cause but little sorrow or concern to her husband, whose absorbing and newly awakened passion was war. He wore, we are told by De la Marche, a black mantle, as a mourning garment for her, while he was listening to the proposals of the subtle Louis to give him his infant daughter Jeanne in marriage [1]—that unfortunate princess, whose want of personal beauty was the cause of so much misery to herself from childhood, for her father disliked her so much in consequence that she had always to conceal herself behind her handsome sister Anne, for fear of attracting the angry looks of the unfeeling parent before whom she trembled. Louis, however, made her a frequent means of negociation, and finally forced the young Duke of Orleans, afterwards Louis the Twelfth, into a marriage with her, entailing wretchedness on both parties.

The death of his wife soon ceasing to occupy the Count, one day, while Louis and he were riding together, conversing freely, they approached Paris nearer than the Count was altogether aware of; and presently, quite without observing where he was going, Charles entered with the King a strong palisaded boulevard, which had been raised beyond the walls of the town. All on a sudden he perceived his imprudence; but he kept good courage, and rode on. He had in his company only three or four followers, and they were in the midst of the enemy's camp.

Meanwhile his imprudence was observed by his party, and instant consternation took possession of their minds. The Count de St. Pol, the Maréchal de

Bourgogne, the Sire de Contay, the Sire de Hautbourdin, all assembled in great fear. The remembrance of the scene at the bridge of Montereau came over them, and they trembled at the danger the Count was running.

"If this young prince," said the Maréchal de Bourgogne, "is gone to his destruction like a fool and a madman, let us not lose his house, nor the power of his father, nor ourselves. Let every one retire to his quarters, and hold himself in readiness for whatever may arrive. If we keep together we are still strong enough to retire on the marches of Hainault, Picardy, or Burgundy."

He then mounted his horse with M. de St. Pol, and directed his course to Paris, to see if the Count was about to return. After a time he saw a troop of forty or fifty horse advancing from that side; it was the Count de Charolois, with an escort of the King's guard; he sent them back, and then advanced towards his friends.

"Do not reproach me," cried he to the Maréchal; "I know I have committed a great folly, but I only perceived it when I had entered the boulevard."

"It is plain enough to be seen that I was not there," said the Maréchal severely, "or this would not have happened."

The Count held down his head quite abashed before this old and tried servant, whose words were harsh, but whose actions were true.

"For know," said he, "I am only lent to you as long as your father lives."

And they rode back in silence.

Nothing could equal the apparent friendly feelings entertained by both the princes on the occasion of peace being signed; they embraced each other before both armies, and declared themselves devoted to each other. Louis came continually and dined at Vincennes, where

Charles was encamped, and all was joy and reconciliation when they parted.

All this time Duke Philippe, whose health was declining, was uncertain of his son's projects, and uneasy on his account, not being thoroughly informed of his intentions. He was at war with the revolted Liégeois, and much disturbed: when his son returned from signing the peace of Paris he hastened to Liége before he had seen his father, and having contrived to bring his subjects to reason, he lost no time in going to Brussels, where the old Duke received him with tears and embraces.

The Liégeois and Dinantois however broke out into fresh tumults, which the Count was obliged to hasten to subdue; and it was immediately after the siege and reduction of Dinant that he was recalled by the sudden illness of his father.

CHAPTER VI.

DEATH OF PHILIPPE LE BON.

It was after a series of successes that had greatly raised the spirits of the Count de Charolois, that he visited his father at Lille, where Duke Philippe was much indisposed. Charles entreated him to accompany him back to Bruges, where he was occupied in preparing a powerful league against the King of France, lately his supposed friend, and where ambassadors were awaiting him from the Duke of Brittany, the Duke of Calabria, the Duke de Bourbon, the Constable St. Pol, and others. He had just concluded a treaty of peace and alliance with the Duke of Savoy, and all was prosperous and promising in his affairs.

At this moment, the Count, whose attachment to his father was violent, like all his feelings, was struck with terror on being suddenly summoned to his side, for the Duke had been seized with a fit of apoplexy which threatened the most fatal results. Charles had but just left him for Ghent, and the instant he received the sad intelligence he mounted his horse, and, without waiting an instant, rode off as hard as possible, regardless whether he was followed or not by any attendants; he reached Bruges about mid-day.

The moment he dismounted he hurried into the chamber of his father, and saw with despair that the Duke was already without speech or consciousness. He threw himself on his knees beside him, weeping

bitterly, and exclaiming "Oh, dear father, give me your blessing, and if I have ever offended you, pardon me!"

But the Duke was unable to reply. The Bishop of Bethlehem, his confessor, who stood beside the bed, stooped over and said, "My lord, if you are conscious, give us some sign." The Duke then with an effort turned his eyes on his son and he felt that he pressed in his the hand which he held. This was all the sign he gave of knowing that his son was there.

Although surrounded by physicians who watched him day and night, death surprised him so suddenly that he had not time left him even to utter his confession. He appeared to suffer much for some hours, and expired between nine and ten at night on the 15th of June, 1467.

The agony and distress of his son were beyond all description; he cast himself on the bed of death with tears and lamentations, wringing his hands and uttering cries of the severest grief. He would receive no consolation, and all those who witnessed his sorrow were astonished to see how deeply a heart so bold and so resolute was overcome and prostrated.

In this state he remained for several days; and after that, for some time, he could not meet one of his father's attendants, or mention his name, without bursting into a flood of tears. Such an attachment is, unfortunately, unusual in such high places, and proves the natural goodness of heart of Charles, while it shows how worthy the father must have been who inspired so disinterested an affection in his successor.

The whole city of Bruges was plunged by this event into the deepest grief; they wept in the streets for their good and beloved Duke; they hurried to behold him as he lay publicly exposed on his bier; every inhabitant was soon clothed in mourning, from the highest to the lowest, and never was sorrow more

sincere and more demonstrative; all the strangers in the town followed the general example, and Bruges at once presented the appearance of a city of the dead.

Then came the burial honours, that useless but still gratifying ceremony, and gorgeously did Charles furnish them forth from the overflowing treasure which he found, for Philippe had left much more wealth than was expected, and his son resolved to dedicate a considerable part of it to this last duty to the beloved memory.

All the great names of Burgundy figure in the list of the sixteen hundred mourners who followed the good Duke to the tomb; but his son was so overwhelmed with his sorrow that he could not himself attend, and it was not till the day after that he was able to hear a funeral service performed over the grave of his beloved parent.

So deep was the feeling exhibited on this occasion that an historian has remarked that it seemed as though the happiness, the glory, the repose of Flanders and of Burgundy were swallowed up in that coffin, never to be revived or repaired.

"Alas! alas! noble Duke, thou art dead, and we are orphans!" was the cry when the coffin was placed in the vaults of Saint Donat of Bruges.

Philippe had reigned for fifty years, but his subjects and his son regretted him as if he had been amongst them but for a brief space; affection does not count by years, and the death of those beloved, come when it will, is an unexpected blow, not the less deplored that it has been long delayed. He had attained the age of seventy-two.

Whatever were the faults of Philippe, they were those of his age, and his virtues and noble qualities were his own, and very remarkable; he always considered the advantage of his country rather than that of his own family, and was a true father of his subjects.

CHAPTER VII.

REVOLT OF GHENT.

Duke Philippe of Burgundy was accustomed to say of his fiery subjects of Ghent,* who having been his good friends during the lifetime of his father, continued to give him extreme annoyance when he became their chief, that "The Gantois loved the son of their lord, but their lord never."

These people, always difficult to govern and capricious in their attachments, had shown great enthusiasm for Charles while Philippe lived, and immediately on his death had sent envoys entreating to be honoured by his presence in their town.

It had, in fact, always been a custom with the Counts of Flanders to be recognised by the Gantois as soon as they took possession of their dignity.

* On the occasion of the reduction of the city of Ghent, which occurred after a reconciliation with his son, Duke Philippe, having allowed the townsmen to recover themselves after their severe sufferings, entered the city in triumph, accompanied by the Dauphin, the Count de Charolois, and forty of his knights, and to prevent all renewal of unkindness on the part of his son he considerately dispensed with the presence of any of the family of De Croï.

The Duke was received with immense honour, and the usual fêtes and ceremonies followed which old chroniclers delight to describe. The list of ambassadors who arrived at Ghent on various missions is curious enough. Amongst them may be read the names of those of Pius the Second, of David King of Trebisonde, of the King of Persia, the King of Mesopotamia, of the Georgian King, of Frederick Emperor of Germany, of Alphonso of Portugal, Mathias of Hungary, the Republic of Venice, and several others.

The wealthy magistrates of Ghent, from amongst whose body the members of the embassy sent to the new Duke were chosen, had nothing to complain of, and all their wish was that things should continue in the same state as in the former government under which they had flourished. They, therefore, represented to Charles, on his inquiring of them the general feeling in the town, that the people were quite content, and ready to receive him with open arms, the only act against which they guarded him was, too great concession, as they warned him that the people were likely to prefer some requests which it would be impolitic in him to grant.

Thus impressed with a false view of things, Charles prepared to make his visit to Ghent, where he was aware that a pompous reception was preparing for him. Although the distance from Bruges, where he was, was very trifling, yet he stopped at Deynse for a day, in order to give the Gantois time to finish their preparations. He had, besides, another reason for delay, as he wished to consider the requests of certain exiles, who hoped to receive their pardon from the new Duke. So great was the concourse of these persons, who had fallen under the displeasure of Philippe and were banished from Ghent, that they were obliged to sleep in a meadow without the town of Deynse, beyond the gates. Those whom he considered entitled to pardon, were to enter Ghent with him, and, for the rest, they were to wait his pleasure.

At length, on the 28th June, in the morning, the Duke entered Ghent in full confidence, and nothing, at first, occurred to disturb his tranquillity. A circumstance, however, happened which at once changed the aspect of affairs.

In spite of all the fulminations of the Church against dancing, it had been found impossible, even from the earliest times of the Christian faith, to do away entirely

with a practice which, amongst the Pagans, formed a part of their religious ceremonies. When the priests found that their orders were disregarded, they thought it necessary to bend to the inclinations of the people, and the consequence was that they danced themselves on several occasions of peculiar solemnity, in the churches, leading the *magnum tripudium* along the aisles of their cathedrals, to the infinite edification of the pious.

The Danse Macabre, so frequently found represented in ancient cemeteries, appears to have been intended as a sort of link to join the spiritual and the actual worlds, and the frivolity and buffoonery of life is there attached to the solemn horrors of death, conveying an obvious moral.

These dances were by degrees abandoned in religious festivals, and the people became satisfied with a walking procession. From the very earliest times it had been the custom for the body of St. Liévin to be carried in great state on the day of his fête by the citizens of Ghent. As years passed on, those of the highest rank who originally assisted at this solemnity fell off from their duties, until at length, in the fourteenth century, the ceremony was entirely entrusted to the lowest of the people, who introduced the dance again.

Georges Chastelain thus laments the fact:—"Good customs and good manners change to bad, and devotion becomes cold in the course of time, whence it comes that the respect due to the saints fades away in these days, and is given up entirely to the care of the lower orders, the great and noble withdrawing themselves from the trouble of paying proper reverence. Thus has it happened at Ghent, where formerly the most pious personages were those who carried the body of the glorious saint every year; and now a multitude of low men and boys carry it, crying and shouting, singing and dancing, and making all sorts of derisive gestures,

all drunk. They arrive in large parties, half clothed, with bludgeons in their hands, some with head-pieces of steel, swords and other weapons, and wherever they pass they commit outrages like unchained wolves."*

This rabble rout paraded Ghent on the day after the grand entry of Charles and his young daughter Mary, who is named by historians as accompanying him.

While the working-classes were occupied in drinking and diversions, previous to beginning the procession, over their cups the subject of the new Duke's arrival and probable conduct was, of course, generally discussed, and the fact of the imposts and exactions which still pressed upon them was not forgotten.

"Let us get rid of the *cueillotte*," said they; "this is the time to make a stand for our rights, and to force our Duke to abolish this odious tax on all provisions that enter our town."

"They shall hear something of us before long," was the remark of one of the most resolute of a party assembled in a cabaret, who had been exciting each

* For a very interesting and curious account of the famous dance of the Liégeois, called the *Crâmignon*, see Mr. Dudley Costello's "Tour through the Valley of the Meuse."

Both in France and Flanders processions were common. At the fête of the Perroquet, said to have been instituted at Montpellier by the kings of Minorca, and which was celebrated on the 1st of May, the procession was headed by a tall man dressed in a green cassock or tunic, embroidered on the back with a cupid in gold. This personage acted the part usually filled by the accredited fools of the towns, for in many such a character was regularly entertained, and his services were required on the occasion of similar processions.

At Dijon, in 1454, Philippe le Bon confirmed by letters patent the ancient company of *La Mère folle*, which had existed long before his time.

At Cambrai the buffoon who exhibited his drolleries on public occasions was called *Sot-souris*.

At Lille, as late as 1825, the municipal body revived an old procession, in which, amongst other busts carried in triumph was that of "Philippe le Bon, Duke of Burgundy and Count of Flanders, who instituted the order of the Golden Fleece, and caused the arts and sciences to flourish in his dominions."

other to action. "We will brew a drink which will be bitter to those who taste it, and will cost those who drink it dear."

There had been for some time a plot forming amongst this class, which had now reached the moment desired. Amongst the objects exposed for sale at the toy shops might be observed numerous plates of lead, with holes in them, which appeared of no importance, and which were scattered about in the midst of the children's playthings. These were all soon eagerly bought up, and sewed to the sleeves and shoulders of those who intended to be actors in the drama preparing, for whom they formed a sort of haubergeon.

These ornaments, for such they seemed, were chiefly adopted by the apprentices, whose exclamations, however, as they apparelled themselves thus, told that there was meaning in their actions. "We keep," said they, "to the ordinances; we do not wear steel armour at the procession of St. Liévin, which has been forbidden since the peace of Gavres, but these plates of lead will answer our purpose just as well, as those will find who think to refuse our just demands."

At length one of the spokesmen of the party called out to the rest: "Let us forward—nothing is done while all is not completed; this is our time to let the Prince know what we suffer in his name, and to deliver ourselves from these caterpillars who eat us up."

But, in spite of all the tumult that these people caused, very little attention was paid to them; as from time immemorial, the meetings at the procession of the Grand Saint whom the lower orders of Ghent delighted to honour, had always brought in its train violence, drunkenness, and uproar; so that the votaries of the Saint were generally called "Les Fous de St. Liévin."

Charles, meanwhile, was quietly sleeping, after the

fatigues of the day before, without an idea of the commotion which was preparing.

It was at the break of day that the procession, consisting of all the artisans of the town, entered Ghent from the village of Holtheim, three leagues from the town, where the Saint had received the crown of martyrdom, and to which the relics were always carried from St. Bavon in the first instance.

When they had crossed the corn-market they arrived at the temporary building erected to receive the tax called *la cueillotte*.

"Saint Liévin never turns aside!" was the cry, and the building was instantly destroyed, with furious vociferations. Each man carried a portion of the timbers in triumph, and soon the cry became—"To arms!" and all Ghent was roused.

The Duke started from sleep at the sound of this tumult, and was in a moment awakened to his danger, when he heard that the citizens had risen and were in arms clamouring for the restitution of the privileges of their town.

The surprise and mortification of Charles was great when this intelligence was brought him; he had not contemplated any seditious movement, and had entered his capital without the slightest suspicion of danger or tumult. On the contrary, he had brought with him all the treasures of his father, considering that he had found a place of security for them; and his greatest treasure, his daughter, was thus exposed to a danger which he now saw, for her sake, with terror, seeing himself so unprovided with defence, for he was accompanied only by a few gentlemen and no guards.

His first impulse was to punish severely the daring rebels who ventured to disturb his reception by their clamours, but he was overruled by his more judicious advisers, in particular the Seigneur de Grutheuse,

who proposed seeking the people and inquiring their grievances in the Duke's name. To this at length Charles agreed, and he addressed the multitude, assuring them that they had a prince who would attend to all their representations with indulgence; but when the Duke himself arrived on the market-place, with a countenance of pride and anger, which they too well interpreted, and exclaimed as he advanced on horseback towards the balcony which overlooked their ranks, from whence he intended to review them:—"Well, rascals, what do you want of me?" there was a general murmur—and the sound of pikes was heard as the mob let their weapons drop sullenly on the pavement, and advanced their banners.

The haughty Duke's eyes flashed fire, and as he moved forward, finding one of the townsmen in his way, he struck him with the stick he held in his hand —the man turned furiously, and in a moment his pike menaced the imprudent prince; but for the Seigneur de Grutheuse the danger of Charles was indeed imminent. His remonstrances were vehement that Charles should consider not only his own life but those of others, and he exhorted him to overcome the rage which was too visible in his countenance, and not to contend idly with an infuriated mob who would at the slightest word break out into ungovernable hostility. He implored him to dismount from his horse and go into the balcony, from whence a mild word of his sent among this flock would convert the wolves into lambs.

There were many in the crowd whose interests were opposed to outrage, and who had been labouring to keep down the excitement which had become so dangerous. These added their voices, entreating the Duke's patience; and assuring him that he might rely on them, but to calm himself, and to permit none of his people to strike those around him.

"If they do," said they, "we cannot answer for the consequences; we will endure what you may do, but not the insolence of your followers."

The Duke was about to harangue the people from the balcony, which projected over the market-place, when a bold citizen of Ghent climbed up to where he stood, and in the face of all the shouting people calmly and resolutely made a statement of their demands; at each of which, as he named it, he turned to those below and called for their suffrages, which were given with vociferous acclamation.

However indignant at this proceeding, Charles was aware that he had friends amongst the mob, and, propitiated by the demonstrations of those who had come forward, he assumed a mild demeanour, allowed the citizen to finish his harangue, at the end of which he had become perfectly calm, and addressing the people in the Flemish language, he said—

"Well, my children, God keep you, I am your Prince and your legitimate Lord; I come to visit you and enliven you by my presence. I am anxious that you should live in peace and prosperity, and I beg you to be reasonable. All that I can do for you, as far as my honour permits, you may depend on, and I will grant you as much as it is possible for me to do."

This address had the effect which Gruthuese foresaw, the tone was changed instantly, and the cry was—

"You are welcome—you are welcome—we are your children, and we thank you!"

It had required a great effort on the part of Charles to yield so much to his insolent subjects, for to the justice of their demands he gave little heed, their boldness in resisting him was all that was present to his mind; but perhaps, for once in his life, Charles the Bold felt a movement something akin to fear as he looked on the infuriated and excited mob beneath him, and

found himself unable to repel the familiar approach of him who had dared to place himself on a level with his prince; where he had mounted others might aspire —he looked also on his small party and he saw consternation in their countenances, and then his thoughts fled to the palace where he had left his young and unprotected child. The last reflection determined him, and the father gave way.

With a heart full of resentment and indignation, Charles returned to his residence, and gave orders for quitting the town where he had met with so unexpected a demonstration. And on the first of July, he and his daughter, and the gentlemen who attended them, were only too happy to leave Ghent and direct their way to Malines.

Charles had all the inclination in the world to take due vengeance for this liberty, but he soon saw that every town in his dominions was animated by the same spirit, and that all had taken a resolution to stand up for the restoration of their privileges.

Happy was Louis of France when he became aware of the spirit awakened amongst the Flemings, and careful was he to keep it alive with animation, in the hope of extending the conflagration and overwhelming his former friend with difficulty and danger. But Charles at this juncture showed less of his customary hasty temper, and allowed policy to sway his actions in a greater degree than Louis expected. He saw too plainly that conciliation was necessary, and he listened with unaccustomed calmness to the representations of his people; so that by the end of September he had calmed the irritated feelings of the people of the Low Countries, and, except Liége, kept in commotion by the emissaries of Louis he found himself acknowledged throughout the Duchy.

CHAPTER VIII.

VALETS DE CHAMBRES.

THERE never was a time when men of low estate were so fortunate in their sudden rise as during this period. Not only was Louis the Eleventh surrounded by mean personages, but his example was followed by other princes, and, for a period, France was chiefly governed by barbers and valets.

It appeared as if the only result of Philippe le Bon's hospitality to all who claimed it was ingratitude, and that the conduct of Louis gave the tone to others; for most of those who had received favours at the Burgundian court took the first occasion to repay them with ingratitude. Amongst these was the Count de Nevers, who, while Comte d'Estampes, had been brought up by his cousin, Duke Philippe, with the greatest care and kindness, and had, as if by the natural order of things, become one of the bitterest enemies of the Count de Charolois. During the war for Le Bien Publique he was made prisoner at Péronne, and obliged to enter into treaties, professing all the love and affection possible to the house of Burgundy, which were only words for the occasion.

Although accustomed, while in the court of Duke Philippe, to the society and counsels of wise and noble gentlemen, he no sooner found himself his own master than he allowed his whole confidence to be absorbed by a worthless valet-de-chambre, whom he kept always

about him, called Boutellat. This being the case, he was exactly in a position to afford Louis of France the opportunity of gaining him over to his interests, for no one was more prone to make use of low instruments than he was. He therefore soon secured the Count de Nevers as an ally, giving him a large pension, and affording him advantages which made his friendship much more valuable than that of Burgundy. No sooner was Philippe dead than the Count came forward as a claimant for the Duchy of Brabant, alleging that he was as near in inheritance as Charles through the last Duke of Brabant, his cousin-german; and had as much right as the Duke of Burgundy. This claim had been brought forward before and set aside, an equivalent having been granted by Duke Philippe of several lordships, chiefly owing to the friendly suggestions of Charles de Charolois.

The young Count had again, at Péronne, sworn to the resignation of any claim he might have, on the same considerations; but now, encouraged and supported by Louis, and seeing that the new Duke was likely to be harassed by the revolt of his subjects, he resolved to insist on being acknowledged the rightful heir of Brabant.

Many of the people of the towns of Brabant were favourable to his claims, for they found their interests merged in the more important ones of Burgundy; and would have preferred a ruler exclusively their own, whose attention would not be so much divided, and from whom they could gain more privileges. The nobles, however, were very hostile to this change, as they looked to the powerful Duke of Burgundy for much more advancement than they could gain from a prince possessed of so little as the Count de Nevers.

The Duke had not really much to fear from this movement, but it proved clearly how continually he

must keep on his guard against the sleepless treachery of his rival, the King of France.

Charles had soon the more reason to be annoyed and mortified at the manner in which his subjects of Ghent had acted towards him, for the example they had set was quickly followed throughout Flanders, every town taking that opportunity of obtaining the redress of their grievances.

At Antwerp, and at Malines, the citizens rose and clamoured for their rights; declaring their desire to receive the Count de Nevers, and to throw off their allegiance to Burgundy.

"Ah," cried the Duke, when he heard of this, "this is what I owe to the Gantois; may Heaven give them back the service they have done me! All these rascals are after their example revolting, and are trying to become masters. By Saint George! if I live ten years they shall know with whom they have to deal."

The Liégeois, never behind hand in sedition, were the next to rise anew, and the whole country was in confusion, much to the satisfaction of Louis the Eleventh, who looked on with pleasure when he found his rival in such a state of annoyance, and found that his emissaries had succeeded to his wish in exciting the people.

Charles resolved first, to put down the rebellion in Brabant, and the nobles of that country were quite ready to support him against the lower orders, who were striving to usurp their places and showing a will of their own. The Duke and his train of warriors therefore set forth with hostile views towards Malines, without more preparation than mounting their chargers and girding on their armour; for the gentlemen of Brabant at this time were in the habit of riding from town to town fully equipped, with valets carrying their helmets and lances, followed by a few archers.

The servants of the Duke's household put armour under their gowns, and were ready for any encounter.

Charles entered Malines with this escort, and as the common people had no means of resistance he rode through the streets to his hotel unmolested. On the whole, he was less cruel in the punishment he thought fit to inflict than might have been expected from the indignation he felt. The scaffold he caused to be erected in the market-place, before his windows, was not without victims, but he accorded pardons to several, and commuted their sentence into banishment. One of those condemned to death had already mounted the scaffold, had had his eyes bandaged, and was on his knees, with his hands joined in prayer, the executioner had drawn his sword to give the blow, when the Duke appeared suddenly at the balcony and cried aloud that his pardon was granted. It was with great difficulty that the prisoner, who fainted on hearing the tidings, could be brought back to the life which the Prince had bestowed on him.

This theatrical scene told well with the mob; tears and sobs were heard amidst the multitude, and the clemency of Charles was highly extolled. The rapidity with which punishment had followed on revolt awed the other towns, and their submission soon followed, while Charles returned to Brussels to prepare for a resolute war against the obstinate men of Liége, secretly excited by Louis, and who had all but declared themselves his open allies.

Whenever Louis—who, like an evil fairy, seemed never content without mischief—found that any scheme of his to annoy his neighbours had failed, he immediately turned his attention to another; and his chief anxiety now was to keep a powerful party in England, opposed to that which favoured Charles of Burgundy. According to the shifting fortunes of the houses of York

and Lancaster, both princes had found it to their interest to change their friendly relations; but at this moment King Edward, influenced by his wife's connections,* was favourable to Charles.

To secure the good offices of the King-maker, Warwick, whose party in England was the stronger, was Louis's wish. Warwick's indignation at Edward's marriage with Elizabeth Woodville was at its height; but his plans of vengeance were as yet unsettled.

"The only part for us to take," said Warwick to Lord Exeter, who had just been banished to Ireland, "is to make a strong alliance with the King of France. I will cross the sea and confer with him myself on the subject, and show him good reasons for giving us his support."

Warwick, having thus determined, requested to be sent ambassador to Louis, for the alleged purpose of remonstrating against the outrages committed on English vessels by the French; and as Edward and the Earl's enemies desired his absence his proposal was readily agreed to.

Louis was wild with joy — according to his usual habit of exultation when things went as he wished—on finding that he should at length have the opportunity he had so long desired of entertaining Warwick. He was extremely unwell at the time, but he would not allow his illness to prevent him from hastening to Rouen, where he was to receive his welcome guest. He wrote orders to all his great towns to the effect that the Earl was to be received with as much honour as if it were the King of England in person, and sent several of his

* Elizabeth Woodville's mother, Jaqueline de Luxembourg, was of the House of Luxembourg; and Charles sent over, as ambassador to Edward the Fourth, while he was about his marriage, her cousin, le Sire Jacques de Luxembourg, which flattered Edward much, as he was proud to show to England that his wife, who was said to be so much beneath him, was allied to so great a family.

court to meet him at Honfleur. He went himself as far as La Bouille to receive him, and his barge was reconducted with great ceremony to Rouen, where a solemn procession of the Church was ready at his landing to conduct him to the cathedral, and to the convent of Jacobins, where he was lodged.

The King took possession of a house next to the convent, and so violent was his desire to converse secretly with Warwick, and without interruption, that he had openings made in the walls of each house, that a more ready communication might be carried on. For twelve days they scarcely quitted each other for a moment; and when the Earl went forth into the streets of Rouen "to see," as the chronicler expresses it, "the curiosities," all sorts of honours attended him.

Louis spared no expense to show his satisfaction, and had so ordered, that at every merchant's where the goods exhibited to the Earl and his attendants excited their admiration, the different objects were to be presented to them as offerings. It followed, that many of the followers of Warwick, who had come to France in costumes not remarkable for their richness, returned to England flaunting in all the splendour of the most gorgeous silks, velvets, and that fine cloth for which Rouen was then celebrated.

The people of Rouen, on this occasion, so well seconded the views of the King that he granted them, in token of his approbation, privileges which they coveted, and which placed them on the same elevation as the citizens of Paris.

The Earl of Warwick returned to England a faster friend than ever of the King of France, with powers to negotiate a marriage between Charles, the King's brother, and the Lady Margaret of York, sister to Edward, thus endeavouring to interfere in another quarter with the designs of the Count de Charolois;

for although there was a question on foot of the Count's marrying one of the princesses of France, yet Louis was aware that Margaret was the object more desired by the policy of his rival.

Scarcely was the Earl returned, when the news of the death of Philippe of Burgundy arrived; but this event made little difference in the position of Louis, who knew that he had secured all the friends he desired in the country; and he only the sooner set in motion the engines of mischief he had always ready, to be used as occasion required.

On Warwick's return, however, Louis became aware that his power in England stood a chance of failing; his ambassadors, who had accompanied the Earl, were scarcely received by Edward, and treated with very little ceremony; and instead of the splendid presents with which Louis had loaded the King-maker, they were dismissed with a few paltry articles hardly worth naming.

They, however, brought back to the cunning monarch the intelligence of Warwick's increasing anger and resolution to destroy the work he had created, of the strength of his party, and of his alliance with the Duke of Clarence, who had just married his daughter, against the King of England.

There was discord in England, and that was enough to assure Louis that no alliances were likely to take place at present either with his rival or himself; and he rejoiced in hearing of the divisions in the country, from which he doubted not that he should draw advantage to himself.

But in the meantime Edward of England had been negociating with Burgundy, had consented to the Duke's marriage with his sister, and had sent him five hundred men-at-arms to assist him in his war of extermination against the Liégeois—a war which Charles had

entered into with a zeal which had become a perfect passion, so great was his desire to revenge on them the independent spirit which had been so hurtful to him throughout his dominions.

Louis began to wish that he could avoid affording the citizens the support he had promised, and at last resolved to send the Count de St. Pol as ambassador to Charles, in the hope of obtaining a truce which would give him time to attend to other matters. It was in the interview that ensued, between the Count de St. Pol and Charles, that the foundation was laid for that defection from France which afterwards cost the former his life.

Nothing could turn Charles from this cherished project, and his successes taught the people of Liége how dangerous it was to dispute his authority, for they were obliged to abate their proud pretensions, and send a humble deputation to the camp of the Duke, seated triumphantly at their gates, of three hundred of their richest and most considerable citizens in their shirts, with their heads and feet bare, to present him with the keys of the town, and to accept what conditions he pleased.

The haughty Duke appointed his friend and faithful counsellor, the Sire d'Himbercourt, to enter the town first with two hundred men. This leniency afforded some hope to the citizens, as they knew that to D'Himbercourt alone they owed the preservation of their hostages, and whatever mercy Charles might be disposed to grant them.

No sooner, however, was D'Himbercourt amongst them than the spirit of resistance rose again amongst the violent party within the walls, and the life of that wise and excellent man had very nearly fallen at that time a sacrifice to the fury of the populace—a cruel fate, to which he was indeed destined, but which was

deferred to a later period, when he had not so powerful a liege lord to overawe the multitude, and the sceptre of the magnificent Charles was timidly held by the delicate hand of a terrified and persecuted girl.

The better feeling of the more thinking amongst the people prevailed this time, and on the representation of the services the Sire d'Himbercourt had done to the Liégeois, in his wise and judicious counsels throughout the war, and how much danger and destruction he had turned away from them, the citizens at length consented to listen to him, and finally agreed to submit to the entrance of the Duke.

D'Himbercourt accordingly departed with this message, and the exulting but angry Duke prepared to ride into the humiliated town. He would not, however, condescend to enter by any of the gates, but caused an enormous breach to be made in the walls, and that part of the ditch to be filled up, in order that he might pass through that way.

He was covered with his armour, as if going to battle, and over it he wore a robe covered with jewels. He held his naked sword in his hand, and advanced slowly, looking sternly round to see that his commands had been attended to, and that every man was standing bareheaded at the door of his domicile, bearing a lighted torch.

All sorts of contumely were shown to the prostrate town; but that which shocked and distressed the citizens the most, perhaps, was the dishonour they experienced in the removal of the cherished ornament of Liége, to which they were all religiously attached. This was a column of copper which stood on marble steps in the centre of the great market-place, and which was called "Le Perron de Liége," and was held in veneration as the symbol of their rights and privileges for miles round the city. This column was taken

down and transported to Bruges, where it was set up as a memorial of the Duke's victory, commemorated by inscriptions in French and Latin engraved around its base.

With the Perron de Liége fell all the tumults of the country, and the triumphant Charles returned to Brussels with the conviction that he had put an end to all the annoyances which had disturbed the beginning of his reign.

The enormous wealth left by his father, and the immense sums he had forced the revolted Liégeois to pay, had rendered him one of the richest princes in Europe, and his pride rose with his fortunes. He was, however, although very magnificent, by no means careless of his resources; and the order and regularity of his household, and general expenditure, are quite extraordinary, as reported by all the chroniclers of the time.

Louis of France was much mortified to find that all his schemes had failed, and that his rival was so prosperous. He found his interest required quiet for the present, and hastened to obtain a truce with the Duke of Brittany, with whom he was contending, and set new plans on foot for defeating the arts of his enemies; for this under-ground working was the fashion of the day, carried to the utmost extremity of dissimulation by all the princes who were striving against each other.

CHAPTER IX.

MARGARET OF YORK.

ALTHOUGH Charles of Burgundy had been always in good understanding with the house of Lancaster, yet when Edward the Fourth was firmly seated on the throne of England, Charles did not reject the offers of friendship made him by the new King, who was anxious to secure him to his interests. For some time, however, the Duke of Burgundy resisted the offer of an alliance with England in the person of Margaret of York, sister of Edward the Fourth. It was only when he became convinced that by contracting this marriage he should seriously injure his detested rival, Louis the Eleventh, that Charles at length agreed to the expressed wish of Edward, and Margaret became his wife.* But Charles had no qualities to make him a good husband, and scarcely had he entered into that state for the second time than he proved how unfit he was to create the happiness of the princess who trusted her future life into his hands. If he did not positively ill-treat her, he at least showed such indifference and coldness towards her, that she was soon convinced that his affections were by no means engaged. Margaret was, nevertheless, amiable and handsome; she had wit and sense; and her daughter-in-law, Mary, saw with regret that she was unhappy in her father's conduct. The amiable princess felt that she had it in her power to

* This event happened in 1467.

repair this injustice to a certain extent, and she resolved to exert all her power to render the English princess less miserable.

In a short time a strict friendship was formed between them, which must afterwards have afforded Mary extreme satisfaction, when she saw herself deprived of her father's protection, and surrounded by false friends and open enemies. Her governess, the Lady of Ravestein,* was also much attached to the Duchess; and it appears that the three lived in the most delightful intimacy together.

The Princess Mary was about thirteen when the policy of her father led him to this alliance with England, with a view to strengthen himself against Louis of France.

It was an important event for her happiness, this second marriage of her father, whose attachment to her was extreme, and whom she loved with the greatest tenderness. Charles had seldom, except as far as his daughter was concerned, shown any fondness for female society: he does not appear to have felt any remarkable regard for his first wife, and, except in a political view, the expected arrival of his beautiful English bride was indifferent to him. Perhaps, indeed, if he could have avoided it, he would rather not have exposed Mary to the chances of a mother-in-law's temper and disposition, and he looked forward to the arrival of Margaret of York, the sister of Edward the Fourth of England, with dread rather than pleasure.

Young as the princess was, and without experience of the world, the idea of not being pleased with the new Duchess did not enter into her mind: her father's pleasure was the guide of her conduct, and his happiness

* This family was of great importance in Burgundy: one of the Counts had married a natural daughter of Philippe le Bon, Duke of Burgundy.

the object of her wishes. She, therefore, with cheerful alacrity, prepared to accompany her grandmother, the Duchess of Burgundy, to Ecluse, where the Princess Margaret was to land from England, and where they were to welcome their new relative, and conduct her to Bruges, at which town the most splendid fêtes were in preparation to honour the approaching marriage.

At Bruges, meanwhile, were daily arriving from every part of the kingdom all the nobles who desired to show their attachment to the house of Burgundy. There was, however, one in particular whose presence Charles particularly desired, for his power and influence was so great in France that they were little short of those of the King. Both Louis and Charles had for a series of years striven against each other who should attach this great noble to their interests, and he had shown himself sometimes the friend of one, and sometimes of his rival, as his own inclinations dictated.

This personage, whose position in France was not unlike that of the Earl of Warwick in England, was the Count de St. Pol, whose interference in the various contentions which distracted the country had more than once turned the scales of fortune to that side whose cause for the time it was his pleasure to adopt.

Louis had greatly condescended, according to his custom, in order to secure him as an ally; and Charles, who in general refused to listen to any advice, had long been accustomed to consult and to depend on the judgment of the Count de St. Pol, who had formerly held a high position in his father's court, and who was the chief of the faction which existed against the house of De Croï, a circumstance which at once enlisted the then Count de Charolois as his admirer and friend.

St. Pol, on his side, had much to gain in the

contentions of the King of France and the Duke of Burgundy: he found his own interest much better consulted in keeping them continually at discord; but he did not desire that they should come to open rupture, as, in that case, he must take a decided part as the ally of one or the other.

At this moment the truce which existed between Louis and Charles was on the point of expiring, and the Count knew how deeply annoyed Louis was that his rival had succeeded in securing the alliance with England, which his cunning had been unable to effect. He feared that a war would ensue, which he wished as long as possible to avert, and therefore represented to Louis that it would be advisable to send him as his ambassador to Charles at Bruges.

St. Pol had another reason for this wish: he desired to make a display of magnificence in the eyes of those nobles who had formerly witnessed his disgrace at the court of Philippe of Burgundy, and he knew that they would be all assembled at Bruges on the occasion of the approaching marriage. He had been always celebrated for the pomp and splendour he loved to exhibit, a vice common to the princes of the age, and in which few had indulged more than the father of the present Duke.

The Count, therefore, resolved to enter Bruges in brilliant style: his arrival, by the Porte Sainte Croix, was announced by six trumpeters on horseback, followed by squires carrying his banners, and one bearing a naked sword. He was followed by six pages and an immense train of gentlemen. The state he held was as though he were the lord of the country who was entering the town. The people ran in crowds through the streets to behold so grand a spectacle, and the Count had some difficulty, for the press, in reaching the hotel where he alighted.

When Charles heard with what pretension this proud noble had entered his town of Bruges, he was extremely irritated, and swore that such arrogance should be punished. There was no want of envious persons round him to encourage this temper, and he heard on all sides, to his mortification, such words as these—

"Is not the Count of St. Pol a subject and servant as we are? Does he think to act the sovereign amongst us? Would he have dared to do this in the time of Duke Philippe?"

The next day, when the Count prepared to visit the Duke, he received a message that he need not present himself, as he would not be received. St. Pol did not disquiet himself on the subject as his end had been attained and he had made the impression he desired: he, however, excused himself to the lords who were sent to him, by saying that it was in his quality of Constable of France that he had entered Bruges in such magnificence, and if his entry had been into Paris while the King was there, he should have done the same, in quality of his office.

These excuses by no means satisfied Charles or his court, and, giving way to the natural violence of his disposition, the imprudent prince at once forgot how much he had desired to receive the Count, and how requisite it was to gain his friendship. Nothing was talked of but the insolence of the Count de St. Pol, and the ferment, both in the court and city, became so loud that St. Pol thought it advisable to depart, without waiting for further demonstrations of ill-will. He therefore was opportunely seized with a fit of devotion towards a certain shrine at Ardenbourg, and quitted Bruges without pomp or ceremony on a humble pilgrimage to that place. His trumpets and banners were placed in trunks and conveyed away, and all the pageant which had flashed like a fairy

vision before the eyes of the people vanished at once into air.

The Count de St. Pol left Bruges, but little content with the conduct of the Duke of Burgundy; but at the same period another powerful nobleman, who had hitherto been a fast friend to his house, and had rendered him important services, after having commanded that his shield of arms should be effaced from the mansion in which he had resided at Bruges, departed from the town, shaking its dust off his feet and declaring himself from that moment the mortal enemy of the Duke.

This was the Sieur de la Hamaïde, of the house of Condé, one of the most important families of Flanders. The cause of a resentment which induced him to abandon his household gods in the manner related, was one which reflects more honour on the justice than on the clemency of Charles, and which exhibits him in a most unpropitious humour to act the part of a bridegroom, for the event occurred just at the time when he was every day expecting the arrival of the English princess.

The illegitimate sons of great houses at this period held rank equal to those born in wedlock. Many had distinguished themselves so much as to have retained a place in history far beyond those of their legitimate brethren, as the names of Le Bâtard d'Orleans, the brave Dunois, the Grand Bâtard de Bourgogne, and others prove.

Duke Charles had a chamberlain, the son of Jean de la Hamaïde, Seigneur de Condé, who was known as Le Bâtard de la Hamaïde, and who was looked upon as the flower of the court of Burgundy, for the extreme beauty of his person and the graces of his manner: besides which he was an accomplished knight and a brave warrior, and was extremely beloved by all as well as by the Duke himself.

One day this young man was engaged in the *jeu de paume*, in the town of Condé, and in the course of the game it happened that a stroke was doubtful. A canon of the church happened to be on the spot, looking on, and, being appealed to as umpire, he gave his judgment against De la Hamaïde. It would seem that, while the graces of this young man are taken into consideration, and his valour and accomplishments vaunted, there was but little room to boast of his prudence or his patience, to judge by the excess of rage into which he was thrown by the decision against his play of the unlucky canon, who, finding that he had mortally offended him, made the best of his way to conceal himself from the anger of the haughty and impetuous youth, who was loud in his threats of vengeance.*

The absolute will and ungovernable passion exhibited by young Hamaïde were faults common to all the nobility of the period, and no one had shown them to a greater extent than Charles of Burgundy, who, attached as he was to his father Philippe, yet on many occasions was unable to restrain his anger, and broke out into actual rebellion against his parent; besides which, he was unconstrained in his humours towards his dependants and inferiors, and seldom considered his equals or superiors at any time, in his moods.

The conduct therefore of this young man is not so extraordinary, the age considered, as it would be in later times, and, although there is no positive excuse for his crime, yet it might have been more lightly considered at his own time, when outrages of all kinds were of daily occurrence, and excited no surprise and brought no punishment with them.

* Louis the Twelfth, when Duke of Orleans, was offended in a similar manner by the decision of the Regent, Anne of France, against his play, and was as violent in his resentment.

The ill-advised canon, who had ventured to speak the truth where it should have been suppressed, had placed himself in security; but he had a brother who lived in the country, not far off.

Hamaïde hurried, in the heat of his anger, to the house of this person, and demanded to see the canon, but he was not there, and his fury was transferred immediately to the brother, who had not, probably, received the fiery young lord with much welcome, for the violence of these nobles was but too well known to the lower classes.

Infuriated at being baulked of his revenge, Hamaïde drew his sword and threatened the life of the brother, who, falling on his knees, entreated his mercy, with clasped hands, representing his own innocence of any offence, and conjuring him to spare his life; but at the moment, the furious young man rushed upon him, and with one stroke of his sword laid him dead at his feet.

This crime was committed by the Bâtard de la Hamaïde on his father's estates, and he knew that the feudal power of his family would protect him; he therefore, while the whole district was murmuring at his cruelty and injustice, took no pains to appease the general indignation, nor to quiet the complaints of the relatives of the murdered man.

The latter, in their grief and indignation, addressed themselves at once to the Duke of Burgundy, clamouring for justice and detailing their sorrows. Probably they appealed to Charles at a moment when he was in an irritable mood, annoyed at the discovery of some new trick of Louis of France, or mortified by the arrogance of the Constable, for he instantly resolved to show his power, and to punish the pride and insolence of one who had dared to take the law into his own hands.

"By Saint George,"—exclaimed he—"I will see him

punished to the utmost for this outrage. As I have the renown of being the most just of princes I will not suffer such an outrage to pass without signal vengeance."

He instantly gave orders that the young nobleman should be arrested in the midst of his court, and he was carried off prisoner to Bruges, where he was placed under restraint. Immediately upon this, the uncle of the guilty young man, with a large assembly of relations and friends, repaired to Charles's court, and humbly implored his mercy for the culprit. They did not attempt to justify him, but they professed themselves quite ready to give any compensation that might be awarded to the family of the deceased, and while they acknowledged that his crime was of the deepest dye, they yet entreated the Duke to take into consideration the youth of the prisoner, his good qualities, and his bravery; they recalled to his mind the gallant actions he had performed, under his own eyes, at the battle of Montlhéri; and they ventured to name the services rendered, from time immemorial, by the family of Condé to the house of Burgundy. To all this Charles replied, with an unmoved countenance:—

"Sire de la Hamaïde, I am far from forgetting the services to which you allude, they are engraven in my memory, but it is not allowed me to repay them at the expense of others. Behold, here are the relatives of a man cruelly put to death, without due cause or motive—it belongs to them to yield pardon, for I cannot show myself generous with their right.

"Had you, before the appeal had been made to my justice, found means to appease the just anger of the family, you would not have had occasion to make this request to me, which it is not in my power to grant.

"Can I give you the blood of their brother, which cries to me?

"Even now, if the injured parties could be appeased, since the cause has been brought before me, and I am instructed regarding the fact as lord and judge, my interest and my conscience require that I should not allow it to pass into oblivion.

"Your part remains to satisfy the family as much as lies in your power: for me, I shall consider what is my duty in the affair."

The usual course was immediately adopted by the Lords of Hamaïde, and by dint of large sums, and promises for the future, they induced the family of the canon to forego their desire of vengeance, and even to join them in entreaties that pardon might be granted to the young man; but whether, as was suspected, the Duke had some private pique against him, or he feared that his dignity would suffer by giving way, he refused to listen to any supplications, however vehement, and the whole party remained in the most agitating suspense.

Still it appeared unlikely that the Duke would carry the penalty of the law to its greatest extent, at the risk of offending almost the whole of the chivalry of Hainault, with whom this family were more or less connected; and the young man himself, trusting to the imtimacy which had subsisted between himself and Charles, could not bring his mind to expect other than leniency from him.

Bruges was full of his relations and friends, and the whole of the nobility of the estates of Burgundy was on the spot, attending the grand ceremony of the Duke's marriage, and the son of so illustrious a house felt convinced that this was precisely the time when he would be glad to show an act of clemency. He had however, entirely mistaken the character of the Duke, who, on the contrary, considered it a time to show to all his assembled lords, that he continued to act now, as he had done since the beginning of his reign, with

strict attention to justice, which he maintained equally towards rich and poor, powerful and weak: and beyond that, he felt that it was politic to prove to all that his power was not to be shaken, and that he feared neither the resentment nor the murmurs of any part of his subjects.

Meantime the Duchess of Burgundy, his mother, and his young daughter, the Princess Mary, had already set out on their way to meet his future bride, and the period was arrived when he must himself depart from Bruges to welcome the English princess. On the eve of his departure Charles summoned the chief magistrate of Bruges to his presence, and thus addressed him:—

"As soon as it is night, you will go to the porter of this town, in whose custody is the Bâtard de Condé, and you will conduct him to the prison of Bruges. The next morning you will proceed against him in the usual form, and at nine o'clock in the morning you will cause him to be executed without the town in the place destined to executions. This is my pleasure."

"My lord," replied the magistrate, humbly, "my duty is to obey your commands, and Heaven forbid that I should fail to execute them; but is it possible that this fine young man, the issue of so great a lineage, has not obtained your grace?"

"Do as you are commanded," replied the Duke, sternly; "the rest does not concern you."

Shocked and distressed at the task he had to perform, the chief magistrate presented himself to De Hamaïde, and announced to him the Duke's decision. Nothing could exceed the amazement of the condemned culprit on learning these tidings, for so confident was he in the clemency of Charles, that up to that moment he had been full of hope and spirit.

"What!" cried he, "young as I am, beloved as I have been by the Duke, belonging as I do to so great

a house, must I die for a crime such as both the King and every prince of Christendom pardon every day of their lives? Is there no pity for me alone?"

While young De Hamaïde was thus bewailing his hard fate, and the magistrate had removed him to another prison, the latter still entertained hopes, for he had, immediately on leaving the presence of the Duke, informed the distressed family of the sentence he was ordered to execute, and they had, without a moment's delay, followed the Duke's steps to Ecluse, where they arrived, and hastened to seek an interview with him. This he had probably foreseen, and to avoid seeing them he had gone out in a small vessel on a sailing expedition on the coast, and was not to be found.

The suppliants addressed themselves to the Duchess, his mother, imploring her good offices in favour of their unfortunate relative. She immediately promised to exert herself to save him; and no sooner was he returned from his excursion than she went to him, and with all the eloquence of compassion begged for the life of the imprudent and guilty young lord.

Young Mary, who was present, joined her entreaties to those of her grandmother, and the Duke at length consented to grant his pardon.

But, while he did so to satisfy them, he was only too well convinced that there was no longer time for it to take effect; he knew the orders he had given, and he knew that the magistrate would not dare to disobey them. He was not, however, aware that that compassionate officer had delayed the execution from hour to hour in the hope that a reprieve would arrive for his prisoner.

Twelve, one, two o'clock had struck in Bruges, and still no message reached him. The execution ought to have taken place at nine, and he had greatly exceeded his powers by thus delaying. He found himself, therefore, obliged to repair to the prison, and to

bring forth the young prisoner, who, after confession, was placed in a cart, in order to traverse the streets of Bruges to the place where he was to expiate his crime.

The whole town was in commotion, the streets were lined with people, and a general feeling of pity prevailed as the prisoner passed along. He was attired magnificently, and his beautiful long fair hair fell in large curls over his shoulders; his extreme beauty and the sadness of his countenance excited universal commiseration, and the women in the crowd, as they looked upon him, murmured to each other—

"He looks more fit to be a bridegroom than to suffer death!"

There was a general feeling in his favour, and the opinion prevailed that the Duke acted with such rigour more from pride or stubborn will, if not from some secret cause of enmity, than from a true conviction and love of justice.

Meanwhile, how slow soever, the mournful procession advanced, the magistrate hastening it as little as possible; the fatal spot was reached at length, and the last preparations were made. Le Bâtard de Hamaïde then took off his richly ornamented silken robes, and addressing the confessor assured him that he died in the true faith, and with full hope in God and the Holy Virgin, adding that he trusted that this death full of shame and sorrow would secure for him the mercy of his Creator.

He then saluted the people, his eyes were bandaged, and he extended his neck for the fatal blow.

His body was quartered and exposed on the wheel, like that of a common malefactor.

Scarcely was this fearful expiation accomplished when the Duke's treacherous pardon arrived: its influence extended only to his remains, which were collected from the wheel and placed in a coffin, which

was given to his relations, who ordered a solemn mass for the repose of the soul of their ill-fated relative.

Before the grand cortège which brought the English bride of Charles of Burgundy to Bruges had arrived at the gates, the indignant family of Hamaïde had ridden forth from them, never to return.

CHAPTER X.

THE BRIDE OF THE DUKE.

On a brilliant day of June, unconscious that aught but happiness and rejoicing were reigning in the city where she was to become the wife of one of the most powerful princes of Europe, Margaret of York arrived at Ecluse, escorted by a fleet of fine vessels, sent by her brother, the magnificent Edward, to attend her.

No sooner had she landed, than her future mother-in-law, the Duchess of Burgundy, and the young heiress, Mary, to whom she was henceforth to act as mother, came in great ceremony to receive and conduct her to the banquet prepared for her.

A train of young ladies accompanied the Princess Mary, and gaily and joyously they passed the first meal which they took together; all parties being mutually delighted, the bride-elect with the cheerful candour and amiability of her step-daughter, and the benevolent manners and words of the mother of her future husband, who on her part could not enough congratulate herself on the happy choice of her son; for Margaret was one of the most beautiful persons of her time, extremely gay and lively, full of grace and goodness, and endowed with superior understanding, and an excellent heart.

Nothing could exceed the civilities shown to the fair troop of English ladies who were the companions of Margaret, and contentment and pleasure shone on every countenance; while the bride expected, with

some trepidation, the arrival and visit of the redoubtable Prince who was to be her lord.

He did not appear to disturb the first ceremonies between his mother, daughter, and bride, till the evening of the 27th, when he came without state, *incognito*, to the castle where Margaret lodged, entering by a private way.

The Princess was, however, made aware of his intended visit, and was prepared to receive him with due honour; it is possible that she might have considered that he did not show altogether so much alacrity in paying his *devoirs* as so fair a bride would naturally have expected, but she suffered no appearance of disappointment to betray itself, and allowed her thoughts only to dwell upon the amiable young girl who had received her so affectionately, and the venerable lady whom she seemed so much to have pleased.

At length the interview took place, and Charles found that fame had not exaggerated the accomplishments and attractions of his bride. They conversed for some time together, seated, say the chroniclers of the day, on the same bench, where they were addressed by the Count de Charny, who had been appointed to attend on Margaret, and who now proposed that the ceremony of affiancing should take place. The Bishop of Salisbury, then, who had accompanied the Princess for the purpose, solemnly contracted them, and repeated the usual prayers on the occasion.

The Duke, after this, quitted Ecluse, leaving his affianced bride with his mother and daughter. For several days she remained with them, and then by canal continued her way, in a splendidly decorated barge, as far as the little village of Damme, where it was arranged that the marriage should take place.

The bridegroom was there to receive her, and the ceremony was accomplished in that somewhat

obscure spot, on the 2nd of July, at five o'clock in the morning.

Historians express no surprise that so important an event should have taken place in a locality apparently so insignificant, instead of being celebrated in the gorgeous town of Bruges, which was filled with guests, and worthy from its renown to have been the scene of so great an occurrence.

At ten o'clock, it seems, Margaret, now Duchess of Burgundy, was placed in a litter, covered with cloth of gold. She was dressed in a robe, the ground of which was silver, the flowers of the pattern which covered it being formed of precious stones; she wore a crown of diamonds of immense value, and her appearance was as splendid as can be conceived.

By her litter rode sixty of the greatest ladies of England and Burgundy, some mounted on richly caparisoned palfreys, and some in chariots covered with cloth of gold. In the first chariot rode the Duchess of Norfolk, whose beauty was the theme of all beholders, and with her sat the Lady Scales, whose husband did the chief honours in introducing the English Princess.

Olivier de la Marche records the splendour of the apparel of these dames, and extols their beauty: Lady Willoughby, Lady Clinton, Lady Scroope, and a certain Mademoiselle Leonor, of whom he speaks with great admiration.

The grand entry was made by the gate of Sainte Croix; the streets were hung with tapestry, and cloth of gold and silk. At regulated distances were represented on scaffolds certain mysteries, supposed to convey great meaning, and to offer compliments, which it must have required peculiar ingenuity to comprehend or explain. Either mechanism had reached a degree of perfection, the art of which has since been lost, or these must have

been most cumbrous and clumsy gallantries. According to custom on these occasions, history, sacred and profane, legend and romance, were made to yield heroes for the occasion. Adam and Eve started forward to present their offering, contending the palm of civility with Cleopatra and Cæsar, with St. Anthony and St. George.

Shields blazed with the arms of Duke Charles, and his motto, "Je l'ay empris," was conspicuous between lions and giants. As the Duchess's litter stopped before the ducal residence, the horses being removed, the archers of the guard transferred the precious weight of the litter to their own shoulders, and gallantly bore the Duchess to the grand entrance, where stood the Dowager of Burgundy, ready to present her hand to her daughter-in-law, and to conduct her, with the sound of trumpets and clarions, to her chamber.

The Princess Mary met her in the hall, and a hundred young ladies of rank, ranged in rows, lined the courts as she passed, and saluted her with graceful welcome.

Great were the festivities of the bridal, and extraordinary were the preparations. A temporary hall had been formed of the court where the *jeu de paume* usually took place, in order to allow as much space as possible. It was illumined by high windows of elegant shape, and the general workmanship of the building appears to have been extremely admirable. Blue and white draperies formed a ceiling, and the sides were hung with the richest and brightest tapestries, worked in gold, silver, and silk. So much fine tapestry, it was asserted, had never been seen at one time.

Immense chandeliers lighted this hall, in the shape of castles filled with knights and ladies, wild beasts and birds, with rocks and trees without, all illuminated, and with plates of looking-glass at the bases, which reflected back the glories of the hall, and made a blaze of

light.* From these marvellous chandeliers issued forth dragons, vomiting flames of fire, "moult estrangement," and as the chronicler observes, "nè voyoit on point comment la soubtivité se conduisoit."

There were galleries for the lady-spectators, much in the manner of a modern banquet; indeed, except in the matter of the monster-chandeliers, the description of the hall and its ornaments might belong to a modern entertainment.

The famous jewelled vases and gold and silver plate which Philippe le Bon had displayed with such pomp at Paris, when Louis the Eleventh became king, were now exhibited on buffets, whose tiers of shelves diminished as they rose, and showed the different treasures to great advantage—the larger and heavier pieces being at the bottom, and the more delicate and precious at the upper part.

There were different tables for the guests, according to their rank. The bride was seated at one in the centre, with the Dowager Duchess on her right hand, and at the end of the same table sat the young Princess Mary. The Dowager, on that day, gave up her precedence to her daughter-in-law, who was served before her; and every sort of honour was shown by her to the new comer whom they thus welcomed.

Considering the extreme tediousness of the dinner, which delighted chroniclers dwell upon, it is impossible not to congratulate the Duchess of Norfolk, who appears to have been unwell and fatigued, and who declined appearing at table, and was served in her chamber.

No sooner was this repast concluded, than every one repaired to the lists, where a grand tournament took place. It was in the grand square of Bruges, and the

* Olivier de la Marche has preserved the name of the artist of these famous chandeliers: he was "*Jehan Stalkin, chanoine de St. Pierre de Ville, moult subtil homme.*"

Bâtard de Bourgogne was he who held the lists, having assumed the personage and taken the arms of the Knight of the Golden Tree.

The illustrious bridegroom appeared with great pomp at this tournament, the caparisons of his horse adorned with large bells of gold, and he himself dressed in a robe of cloth of gold with open sleeves, bordered with the richest sables.

A giant, a dwarf, and an unknown lady, of course, figured on the occasion, for no mystery was perfect without those three personages; and devices and verses, more obscure than poetical, set the ingenuity of the beholders at work; while angels, and dragons, and lions, and knights, carried on a drama probably understood only by the author of the wonderful divertisement, but which was supposed to afford extraordinary delight to all who witnessed their feats.

Amongst other circumstances named, some are remarkable, as of a dwarf appearing with *a clock*, which was of glass, full of sand, to last upwards of half an hour, the duration of part of the ceremony: then came *licornes* and *leopards*, bearing *in their hands* marguerites of gold, which they presented to the bride; after this, a great lion, *covered with silk*, blazoned with the arms of the duke, and bearing on his back the female dwarf of Mademoiselle de Bourgogne, dressed in rich cloth of gold, seated on a little rock, and having all the paraphernalia of a shepherdess, in spite of her golden robe, and notwithstanding that, together with her crook, she held the banner of Burgundy.

The scene of Bottom's prowess, when he desired to add the part of the lion to the rest of his studies, seems altogether to have been acted on this occasion; indeed, it was probably in ridicule of these absurdities still rife in his day, that Shakspeare created his inimitable drama enacted by the clowns.

The lion on this occasion, however, had a much harder part than that of the cruel animal that wrought Pyramus and Thisbe so much harm; it was something more than roaring; and, in fact, its actions were more in the style of the "sucking dove," such as Bottom conceived fittest for the ears of ladies.

The admiring chronicler recounts, with a simplicity beyond all imitation or translation, how this wonderful beast got through his part without frightening the audience, for he assuredly thought,

> "Should I as lion come, in strife,
> Into this place, 'twere pity of my life."

"Et quand le dit lion entra parmi la salé, il commença à ouvrir la gorge et à la reclorre, par si bonne façon, qu'il prononçoit ce que ci-après est escrit, et commença le dit lion à le chanter en chanson, faicte à ce propos, à teneur, et dessus qui disoit ainsi:

> "Bien vienne la belle Bergère
> De qui la beauté et manière
> Nous rend soulas et esperance.
> Bien vienne l'espoir et fiance
> De ceste Seigneurie entière.
> Bien devons celle tenir chère
> Qui nous est grand et frontière
> Contre danger et tant qu'il pense.
> Bien vienne.
>
> "C'est la source, c'est la minière
> De notre force grande et fière,
> C'est nostre paix et assurance;
> Dieu louans de telle alliance,
> Crions, chantons, à lie chere.
> Bien vienne."

These *admirable* verses, delivered with excellent discretion, were attended to by the new Duchess most graciously; after which, Mademoiselle de Bourgogne's little female dwarf was placed on the table, and presented with great form to Margaret, in her character of La Bergère, the personification of all the virtues.

Dromedaries and wild men succeeded, and the clock

struck three before all the mysteries were accomplished and the supper-tables removed for the dance, which did not continue long, as most of the guests were extremely fatigued, which can scarcely be wondered at.

For eight days the rejoicings continued, the tournament still offering its opportunities to adventurous knights to gain renown in the enterprise of l'Arbre d'Or; and each succeeding day a newer wonder of mechanism appeared, till the crowning marvel at length shone forth in the shape of a *whale* sixty feet long, which is related to have "entered the hall, escorted by two giants of enormous proportions."

The body of this monster of the deep was so large, that a man on horseback could have concealed himself therein. It may be therefore imagined that the mechanist would not lose so good an opportunity of sending out a variety of singular creatures, all poetically disposed: in effect a train of syrens presently issued forth, followed by twelve marine gods, who all instantly commenced a chorus more melodious than can well be imagined; nor would they have desisted had not the harsh and apparently unmusical giants rushed forward and driven them all back into the body of the gaping leviathan, whose eyes were two large mirrors, whose tail was capable of being wagged, and whose fins kept up a perpetual motion, without the assistance of its native element.

The *fêtes* having concluded with this *tour de force*, and the ladies, both of England and Burgundy, having seen enough wonders to last them for some time to come, Duke Charles took leave of his fair bride, of his daughter and his mother, leaving them to entertain each other while he set out on more congenial occupations in Holland, where his presence was required.

His affection for the new Duchess could scarcely have been of a very ardent nature, since on this and on

many other occasions it did not seem to grieve him to be obliged to quit her society for an indefinite time.

It should not be omitted, that Le Grand Bâtard de Bourgogne, the master of the tournament, was grievously wounded in the course of it, by a kick which he received on the knee from a horse. He was at first considered in danger; but, by the help of good surgeons, who, we are assured, existed at the time, he was so far restored as to be able to appear in a litter, and continued to direct the lists as long as they lasted; but it was a considerable time before he recovered the use of his leg, which was seriously injured. It would seem by this to be acknowledged that "breaking ribs" *was* considered "sport for ladies."

CHAPTER XI.

BALLS.

Although the Court of France was far from being at this period brilliant and gay, that of Burgundy was as much as ever celebrated for its fêtes, which are described with great minuteness by the chroniclers of the time, who record the fact that, on one occasion, the Queen of Louis the Eleventh and her suite were permitted for a brief period to quit their imprisonment at the court of the gloomy-minded tyrant, who denied them every amusement, and arrived at Hesdin, where they were entertained in a manner which to them, accustomed to almost monastic seclusion, must have given them a glimpse of a paradise seen by stealth.

"There," says Chastelain, "was multiplied every pleasure, and if possible redoubled: all sorts of dances renewed, until the ladies were fatigued with exercise, and their partners lost their breath; and there was seen all that was charming and delightful, both with regard to men and women. Amongst others, there was one lady, the wife of the Queen's mâitre d'hôtel, who, by her graceful mien and deportment in the dance, wounded all who looked on her, and was the general admiration of the company."

The French ladies were too well aware that their pleasures would be short, it is not therefore surprising that mention is thus made of them: "As they had

them in their power they took their fill to excess, as long as they possibly could."

At the court of Burgundy these boisterous enjoyments were of daily occurrence, and often took place immediately after dinner, when the tables and seats were removed, and it was not unusual to resume the dance after supper; but generally the ball began at the close of day, and continued all night, when, as in modern times, there were spiced wine and a variety of refreshments handed about to the guests. The instruments in vogue were the trumpet and tambourine, succeeded by the softer notes of the flute called *douçaine*, of the harp and the lute; and many ladies, who possessed fine voices, accompanied their steps by their own music.

The ladies' costume of the period was very rich and varied, according to circumstances, as well as that of their cavaliers; both, for a ball, preferring a dress tight to the shape, instead of the cumbrous robes in use. No colour was worn which had not its peculiar signification, independently of the heraldic meaning attached to it; and it sometimes happened that the dancers appeared in what were called *habits dissimulés*, which made the entertainment, in fact, the same as the modern *bal masqué*.

The good Duke Philippe of Burgundy encouraged all these amusements; and his son, although so different in character, did the same, and even condescended to cultivate the pleasing art of dancing, for he is recorded as being a *beau danseur* by Olivier de la Marche.

It was considerably after this period that the Burgundian writer, Paradin, published his severe work called "Le Blason des Danses," in which he sets forth all the misfortunes and ruin which arise from that amusement; from which he insists that "no man returned wiser, and no woman more prudent."

The same thing was said by the sage teachers of the

time when Isabeau de Bavière and her Comus-rout revelled in France; but these censurers, in all times,

"Preach for ever, but they preach in vain;"

for youth will have its pleasures though the wise may frown.

M. le Baron de Reiffenberg has given a curious notice of a manuscript which belonged to Marguerite of Austria, the daughter of Mary of Burgundy, on the subject of the Basse Danse. The book is bound in wood, and covered with red damask, and has the arms of the Princess within, engraved in wood, and coloured.

Amongst the airs named, to which this dance was performed are several which show that, in ancient as in modern times, it was the custom to christen tunes according to the events and persons in vogue. For instance, one is called La Margarite; others, La Danse de Ravestein, La Basse Danse du Roy Despaingue, La Haulte Bourgogne, Lesperance de Bourbon, Beautté de Castille, La Portingaloise, La Danse de Cleves, Le Joieux de Brucelles.

It would appear that Margaret of York, at the very beginning of her career as Duchess of Burgundy, occupied herself with useful pursuits, and showed herself a patroness of that great art which had just begun its powerful influence over the world.

It was in 1468 that Caxton began to translate his "Recueil des Histoires de Troye" from the French of Raoul le Fèvre, priest and chaplain to Philippe Duke of Burgundy, into English, by command of Margaret, who appears to have taken personal interest in the work. It was begun at Bruges, where she usually resided with her step-daughter; and as their tastes agreed, no doubt both ladies, who possessed more than common accomplishments, amused their leisure with literary occupations.

Caxton has himself given an account, in his simple language, of the manner in which he was induced to prepare this, his first book, which he afterwards printed at Cologne, in 1471:—

"When I remember," he says, "that every man is bounden by the commandment and counsel of the wise man to eschew sloth and idleness, which is mother and nourisher of vices, and that I ought to put myself unto virtuous occupation and business, then, I having no great charge or occupation, following the said counsel, took a French book, and read therein many strange and marvellous histories in which I had great pleasure. I thought in myself it should be a good business to translate it into our English, to the end that it might be had as well in the royaume of England as in other lands, and also for to pass therewith the time. I therefore concluded in myself to begin this said work, and forthwith took pen. And afterwards when I remembered myself of my simpleness and unperfectness that I had in both languages, that is to wit, in French and in English—for in France was I never, and I was born and learned mine English in Kent, in the Weald, where I doubt not is spoken as broad and rude English as in any place of England, and have continued, by the space of thirty years, for the most part in the countries of Brabant and Flanders; thus when all these things came to fore me after that I had made and written a five or six quires, I fell in despair of this work, and purposed no more to have continued therein, and the quires laid apart, and in two year after laboured no more in this work. Two year after it fortuned that my lady Margaret, by the grace of God sister unto the King of England, and Duchess of Burgundy, sent for me to speak with her of divers matters. Among the which I let her highness have knowledge of the foresaid beginning of this work, and

her highness anon commanded me to show the said five or six quires to her said grace. And when she had seen them, anon she found default with mine English, which she commanded me to amend, and moreover commanded me straightly to continue and make an end of the residue then not translated. Whose dreadful commandment I durst in no wise disobey, because I am a servant unto her said grace, and receive of her yearly fee, and other many good and great benefits. Thus end I this book, which I have translated after mine author as nigh as God hath given me cunning, to whom be given the laud and praising. And for as much as in the writing of the same, my pen is worn, mine hand weary and not steadfast, mine eyes dimmed with overmuch looking on the white paper, and my courage not so prone and ready to labour as it hath been, and that age creepeth on me daily and feebleth all the body, and also because I have promised to divers gentlemen, and to my friends, to address to them as hastily as I might this said book, therefore I have practised and learned at my great charge and dispense to ordain this said book in print after the manner and form as ye may here see, for it is not written with pen and ink as other books are!"

Margaret of York came into Belgium at a happy period, when the arts were flourishing, and a promise of greater things to come excited the genius of the time, encouraged as it was by enlightened sovereigns, amongst whom she was not the least whose countenance and support went far to assist the great undertakings which then began to astonish the world. She found a country where the arts were making rapid progress, and where there was plenty of opportunity for her to exercise that patronage which she was ready from inclination and congenial feeling to extend.

On their return from the Crusades, the Belgians, who

had been much struck in the Levant with the fine tapestry in use amongst their Pagan foes, resolved to attempt a similar manufacture, and in a short time succeeded in eclipsing their originals.

The tapestry and carpets of Belgium were soon renowned for their richness and beauty, and were in future times sought by pontiffs and kings. Leo the Tenth had the famous tapestry from the cartoons of Raphael, made at Bruxelles, to adorn the Vatican. These twelve superb pieces cost no less a sum than fifty thousand golden crowns.

The Duke of Mantua sent to Belgium for Flemish artists to execute tapestries for him from the designs of Julio Romano; and it is to Jans, a celebrated tapestry worker of Bruges, that France is indebted for the manufactory of the Gobelins.

Louis Berken, of Bruges, in 1476, discovered a mode of cutting and polishing diamonds with diamond powder, which the jewellers of Antwerp brought to such perfection, that, up to a very late date, the crown diamonds of princes were confided to their care. The Belgians were also famous then as now for the chimes of their bells, which were renowned throughout Europe.

So important was the commerce of Belgium in 1486 that it is recorded that on the same day one hundred and fifty foreign vessels were seen together in the basin of Bruges; but afterwards the war which the Flemings imprudently made against Maximilian entirely ruined the trade of this flourishing town, and Antwerp rose as its rival fell.

Both Philippe le Bon, Charles the Bold, and Marguerite of Austria were great encouragers of music and its professors. The art consequently made great progress in Belgium in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; and not only the chief musicians of France

were of Belgian origin, but in Italy their great knowledge improved the music of the Italians. The names have been preserved to our times of Josquin des Prez; of Aubert Ockergan, of Hainault, celebrated in the days of Louis the Twelfth; of Jean le Teinturier, of Nivelles, who founded a school of music at Naples; of Simon Vander Eycken, of Bruxelles, who was named master of music at Milan Cathedral; of Cyprien Rorus, of Mechlin, director at Venice; Orland de Lattre, called Orlando di Lasso, of Mons, surnamed the Prince of Musicians; and a host of others who acquired fame and were masters in their art, were all natives of Belgium.

In the sister art of painting, Jean of Bruges, the famous Van Eyck, was employed with his brother Hubert at the court of Philippe le Bon, where he made his great discovery in oil painting. If he had really imparted the whole of his wonderful secret to his pupils, the connoisseur would have been spared the numerous faded specimens of his period, by the side of which the marvellous brightness of his colouring appears unaccountable after such a lapse of time.

Others of great genius succeeded, and Gerard Van der Meere, of Ghent, adorned the churches of his native town with the marvels of his pencil; while the inimitable Jean Hemmelinck, of Damme, enriched Bruges with minute groups of surpassing beauty, still forming part of the treasures of that "quaint old Flemish city" as if his colours had been stolen from the guardian fairies of some mine of jewels, who had ground them for his use.

The sister of Van Eyck became distinguished for her powers; and Susan Horebaut, Claire de Keyser, and Anne Smyters, of Ghent, proved, as time wore on, that female talent existed in Belgium in great vigour.

The lace of Flanders began to be celebrated at a very early period, and everywhere the *Brabandsche Spitzen* and *Merletti di Fiandra* were known as the first of their kind.

The Counts of Flanders had long encouraged letters, and had succeeded in collecting together a large quantity of works, both instructive and learned, from a period as far back as the twelfth century; and the Princes of Burgundy so much augmented and improved the collection, that from that circumstance it has acquired the title of the Bibliothèque de Bourgogne, and is a valuable relic, still existing.

It was said of the library of Philippe le Bon that it was the richest and most extensive then known, and a chronicler of the time records that, "Notwithstanding he possessed the finest library in the world, he desires so much to extend and improve it, that he has in every country great clerks, orators, translators, and writers, at his own expense, occupying them continually."

This was the more worthy of note, as other princes thought themselves rich in a library consisting merely of eight books; as, for instance, that of John the Third, Count of Namur, whose collection was publicly sold in 1429, and was made up of the following curious items:—

A portable missal; sold for twelve crowns.

A "Romance of the Rose," in parchment; three crowns.

A book containing part of the Chronicles of France; one crown.

A book called "The Institute;" one crown.

A book called "The Regimen of Princes;" two crowns.

A book called "Delle ordine des Jugemens;" two crowns.

A "Romance of the Rose," in paper; eighteen gros.

A book beginning, "A ceulx de la Religion;" one crown.

The discovery of printing changed the whole state of things as regarded literature; and to whichever town of Belgium or Germany the world is indebted for the great citizen who first brought the wonderful art to light, certain it is that from these countries the idea emanated.

The first book printed in Belgium appeared in 1473, at Alost, when the learned printer Thierri Martens, called the Aldus of the Low Countries, exhibited his powers to the amazement of those who beheld the results.

CHAPTER XII.

PÉRONNE.

While the Duke of Burgundy was celebrating his marriage with Margaret of York with so much pomp, his rival Louis was considering what he could best do to annoy him and the Duke of Brittany, with whom he was still contending; but at the same time that he made his preparations he resolved to avoid coming to open war as long as possible, and desired that a prolongation of the truce with Charles should take place, in order to give him more opportunity to engage with Brittany.

According to his desire, a truce of fifteen days with the Duke of Burgundy afforded him time to attack Lower Normandy and Anjou; and, entering Brittany, his troops took possession of Chantocé, and laid siege to Ancenis, much to the dismay of the Duke of Brittany, who was unprepared for such prompt measures.

Duke Francis wrote pressingly to Charles of Burgundy, begging him immediately to come to his aid: he had departed for Holland, where he received the pressing message of his ally; and he saw it was indeed time, for Louis was advancing upon Nantes.

Monsieur Charles, as the brother of the King was called, to support whose cause these princes had leagued themselves, was a Prince of so peaceable a disposition that he was by no means useful to his friends, but rather impeded their movements by his timidity and

want of knowledge in military affairs. His chief counsellor was Odet d'Aydie, with whom he had fled from his brother's court to seek refuge in Brittany; and it was said of this lord that he was the only person in that country capable of giving reasonable advice. He had, however, become weary of the indecision of Prince Charles, and it was shrewdly suspected had listened to the offers of Louis to transfer his services to him.

It was, at all events, Odet who recommended the Duke of Brittany to agree to a truce with Louis, and to consent to his regulating the proper provision for his brother, the arrangement of which was placed in the hands of the Constable St. Pol and the Duke of Calabria, who was also to hold the towns taken as hostages for the peaceable demeanour of Duke Francis during two years.

Louis, meanwhile, not being willing to declare war with Burgundy if he could avoid it, had sent private word to the Duke that there was a probability of matters being settled between France and Brittany without it being requisite that he should interfere. But Charles thought this only one of the numerous tricks of his subtle rival to deceive him, and was too confident in the faith of his allies; and when a herald from Brittany arrived soon after, confirming the intelligence, Charles was still so convinced that the whole was a forgery of Louis's, that his first movement was to put the herald to death.

However, he could soon no longer doubt that an amicable adjustment had taken place without his having been consulted, or his interests considered, and his indignation became extreme.

This was precisely what Louis had desired—to see a misunderstanding arise between his two foes; and he considered that the time was come to take advantage of the disgust of Duke Charles, and induce him to abandon

the cause of his brother, at this time called the Duke of Vienné, so that he could offer him whatever settlement he pleased without being constrained to provide for him too liberally.

But the anger and obstinacy of Charles still stood in his way, and, abandoned by his allies, he was the more resolute to resist Louis, and to show that he could defend himself: he declared it was only for the accomplishment of the treaties of Arras and Conflans that he contended, and that nothing would induce him to withdraw his army, or yield to the King of France till his just demands were attended to.

The more opposition Louis met with the more anxious was he to settle affairs by treaty rather than by coming to blows, and he wearied himself in reflection as to what mode would be best to pursue to induce Charles to ally himself with him against all the rest of the princes who maintained his brother's cause.

He even went so far as to offer to Duke Charles, if he would assist to put down this rebellion against his authority, the sum of a hundred and twenty thousand crowns of gold, the half of which he sent him in advance at a risk.

The Constable St. Pol, and Cardinal Balue, both of whom had their personal reasons for wishing to delay the war, encouraged him in this idea, and persuaded Louis, who appears in this instance singularly unlike himself, that Duke Charles was equally desirous with him to treat, which was far from being the case.

Both these advisers had, in after time, reasons to rue their double dealing on this occasion, for Louis took a terrible revenge.

Cardinal Balue was the son of a tailor or miller of Poitou, and at this period stood the highest in the favour of Louis. He was very rapacious, and was more

than suspected of receiving bribes on all hands; but he concealed his perfidy from Louis, and made himself so useful to him that he continued long to guide as well as serve him. He was proud of his skill in the knowledge of the camp, so much so, as on one occasion to have mounted a mule, Bishop of Evreux as he was, and in his rochet and hood, rode forth to review the militia of Paris, which so annoyed the Count de Dammartin, who hated him, that he begged to be sent to see after the priests at Evreux, while the Bishop arranged the affairs of the army.

Balue was aware that at the present juncture his own interest was best served by keeping the King at peace, and he represented to Louis that he would do better to overcome the Duke of Burgundy by the superiority of his intellect rather than by gaining victories over him.

The vanity of Louis was to consider himself as a good negociator, and he at all times preferred this way of settling difficulties to the ruder one of war; his great powers of cajolery, his insinuating manners, and cunning flatteries, had so often caused him to gain his point, that he resolved at the period when war was all but declared to meet the Duke at Péronne, and try the effect of his eloquence on him once more, as he had before.

Charles, having a fine army, ready and willing to attack the French, was by no means desirous of this interview, which Louis urged the more as he found his rival, as has already been remarked, the less inclined; and Balue and Tanneguy du Chatel were dispatched to Charles to settle the period of the visit, who were cautious not to report to Louis how little anxious Charles was to meet him. At length they returned to their master, bringing a letter in which Charles gave his word that the person of the King should be safe

whenever he chose to come to Péronne, and that he might go or remain as he pleased without molestation.

Louis who, when he had set his mind on anything was childishly anxious to perform it, set out immediately with a body of his Scotch guards and a few of his friends. He entered Péronne leaning on the Duke's shoulder, who had met him just without the walls, and as the château was out of repair, he was lodged in a private house. Scarcely, however, was he entered than he began to feel uneasy, and to see that he had committed an imprudence; for the Burgundian army entered the town also, and he soon found that the general feeling against him was entirely hostile. Several distinguished exiles from his service had taken refuge with the Duke, and all now came forward with proffers of service against their former master.

Louis begged that he might be at once lodged in the castle, considering himself more in security there, as his guards could surround him; and, with a sufficiently bad grace, he accordingly transferred himself to the castle of Péronne. By doing so, he made himself at once a prisoner, for scarcely was he established there when news arrived of a new rising at Liége, in which the lives of the Sire d'Himbercourt and the Bishop were said to have been sacrificed; an exaggeration which, nevertheless, being believed in Péronne, caused universal horror and rage against Louis, whose emissaries had been recognised in the mob who had attacked the authorities.

The fury of Charles on this intelligence reaching him knew no bounds, and he instantly placed guards at the castle to prevent the King's leaving the place.

Louis saw his danger with consternation, and cursed his own obstinacy and want of prudence when he reflected that his fate might be the same as that of Charles the Simple, who had been murdered in the same tower as that he now occupied.

The struggle for some days in the breast of Charles, as to whether policy indicated that he should by one bold stroke rid himself for ever of the foe who thwarted him, was fearful; and it is supposed that chiefly to the wise councils of Philip de Commines it was owing that Louis escaped with his life, content to accept the conditions imposed on him by Charles, and agreeing to sacrifice the Liégeois to his own safety.*

This affront, and his great danger, were never forgiven by Louis to Charles or his posterity, and grievously did he revenge this treachery on the innocent child of his foe.

Either indignation at the unworthy conduct of Charles in this instance, or the artful compliments and promises of Louis, drew away immediately after this famous dramatic scene at Péronne the celebrated historian De Commines to the service of the astute King of France, who understood better how to treat men of genius than the intemperate and violent Duke.

It was a strange scene when Louis and Charles, after quitting Péronne together, rode forward towards the town of Liége; both mistrustful of the other, in spite of the oaths which had passed between them. Louis, with a tranquil countenance, concealing in his heart the bitter vexation he experienced at having allowed himself to fall into such imminent danger, and calculating when and how he should take his revenge on all who had betrayed him; aware of the necessity of dissembling at present, and keeping concealed the fear

* The only oath which was binding with Louis, was one made on the cross of St. Lo d'Angers, carefully preserved in that church, and considered miraculous. He could not divest his mind of the belief that whoever should perjure themselves, having sworn on this cross, would die within the year. The Duke of Burgundy was aware of this belief of the King, and was careful to procure his oath on this particular cross, which was the only method he knew of engaging him to keep his word on any occasion.

which even yet agitated him, he looked around on his companions and selected those whom he was resolved should be the first victims, and his eye fell on Cardinal Balue with no very friendly expression, while he glanced at the disturbed countenance of Philip de Commines, and felt that if he had lost one servant he had gained another.

Charles, meanwhile, with frowning brow and a face in which could be observed a thousand emotions, rode haughtily beside his almost captive King, feeling that he had him in his power, and half regretting that he had relinquished him as his prisoner between the castle walls of Péronne; every now and then his eye flashing with repressed fury, and a rapid thought giving a deeper colour to his flushed cheek, as he looked to the dismantled ramparts of Liége, and hesitated to believe that the royal traitor who had sworn faith to him was not now ready to commit some artful piece of deception.

Louis read his thoughts, and exerted every effort to appear frank and sincere: the Duke had commanded that every one in his army should wear the cross of St. Andrew of Burgundy, and the King was the first to place it in his own hat, and order all his guards to do the same.

When the Liégeois heard that Louis was approaching, though it was generally understood that he had betrayed them, some few yet imagined that he might secretly intend to befriend them, and a confused crowd rushed out from the town crying aloud, "Vive le Roy—Vive la France!"

Upon this Louis advanced before every one, and answered the cry by one which had never been heard from the lips of a French monarch before when his own warcry had been sounded, "Vive Bourgogne!"

The French who heard it drew back in indignation and disgust, mortified and ashamed to be commanded

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by a prince whose spirit was so mean. But Louis only laughed, and uttered his favourite phrase: "When pride rides before, shame and ill-luck follow."

He cared as little for the execrations which were hurled at him afterwards from the enraged Liégeois, who saw with consternation how much they had been deceived by his promises, his cajoleries, and his apparent friendliness.

A great struggle now took place, and Louis, like an evil spirit, happy in confusion and disorder, appeared in his element, and preserved the coolest and calmest demeanour, while Charles of Burgundy was torn with a thousand angry passions. So mistrustful was he of Louis, that when they had both entered the town, and were lodged in houses adjoining, Charles caused three hundred picked men-at-arms to remain in a grange between the houses, and had the walls pierced that he might better observe what was going on in the King's domicile, fearful of treachery even to the last, and so much reason had he to fear it.

There was indeed sufficient danger threatening both princes; but, as it then happened, it was not from each other, but from the men of Franchemont, whose desperate determination to make a last struggle for their independence had led them to sally forth from the town and to enter the faubourg where Charles and Louis were lodged: they were guided by the two men to whom the houses belonged in which the princes were, and, cautiously advancing behind some rocks, they fell suddenly on the quarter which they inhabited; the Comte de Perche and the Sire de Craon were in a pavilion behind the Duke of Burgundy's house, and it was there where the men of Franchemont attempted to enter. The servants, however, were roused, and made a desperate resistance—they were all killed, but their valiant defence saved their masters; for the noise

was heard in the grange by the men-at-arms, who, leaping from their beds, rushed half-dressed to the windows and loopholes, and with their pikes defended the entrance.

The Duke was asleep, as he had only guarded against the treachery of the King; he had no guards on the side next the town, and his sole attendants were about a dozen archers who were playing at dice at the moment the tumult reached their ears. They instantly prepared to fortify their windows. The night was very dark, and the contradictory cries in the streets, of "Vive le Roy" and "Vive Bourgogne," puzzled them extremely, as they knew not what enemy to expect.

In the meantime a body of the people of Liége, as had been agreed on, issued from their gates and fell upon the surprised army, which was all in the utmost confusion, thus taken by surprise. Philip de Commines hurried to his master's chamber and hastily assisted him to put on part of his armour, and they descended the stairs together. The archers, with great difficulty, had been able to keep the door, and for some moments it appeared impossible that they could resist longer, when, fortunately for them, friends arrived from all quarters, roused from sleep, and rushing to their aid.

The King's apartments had been attacked in the same way, but the brave Scotch archers who surrounded him were on the alert, and had at once ranged themselves in order before their master's door, making a rampart of their bodies, and sending forth their arrows on all comers, careless whether they pierced the men of Liége or the Burgundians, who came with intent to help them.

Most of the bold and rash men of Franchemont were cut to pieces, dying valiantly, and only regretting their failure; and the first man who fell was the host who had led them on.

As soon as the confusion was over, it became a question whether the town should be at once attacked. Louis was very averse to this, as he had now become exceedingly fearful of any evil happening to Charles while he was with him, for he felt if such an event should happen, he stood a bad chance amongst the Burgundians; he, therefore, recommended that nothing should be attempted for some days. This counsel was misunderstood by the Duke, who imagined that Louis wished to save the Liégeois; he saw no danger in assaulting the town, the ramparts of which were destroyed; and he said, contemptuously, "If the King is afraid, let him retire to Namur."

This remark was carried to the King, who treasured it accordingly.

On this occasion Louis showed that, in spite of his caution and cunning, he did not in reality want courage, and that he had occasional flashes of a nobler spirit than he usually exhibited.

The attack upon Liége had begun, the trumpets were sounding, and the troops were advancing to the walls. The Duke, haughty and stern and resolute, being in the foremost rank. The King then issued forth from his lodging.

"Remain where you are," said Charles; "do not expose yourself to useless peril. I will let you know when it is time to appear."

"Brother," said the King, without anger, "march first—you are the happiest prince alive." And he continued his way towards the walls without noticing the Duke's recommendation. At this moment, occupied as Charles was with the siege, he could have turned his horse's head, and have been at once out of his power, but his sense of honour prevailed, and he followed to the attack.

But the danger which was expected to be imminent

was, in fact, passed; more than half the inhabitants had left the town and retired to the Ardennes, and it being Sunday the citizens had imagined they were safe for that day. In almost every house the cloth was laid for dinner, and no preparations were made to resist. The two parties of French and Burgundians, therefore, to their own surprise rode into the town undisputed masters—the people rushing to the churches for refuge and leaving the streets deserted, where the astonished troops met no enemy to contend with nor no flying citizen to pursue.

The King rode slowly on, surrounded by his people, crying "Vive la Bourgogne!" and meeting the Duke returning from another quarter, they both entered the Cathedral of St. Lambert together. A great number of fugitives were there collected, and the men-at-arms began instantly to fall upon them, and to endeavour to pillage the church, which contained immense riches; but the archers of the Duke defended the doors, and Charles with his own hand cut down the first man who advanced. The Cathedral was therefore saved from pillage, but it was impossible to preserve the other churches, and before night every ornament and treasure, relic and holy object, was in the sacrilegious hands of the Burgundian soldiery; every house in the town also fell a prey to these destroyers, and Liége, where, it was asserted, as many masses were said in a day as in Rome itself, was desecrated and ravaged by a pitiless enemy.

Thus ended the taking of Liége, to the great joy of Louis and contentment of Charles. The King, anxious to propitiate his successful rival, and aware of his vanity, loudly exclaimed that he was the most valiant prince of his time, and the one who understood war the best. So warm and vehement were his praises, and so affectionately and passionately did he express himself to Charles, that he was quite won by his sugared words,

and even felt half-ashamed as he apologised to him for his late violent conduct at Péronne.

Louis, seeing the mood he had brought him to, thought this the time to name his own wish to take leave and return to Paris.

"Brother," said he, "if I can still aid you, do not spare me; but if you have no longer occasion for my services, it will be as well for me to set forth to Paris, in order to publish to my parliament the agreement we have made together, otherwise it might be of no value. You know this is the custom in France. Next summer we must meet again; you will come to your Burgundian Duchy, and I will be sure to visit you there; we will pass a gay month, and have good cheer together."

The Duke, only half re-assured at this, ordered the treaty of Péronne to be brought and re-read to Louis, who expressed himself satisfied with its contents, although Charles feigned to be willing that he should confirm or reject it as he thought fit.

Charles then begged that he would, out of regard to him, add an article in favour of the Sires du Lau, de la Rivière, and d'Urfé, who had all fallen under the suspicion of the King.

"Willingly," frankly replied Louis; "and at the same time you shall grant me the same favour in regard to my cousin De Nevers and Messieurs de Croï."

This was quite sufficient. Louis knew well that nothing would induce Charles to give up one jot of his bitter hatred against either, and no more was said on the subject.

"And should it happen," said the cunning Louis, as they parted, "that my brother, who is in Brittany, is not content with what I adjudge to him, what would you wish me to do?"

"Oh!" answered Charles, without reflecting, "should

that be the case, I leave the affair to be settled between you."

Louis smiled, for he was resolved these words should turn to his advantage, and they parted excellent friends —the King to pay his devoirs to Nôtre Dame de Liesse, on his way back to his capital; and the Duke to direct every sort of cruelty to be practised on the devoted people of Liége and Franchemont; after having seen which accomplished in the most barbarous manner, he returned to his bride at Brussels! *

* Sir Walter Scott, in the world-famous romance of Quentin Durward, has arranged most of these scenes to suit his story, not having confined himself to the limits of history.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FAVOURITES OF THE KING.

No monarch ever lived in so great a state of mistrust as Louis, yet none had more favourites, who for a time had great influence with him. He had a very summary way of getting rid of them, if once suspected, and he seldom allowed himself to doubt twice. The provost Tristan was charged with the settlement of all questions, either by drowning or decapitation.

Sometimes these executions were carried on so secretly, that it was frequently uncertain whether persons denounced were still in prison or had been put to death.

At one time mysterious whispers circulated through France, each man demanding of the other the fate of the once powerful favourite, Antoine du Lau, created Lord of Chateauneuf. He had suddenly fallen under the suspicion of the King, and was seen no more. For some time it was thought that the silent, secret, and terrible Tristan had caused him to be sewn up in a sack, a common practice, and thrown into the river; but at last it was known, by his escape, that he had been for some time in the castle of Usson, one of those dreary fortresses which crown many an elevated spot in that land of extinct volcanoes, Auvergne.

Louis, who had discovered that Du Lau had been in communication with the princes at the time of Le Bien Publique, was extremely fearful that he might evade

his justice, and sent the model of an iron cage, in which he desired that the prisoner should be confined, to the Bâtard de Bourbon, admiral of France, who was then governor of Usson. The admiral, however, indignantly refused to attend to this order, exclaiming, "That if the King intended to treat his prisoners in this manner, he had better be their jailor himself, and make mince meat of them at his pleasure."

Du Lau, finding the great peril in which he stood, bribed every one by whom he was surrounded, and gained many to his interest. The lady of Arcinges, wife of the captain of the castle, was chiefly his friend, and through her means he contrived to escape. As soon as Louis was aware of this, he was terribly enraged, and sent Tristan instantly with the torture and cord to punish all who had been concerned in his flight. Several sacrifices were accordingly made, and his master was for the time satisfied.

The next suspected favourite was the Sire de Melun, who had been even more powerful than Du Lau. He had made him at one time Lieutenant-general of the Kingdom; and it was thought that to him Paris was indebted for preservation in the war for the Public Good; but he fell into disgrace for the same cause as Du Lau, being suspected of holding intelligence with the Count de Charolois and the other princes.

The hatred of his former *protégé*, Cardinal Balue, and the resentment of the Count de Dammartin, whom he had injured, were the ultimate cause of his ruin and death, which took place at Andely, when he was given over to the care of Tristan.

So promptly was Louis accustomed to be served when he desired to have execution done on any person that offended him, that it is related of him that dining one day in public, he observed, amongst those who were looking on, a certain captain of Picardy, against whom

he entertained serious suspicions. He accordingly made a sign to his familiar, the provost Tristan, who well understood what was expressed by it; but it happened that a good honest monk, innocent of any ill, was standing close to the captain at the time, and Tristan imagined that the glance of Louis had fallen on him. No sooner, therefore, had the monk descended into the court than he was seized, put into a sack, and thrown into the river.

The captain, seeing the tumult, was instantly aware that it was a mistake, of which he thought it best to profit without loss of time; and mounting his horse, he rode off with all speed, taking the road to Flanders. He was seen on the route; and on Louis being informed of this fact, he exclaimed to Tristan—

"Why did you neglect yesterday to do that for which I made you a sign about the man!"

"Ah, sire!" said the provost, "he is far enough off by this time."

"Yes," said Louis; "for he has been seen near Amiens."

"Near Rouen, you mean, having drunk his fill of the river," replied Tristan.

"Who are you talking of?" answered his master, surprised.

"Why, that monk you pointed out to me," said the provost. "I had him thrown into the river without a moment's delay."

"Pâque Dieu!" cried Louis, laughing; "he was the best monk in my dominions. What have you done? We must take care to-morrow that half a dozen masses are said for him. It was that Picard captain I meant."

France, says Chastellain, was strangely governed at that period, when Maillotin du Bac and Tristan l'Hermite were Prévôts des Maréchaux, and the Count

de St. Pol, Grand Connetable, who found it "delectable to hang people, and cleared out their quarter, one as cleverly as the other, hanging and drowning without sparing men-at-arms, and others *who injured and ill-treated the poor.*"

It must be confessed the philanthropy shown by these worthies exhibited itself in a *remarkable* manner.

CHAPTER XIV.

DUKE SIGISMOND AND THE SWISS.

After the *extermination,* for it was little less, of the unfortunate rebels of the province of Liége, the Duke of Burgundy prepared himself for a meeting, fraught with the most important consequences to him, far more than he could have anticipated, for it treated of a people of whose plebeian existence he scarcely condescended to take cognisance—no other than the inhabitants of that "*cow-stable,*" as it was the fashion amongst the sovereigns of the day to call Switzerland.

The great house of Austria had, however, long been troubled with the turbulent independence of these mountaineers, and much to the mortification of the powerful and proud nobles, the insolent peasantry, who dared to defend their rights, had always gained the advantage in all the contentions which had taken place. Nothing could exceed the hatred felt towards these Swiss pretenders to chivalry by all the princes and nobles who surrounded, and were kept out of their country by their resolution.

Duke Sigismond, who was then at the head of the domination of Austria, was naturally a mild and peaceable prince; the Tyrol, Swabia, and many places on the banks of the Rhine, were under his sway, and had no reason to complain of him. His cousin, the Emperor Frederic of Germany, destined to be father-in-law hereafter of Mary of Burgundy, was on good terms with him,

but he was powerless to assist him against any enemy—not so much from weakness as parsimony—for he was generally looked upon as the most niggardly prince that ever sat on a throne; and when applied to by the Duke to afford his help, shrunk from engaging in any war which would oblige him to open his coffers.

The princes of Alsace, and Swabia, therefore, came upon Duke Sigismond with continual complaints of the Swiss, which he could not redress unassisted; and still, whenever they attempted any outrage against the resolute "cow-keepers," they were repulsed with loss and with shame; till at length the victorious bands spread desolation in Alsace and on the Rhine, destroying all before them to the very gates of Strasbourg.

The town of Waldshutt had nearly become their prey, when Duke Sigismond found it necessary to treat with them, and brought his pride so low as to entreat for peace, and offer no less a sum than ten thousand florins for it, engaging his territories as a pledge of the debt.

He knew, while he did this, that he had no means of redeeming his pledge, for it was only by borrowing that he could hope to meet the demand, and there were few princes to whom he could look to aid him in this extremity. The Alsacian and Swabian nobles, meantime, furious at the success of their contemptible foes, crowded round him and clamoured for protection and revenge.

At length it was suggested that the most likely person to be useful to them in their need was Charles the Bold of Burgundy, and the thought once entertained was eagerly adopted.

"He is a powerful Prince," said they, at the assemblies they held at Strasbourg and Einsisheim: "none so able to defend us; his father has left him immense wealth. He has ambition, courage, and a great desire to increase his dominion. A large sum will be but small to him,

and he will pay the Swiss, and still leave a considerable surplus, which will enable the Archduke Sigismond to keep up a brilliant court at Inspruck. By-and-by, *when the Swiss are overcome by the arms of Burgundy*, the house of Austria can re-purchase their domains, for the loyalty and good faith of Duke Charles can be relied on, and he will restore the pledge when we can claim it. Besides this, he has an only daughter, and should the Archduke Maximilian, son of the Emperor, marry her, the house of Austria would recover not only all it has lost, but much more. Peace will be restored to Alsace and the Rhine; for should the Swiss dare to continue their incursions, the pride of the Duke is such that he would ravage their whole country rather than put up with an injury to the meanest of the people he protects."

Duke Sigismond had always been an ally of the King of France, but he had no power to oppose this general wish; and all he could do was to let Louis have the first offer of lending him assistance. This the King, who did not hold the Swiss in the same contempt as the other princes of Europe were short-sighted enough to do, had no intention of performing, but was by no means sorry that the attention of Charles should be drawn away from him to the quarrels of Germany: he, therefore, offered no opposition to the proposed alliance.

The meeting of Duke Sigismond and Charles of Burgundy took place at Arras with infinite pomp, and the pride and vanity of the latter were extremely flattered by the proposition of the Austrians. He had great wealth, a longing for active exertion, and a fund of ambition, which his successes had of late increased beyond all bounds, until there was nothing at which it paused; and, as De Commines observes, "the life of man was not long enough to accomplish all the views of

aggrandisement he was continually forming. If his prudence and patience had equalled his soaring imagination, he would have been the most powerful sovereign in Europe."

He heard with gratified pride the flatteries of the nobles of Austria, who assured him that the very sound of his name would silence the Bear of Berne, and the glory of Burgundy would echo like thunder amongst the Alps.

The dependents of Charles were equally ready with himself to take part in this quarrel, and one of his chief advisers was a man whose name has descended in history as one of the most brutal and cruel of the numerous wretches whose object was their own gain and the gratification of evil passions. This was Pierre de Hagenbach, his *maître d'hotel*, a gentleman of Alsace, who, in spite of his cruelty and inhumanity in war, had succeeded his father in faithful services to Duke Philippe and his son.

Visions of dominion and of riches rose before his eyes, and these he communicated to his master, representing that, independently of the sway he would acquire by this agreement with Austria, it would be easy for him to gain much more by degrees, and he—who knew the country—would show him the way.

Charles was dazzled by all his fancy presented to him, and the Imperial Crown of Germany was the prize he beheld as his own at the end of the vista of glory he formed in his mind.

The treaty was in fact concluded on the 9th of May, 1469, at St. Omer, and Pierre de Hagenbach, with fifteen hundred horse and four thousand foot, set out to take possession of the government of Alsace, the county of Ferrette, of Brisgau, of Sandgau, and the four villages of Waldshutt, Straubingen, Lauffenburg, and Rheinfelden.

While Charles was thus following the *ignis fatuus* of ambition, which was leading him on to his doom, Louis of France, happy to see him occupied elsewhere, was striving to render himself master of the whole of his own kingdom; and he was far from despairing to obtain in the end the dominions which the grasping desires of his rival might cause him to lose.

He was particularly anxious that it should not be known in France that he had fallen so completely into the hands of the Duke, and had been led as it were captive at his chariot wheels to the attack of Liége. He left no means untried to convince every one about him that he acted of his own free will, and that it was his friendship for Charles alone which had induced him to enter into his views; and although no person from the highest to the lowest believed his assurances, they were forced to silence; for Louis was, above all, anxious that no injurious word should reach the ears of the Duke, and desired that it should be understood that insult or blame directed against a prince so dear to him, he felt as if himself aggrieved.

Nevertheless he was quite aware of the general feeling of vexation and mortification which the late event had spread throughout France, and he feared the secret murmurs which he knew were uttered should become the common expression of opinion. The people asked to what end was all the outlay of money wrested from them to raise an immense army, if it served only to procure a disgraceful peace, and after signing which, their King was to go like a vassal of Burgundy decorated with the cross of St. Andrew, to assist at the ruin of the most faithful allies of France, although it was he himself who had excited them to war.

No sooner therefore did Louis publish the peace, than, at the same time, express commands were issued forbidding any man to murmur at the articles of the

treaty, or to express himself with levity in regard to the Duke of Burgundy, by words, writings, rondeaux, ballads, songs, defamatory libels, paintings, signs, or motions; under pain of being flogged and banished the kingdom for the first offence, having the tongue pierced for the second, and put to death for the third.

Nor was this all, orders were given to seize all the pies, jays, crows, and other educated birds which had been taught by the Parisians to say such words—as "thief! rascal! get along! get out! Perette give me something to drink!" and other expressions which might be supposed to apply to the Burgundians.

The commissioner charged with the duty was obliged to write in his register-book a list of all the conversation of these birds, together with the names of those to whom they belonged. The manuscript of this collection would be a curious document to discover.

The next object of Louis was to conciliate Charles, his brother, but he was far from intending to provide for him as well as he had promised by the treaty of Péronne, for he feared to allow him to possess Brie and Champagne, which he considered too near the dominions of Burgundy to make it safe for him to place such power in his rival's hand; he therefore, in lieu of these provinces, offered him Guyenne. He had now entirely gained over Odet d'Aydie, Sieur de Lescun, who was ready to serve him in all he required, but while he secured his valuable services he discovered that he was betrayed by one in whom he had placed more than usual trust, no other than the Cardinal de Balue.

After having procured undeniable proofs of his guilt he caused him to be arrested, when the terror of the Cardinal was so great that he endeavoured to precipitate himself from the window of the house where he was

taken. Louis had begun to suspect him at Péronne, and was the more enraged, as he found it was in a great measure to him that was owing the peril he had run into.

The Bishop of Verdun was equally implicated, and the only fear that Louis had in punishing both as they deserved, was, that he might offend the Pope by so doing. Although, therefore, he found that the unworthy Cardinal had been for a long time enriching himself by trafficking with the Holy See at his expense, he suppressed the particulars of that part of his offence which would have compromised his Holiness, and kept to the accusation of his treason with respect to Burgundy; which, being proved, without a shadow of doubt, all the goods of Balue were confiscated and divided, and he himself consigned to prison.

Nothing could be more popular than this conduct of the King's—for the two churchmen were known and abhorred throughout France, and their destruction had long been desired by every class of persons.

It was generally thought that Louis was not sorry to have made these discoveries, as he could thus throw the blame of his incautious visit to Péronne on another, and escape the ridicule he dreaded.

Ambassadors were sent to the Pope, and a long discussion took place respecting the King's right to punish the culprits, both of whom meantime were shut up in iron cages, the invention of one of them, and remained in that horrible confinement for the space of ten years.

Cardinal Balue's goods were all confiscated, and amongst other articles named, De Commines mentions that M. de Crussol had, for his share of spoil, "a piece of cloth of gold, 24 ells by 14 long, worth 1,200 livres, and a quantity of furs of Martre Sibeline, and a piece of scarlet of Florence."

The Parisians amused themselves with the following lines on the capture of the two prelates:—

"Maistre Jean Balue
A perdu la veüe
De ses Eveschez;
Monsieur de Verdun
Il 'en a plus pas un
Tous sont depeschez."

Louis now occupied himself alone in propitiating the Duke of Bretagne and satisfying his brother, to whom he granted so much that his extreme condescension might well have been a matter of suspicion, particularly since several of the servants of Prince Charles who refused his bribes, were suddenly seized with illness, which terminated in death. Louis seemed resolved at all hazards to strengthen himself against his brother of Burgundy, and, after having caused a long war because he refused to provide properly for his brother, he now gave him more than was asked.

Prince Charles is generally represented in history as a weak and uncertain person, who could never be trusted, but he knew well that his brother Louis was always plotting, and there is little wonder that he could not credit his good intentions towards him: accordingly, at the very time that he had obtained the settlement of so magnificent an appanage as Louis gave him, owing to some secret intelligence from Burgundy, he suddenly disappeared from the Duke of Brittany's court and went over to England with a suite of five hundred men, where he remained for nine months.

Those whom Louis had gained, at length persuaded him to return and to take all the oaths required by his brother; amongst the clauses in the agreement drawn up was one in which he engaged himself not to endeavour nor seek, nor agree to a marriage with Mary of Burgundy, daughter and heiress of the Duke. Neither to be affianced to her nor to have any concern with

her in any way, without the especial permission of the King; and that he would never henceforth allow any motion of the said marriage to be brought forward or mentioned but one single time, and if refused, he swore never to renew the subject. All this on the only relic which Louis considered sacred enough to secure an oath—the true cross of St. Laud or St. Lo.

After this an interview was agreed on between the brothers, which was conducted with the most extraordinary precautions, each being entirely without confidence in the other. It was settled that they should meet on the river Sèvre, near its embouchure, in the midst of the extensive marshes, through which it runs between Saintonge and Poitou.

A bridge of boats was constructed at a place called Le port de Braud; in the centre boat was a building of timber divided into two parts by a grating of iron and wood. No two princes had for many years met without thinking of the fatal bridge of Montereau, and the adventure of Péronne was too recent in the King's mind not to make him fear treachery. He came previous to the interview, to see the bridge from the village of Puyravault, where he lodged.

The Duke of Guyenne, as Charles was now called, was on the other side, at the Château de Charon; the Count de Dammartin was first sent with compliments from Louis to his brother, and after that he was dispatched with a present of a magnificent cup of gold enriched with jewels, which had the reputation to possess an antidote against poison.

In the evening the King set forth to this redoubtable rendezvous, which both seemed equally to dread; to within a short distance from the bridge, Louis was escorted by four hundred horsemen who accompanied him, whom he left under the orders of the Admiral and the Sieur de Craon in a large meadow bordering the river.

Twelve persons, unarmed, were to attend him, and the same number came with the prince. The Scotch guard of Louis stationed themselves at the foot of the bridge, and the King, dismounting, advanced to the lodge in the centre of the river.

M. de Guyenne did exactly as his brother did, but when he was within the length of a lance from the lodge, he uncovered his head and placed one knee to the ground; when he reached the grating he performed the same act of homage.

The King welcomed him and bade him rise, saying that he had now his chief wish, which was to see him.

Then followed a series of civilities, which warmed into affectionate demonstrations, probably sincere on the part of Guyenne, and well feigned on the side of Louis, who professed to be quite satisfied with his brother's apologies, and to throw the whole blame of their misunderstanding on corrupt advisers.

The Duke de Guyenne then entreated his brother that the barriers which showed so much mistrust might be thrown down, that they might meet more like brothers, and after some entreaty Louis consented to this, when they embraced with great appearance of affection, and all who witnessed the scene shed tears.

All was now harmony and good understanding, fires were lighted in all the little villages round the marshes, which burnt all night, and every demonstration of joy which their position afforded, was shown to do honour to this fortunate rencontre.

Louis, with his usual superstitious absurdity, imagined that Heaven had given a visible mark of approbation at this reconciliation by permitting the tide, which was usually extremely high at this time, to sink at least four feet more than usual, contrary to what had been expected by the mariners of the coast.

After this the brothers went together to a castle

belonging to the Sieur de Malicorne, where they had hunting parties and dinners, and were the best friends in the world.

Whether Louis really, at least for the time, felt some regard for his brother, or whether he was, even now, merely acting a part to conceal his real designs, cannot be known, but he not only added to his estates but proclaimed him his heir to the crown of France, as, in spite of all his vows and pilgrimages, no son had yet been born to him. An embassy was sent into Spain to ask the hand of the daughter of the King of Castile for Prince Charles, and everything was now changed in his fortune.

CHAPTER XV.

TRAITORS.

This was a period of mutation, and seldom did a year pass without a change of policy amongst those princes, who had taken leave entirely of even the semblance of consistency or good faith, and acted with almost open treachery towards each other, making use of the meanest subterfuges and using the most hateful and unworthy instruments to outwit each other. At every court there was one or more traitors in the act of deceiving their masters at the moment they were most trusted.

In that of Brittany was the treasurer of the Duke, the too-famous Pierre Landais, a tailor's son of Vitré, who failed not to inform Charles of Burgundy of every particular which concerned him, and he not only knew immediately of the reconciliation of the brothers, but every intention of his master in regard to himself.

While Louis was putting down a rebellion of the Lords of Armagnac and the Duke de Nemours in Languedoc, in which he succeeded, he was not neglecting his interests in Brittany, and contrived to gain over, by immense bribes and promises, one of the most influential nobles of the country, the Vicomte de Rohan, formerly the pupil of the famous Tanneguy Duchâtel.

This was not only a loss but a mortification to Duke Francis, who did all in his power to win his powerful

subject back again, but the subtilty and the promises of Louis prevailed. The Duke of Brittany had refused him the order of St. Michel, which the King had lately offered him, as Charles of Guyenne had declined that of the Golden Fleece, sent him by Charles of Burgundy, who at the time he sent it warned his former ally not to trust his brother, who was the falsest prince in Christendom.

Great changes were now preparing in England, where the King-maker and the Duke of Clarence were plotting against Edward the Fourth; their party was too feeble to support them and they were obliged to fly from England with all speed. Warwick had no doubt of being received at Calais, where a particular friend and servant of his commanded in his absence, but, to his surprise and discomfiture, he was repelled from thence in the King's name and forced to seek an asylum elsewhere.

The Duke of Burgundy was delighted at this mischance and sent to thank the Governor for his conduct, which, however, the latter sent word to Warwick he had only pursued by constraint. Charles sent several of his vessels to pursue and take the Earl and the Duke of Clarence if possible, but the English fugitives fell upon some Flemish merchantmen in the meantime, and had sailed with their booty, which was considerable, into Honfleur.

Louis received his old ally and congenial spirit with great cordiality, and showed him all possible honour, to the extreme anger of Charles of Burgundy, who instantly wrote a furious remonstrance against his encouraging strangers who had attacked and injured his people.

Louis, in his usual way, endeavoured to shuffle out of an explanation, and for two months nothing was done, till the Duke of Burgundy resolved to make

reprisals himself; and constant skirmishes took place at sea between the contending parties, while Charles prepared a strong fleet in order to prevent Warwick from making the descent he meditated on England.

Louis hesitated to take open part with Warwick in his attempt against Edward, fearing that it might prove unsuccessful, and place him in a difficult position, for which reason he had avoided meeting either Warwick or Clarence since their arrival; he dreaded that the Duke of Burgundy would declare war against him, which he wished to avoid, and he was most anxious to get the Earl out of his kingdom as soon as possible.

"Press Warwick," wrote he to his treasurer, Duplessis, "as much as you can, but as gently, to depart soon for England. I will give him all the French vessels that can be got together. If he does not get the upper hand in his quarrels, as I hope, at all events the whole kingdom of England will be in a blaze by his means. You know that both these Bretons and Burgundians are only seeking a pretext to break the peace in the sojourn of the Earl of Warwick, and I do not wish to begin a war on this account. You know my affairs better than any one, and I have full confidence in you; manage, therefore, that I may recognise the services I require of you in my need."

Warwick was extremely unpopular in France, and the enormous sums Louis spent on him displeased the people extremely; his departure was, therefore, earnestly wished for on all hands. In effect, the great scene of his reconciliation with Queen Margaret now took place; and the marriage of his second daughter, Anne, with the Prince of Wales; his descent into England; the restoration of the unfortunate Henry the Sixth, and the precipitate flight of Edward the Fourth, were all events which rapidly succeeded each other, to the infinite discontent of Charles of Burgundy, who had been long

warning his brother-in-law of England of his danger, and had been disregarded by the careless and indolent prince, who soon after came, without even clothes, to entreat his hospitality, having hurried away from London so quickly that he had literally brought nothing with him in his vessel, and was obliged to pay the captain for his passage with the furred robe he wore.

Previous to this, however, ambassadors had been sent by Louis to Charles, in order to persuade him that the treaties between them would still be kept inviolate, notwithstanding all that was going on against his interest and that of his allies.

The embassy found Charles at Bruges, but it was at St. Omer, on the 15th of July, 1470, that he received the deputation, in such state that no royal reception could have been grander or more pompous. He was seated on a throne with a canopy of cloth of gold, with all his barons and the chivalry of his realm surrounding him. Nothing could equal his irritation of mind at the duplicity of the King, and his rage at being, as it were, made the plaything of his pleasure.

He showed, without reserve, all the haughtiness of his disposition in his reception of the ambassadors; and with difficulty listened to their long speeches, whose end was to make that appear true which was manifestly the reverse. Hugonnet, Baillie de Charolois, was commissioned to reply, while his master looked on with rage and scorn in his countenance; after which he spoke himself, and exposed his causes of complaint at length against Louis, to which the ambassadors replied; till at length great warmth ensued on both sides, and the Duke entirely lost the little temper he had preserved, and in a furious voice exclaimed:

"*With us Portuguese* it is the custom, when our friends become the friends of our enemies, to send them to the hundred thousand devils of hell!"

And with this forcible remark the audience closed.

The consternation and annoyance felt by the counsellors and servants of the Duke on witnessing this outburst of rage was extreme, as they saw the bad consequences that must ensue. His having called himself a Portuguese was very distasteful to them, thus renouncing his French origin, and clinging only to his mother's country; who, although she was the daughter of the King of Portugal, was by her mother's side English, and of the house of Lancaster—the party to which, after all, Charles was always the most inclined, although policy had rendered it expedient that he should ally himself with the Yorkists.

Every man who heard him speak with this contempt to the French ambassadors was connected with Artois, Picardy, and other provinces of the kingdom, and was essentially French. Their self-love was wounded by his conduct; and the extreme haughtiness and tyranny which had grown upon him, and was daily increasing, was by degrees alienating all his old friends from him. His rudeness, coarseness, and carelessness of the feelings of others, rendered his society unendurable, and he was at length served without respect or love.

The men, thus outraged and annoyed, daily asked each other, if these two princes had sworn the one to destroy the other, which was the most likely to succeed, and whose service was preferable? Neither were capable of inspiring either respect or regard; for while one was a tyrant and oppressor, the other was a finished dissembler, and the very soul of selfishness. It was hard to choose between them, but the question could not fail to recur continually to their minds; and, in the end, they acted upon the suggestions which circumstances brought forth. Thus, one of the natural brothers of Charles—who had always been his faithful friend, unkindly and carelessly treated, and his debts left

unpaid in spite of his representations, and the state of mortification in which his necessity kept him—was induced to accept the offer of Louis, and to leave his brother's court, and receive a large pension, which placed him at his ease.

Louis was just at this time in high spirits, for, as he conceived, through the intercession of all the saints in heaven, to whom he had successively applied to aid his wish, his Queen had at length presented him with a son. Nothing could exceed his joy at this occurrence, and he made haste to return thanks to Heaven for the boon so long solicited, and to reward the different Madonnas whom he had persecuted with prayers for this object.

To Notre Dame du Puy en Anjou, he sent at once twenty thousand gold crowns, *en attendant* that a silver image of the weight of the Dauphin, which he had promised her, should be prepared. He sent a golden chalice to St. Peter's at Rome, and repaired the chapel of St. Petronille, which the Kings of France had founded in the Eternal City. No sooner was the Queen aware of her situation than she had made a vow to that saint; and it was generally believed in Rome that, when the shrine of St. Petronille was opened, several paintings of little Dauphins were found therein, all evidently fresh from the easel.

The baptism of this welcome infant took place with great pomp at Amboise, and Edward, Prince of Wales —now looked upon and treated as the heir of England —was the godfather; the Duchess of Bourbon being godmother on the occasion.

The Duke of Brittany had now declared himself the ally of Louis, in spite of all the promises which had passed between him and the Duke of Burgundy, and Charles thus saw himself alone, as it were, at the moment that his brother-in-law, Edward the

Fourth, came a fugitive to his shore to ask his hospitality.

His policy was, to keep on friendly terms with England in spite of the success of his enemy, Warwick, and he contrived it with almost as much ability as Louis could have done himself,—putting aside, for the time, his private resentments, and acting only for the good of his country.

The enormous trade carried on between England and Flanders, and the great necessity of their good relations continuing, made it requisite that the same prudence should be observed by the house of Lancaster as had been carried on by that of York, and the Duke found that his interests were not suffering by the strange change of events which had overturned England.

But Louis was undermining him in another quarter, and had made himself friends with the Swiss; entering into a league with them to take up their quarrel, if called upon, against the Duke of Burgundy.

Charles of Burgundy was at first much embarrassed by the arrival of Edward in his dominions, but was obliged to put the best face he could on the matter, so as to appear friendly both to the reigning and the defeated princes; but Louis, in the mean time, was engaging young Prince Edward to sign treaties in his favour and against the Duke, which was no difficult matter to accomplish, as the restored court were all in a castle provided for them near Chinon by Louis, only waiting to depart for England at the first summons, while Henry the Sixth was once again quietly seated on the throne.

The next step of Louis was to get rid of his vows on the holy cross of St. Laud, made against his will at Péronne; and, after much subtle argument and continued doublings and shiftings, he came to the

conclusion that his oath was *not* binding, and that the interests of his country required that he should forswear himself, in consideration of the continued treasons of the Duke of Burgundy, who had leagued himself with his enemies, and endeavoured so continually to seduce his friends from him.

This was a singular reason for him to give, but it served as well as another, and in fact, in the articles of treachery and bad faith, one prince could boast as little as the other of keeping any oath they had ever sworn.

Whenever Louis was endeavouring to seduce the servants of the Duke, he was now accustomed to remark, that, as his rival had only one child, and that a daughter, at his death his vast dominions would necessarily fall into confusion—in the end be divided —and that he would be careful to provide for those who had been his friends against the Duke.

At length both princes threw off all appearance of friendliness, and open war was declared. Abbeville and Amiens were secured by treachery; and so prompt was the Count de Dammartin in following up his successes that Charles himself was startled, and Louis feared his great captain had gone too far. After the first reverses, however, the Duke was able, in an almost incredibly short space of time, to collect an immense army, and to present a formidable front against his enemy.

Both, in fact, imagined the other stronger than he really was, and it was this belief that kept them in check, while both were unconsciously mere puppets in the hands of the King-maker of France—the ambitious and restless, and ever-changing Constable de St. Pol.

In spite of the now apparent good understanding between Louis and the Duke de Guyenne, the birth of the Dauphin had greatly changed the position of the

latter, and he felt that the promises of the King must necessarily go for nothing; but his power and consequence might yet be secured in case of his allying himself once more with Burgundy by means of a marriage with the young Princess Mary, now of an age to marry.

His having sworn not to do so without his brother's consent was of no consequence in those days, when the next thing to taking an oath was ingeniously to break it when occasion served. The Count de St. Pol was continually insinuating this idea into the mind of Charles of Guyenne, and at length it took fast hold of his imagination.

The marriage which Louis had proposed to him, of a Spanish princess, offered much fewer advantages; and, it was besides insinuated to him, that no sooner should he have set out towards Spain, than the King would take possession of his estates in Guyenne, as he had before done those of Normandy.

By the Constable's advice the Duke de Guyenne therefore sent secret messages to Charles of Burgundy, soliciting the hand of his heiress.

Charles, as he looked upon the beautiful young creature, who was regarded as so great a prize throughout Europe, felt his pride rise still higher, aware that he had one possession in his power which could not be wrested from him, and to obtain which almost every prince he could name would become his vassal—certain, that with the hope of Mary's hand and her large estates, they would hereafter be able to rival the Duke in magnificence.

But Charles smiled as he contemplated his daughter —too young to know of how much importance she was—and secretly resolved to hold her up as a bait to catch his enemies, but to withold her from everyone as long as it was possible for him to do so. The thought

of a son-in-law who might interfere with his power, or his inclinations, was altogether hateful to him; but he avoided betraying his real feelings, and bent an apparently favourable ear to the proposals of various princes.

A year before, he had himself proposed the alliance with Charles of Guyenne; but that prince then preferred the reconciliation with his brother, and, when he applied now, the Duke returned a somewhat cold reply, which so annoyed the Constable that he resolved to force him, if possible, into compliance, and it was on that account he had urged forward the war as much as he could.

CHAPTER XVI.

RENEWED LEAGUE.

The Duke de Guyenne and the Duke of Brittany had again begun to renew their former friendship, and they redoubled their secret messages to Charles of Burgundy, informing him that Louis was making himself friends in almost all his towns, and intended to besiege him unawares, even if he were entrenched at Ghent. The best plan they could recommend therefore for the interest of Charles was that he should at once agree to his daughter's marriage with Prince Charles, when both their forces should be joined with his against the attempts of Louis.

The Duke, seeing that these recommendations and friendly counsels were all tending to the interests of the parties giving them, and resolved not to be forced into yielding up his daughter, whether he wished it or not, at last lost all patience and sent back word to the Duke of Brittany, by the secret messenger he had despatched to him, that he was misinformed and deceived by false servants, that he was bound by their treaties to assist him if he required it against the King of France, and as for being beseiged in Ghent, or any other of his great towns, there was no danger of that, and no one who knew the importance of those towns could imagine such an event probable.

"Tell your master," added he, "that you have seen me well provided, and that I mean shortly to pass the

Somme, and if the King places himself in my way I will fight with him. Moreover, I expect your master to be on my side, as I was on his at Péronne."

Both armies were magnificent and equal to each other, but the delays of a pitched battle which the Duke of Burgundy by no means shunned, gave time to both princes to reflect that an accommodation would be better than that the whole kingdom should be ravaged by victors and vanquished, and they paused in sight of each other, and began to consider.

Louis, who had been excited, although rather alarmed, at the first rapid successes of Dammartin, was now impatient and tired of waiting for a decision, and sick of hearing the discussions of his nobles as to the prudence of the step he had undertaken. Till, at length, he resolved to disembarrass himself of the trouble, and consented to conclude a truce of four months with Charles, which the other agreed to because he feared that the success of the House of Lancaster, in England, would give his rival the upper-hand.

Scarcely, however, had the papers which he was to sign arrived than news was brought to Charles that King Edward, whom he had secretly supplied with money and troops, while he had been feigning friendship to King Henry, had won the battle of Barnet, which was followed by that of Tewkesbury and the annihilation of the Red Rose.

So enraged was Charles, when he found that by agreeing to a truce, he had once more placed a triumph in the hands of Louis, which might have been his own, that he shut himself up alone for several hours, a prey to almost ungovernable fury, and hesitating whether he would now sign the agreement expected of him. But it was too late to draw back, and most unwillingly he did so.

The triumph of Louis, however, was not much, for he had lost a powerful ally in Warwick, who was killed at the battle of Barnet with his brother Montague, and had mortally offended Edward, now restored to all his honours. He saw the superior position of Burgundy with great vexation, and, above all, he resolved to prevent by every means in his power, the disposal of the hand of Mary of Burgundy, particularly in favour of his brother, against whom all his former jealousies had revived. If he had known the secret intentions of Charles respecting his daughter, he would have acted differently; but art and cunning, mistrust and treachery, were so common to Louis that he was constantly duping others, and becoming their dupe alternately, as he practised against them, or they became adepts in the art he taught them.

The reception Louis had met with in Paris, on his return from the army with which he had done nothing, was extremely unsatisfactory. Inscriptions and satirical rhymes were found every day pasted on the Hotel de Ville and in different parts of the town. The people went about singing ballads in ridicule of the last truce and of all concerned in it, the Constable being by no means spared.

Louis was extremely mortified at these occurrences, and sent a trumpet through the city proclaiming that whoever would name the authors of these libels should be highly rewarded, and that the authors themselves should be punished with death. Several persons were arrested, but the Parliament did not find them guilty, and they were obliged to be discharged.

All that Louis could do to render himself popular was to court the people; and amongst other things, he went himself and put the light to the great bonfire in the square of the Hotel de Ville on the Eve of St. Jean.

The Duke de Guyenne, although he was far from continuing the sincerity he had begun with since their reconciliation, was still with his brother, who feared to lose sight of him, and was endeavouring as much as possible to dissuade him from his wish to marry Mary of Burgundy; nevertheless the negotiations on the subject was carried on with greater activity than ever, Duke Charles considering it politic to allow the Duke of Guyenne to believe that he would give his consent to the alliance.

Thus encouraged, M. de Guyenne took his opportunity to quit the court of Louis, and retire to his own estates with his friend and councillor De Lescun, who, gained as he had before been by the King, was now faithful to his present trust, and refused to accept his bribes.

No sooner was Prince Charles retired to Guyenne than he made no secret of his intentions towards the heiress of Burgundy, but sent an embassy to the Pope to obtain a dispensation of the oath he had made on the cross of St. Laud to his brother to renounce the marriage. Louis instantly despatched a message to him entreating him to reflect that no one who dared infringe this oath had ever failed to die within the year, and bade him consider well before he committed such a crime. He seemed to have forgotten the same fact when he shuffled out of the oaths he made on the same cross at Péronne, recent as that act of his had been.

He represented to his brother how much less advantageous would be the alliance with Burgundy than his friendship, and the enjoyment of the magnificent appanage which he had granted him; pointed out the evils which would certainly ensue, and, moreover, remarked that Duke Charles being still a young man and lately re-married, there was every probability that

he would have a son, and thus the present heiress of Burgundy become of no account.

He added a piece of gratuitous impertinence respecting the females of the house of his rival, whom he falsely represented subject to great maladies, and announced as certain that the health of the young Princess was extremely weak, and that she was almost certain to fall a victim to complaints under which she laboured.

All this was pure invention on the part of Louis, for the beautiful heiress was at that moment as full of health and life as her father and her best friends could wish.

Hardly had Louis satisfied himself that this eloquent appeal to his brother would have the desired effect, than he was startled to find that another marriage had been proposed to the Prince, almost as dangerous and distasteful to him; this was the daughter of the Count de Foix, sister to the Duchess of Brittany, whose marriage had been arranged by De Lescun.

This prince was very powerful both in France and Spain, and it became equally necessary to Louis to deprive his brother of so dangerous an ally.

Louis wrote one of his characteristic letters, on hearing this intelligence, to M. de Bouchange.

"As for this marriage," said he, "you know the harm it would do me. Set the five senses that Nature has given you, therefore, to work to prevent it. I hear that my brother himself by no means desires it. Doubtless it is to constrain him to this that M. de Lescun engaged him to be guarantee for the dower of the Duchess of Brittany, in order that, embarrassed as he will be to pay it, he should be obliged to marry the sister on condition that the Duke of Brittany will acquit him of the sum. I would rather pay it at once myself, and get him out of all the other difficulties, than that he should make this marriage.

"Make no haste to return, and act with intelligence. Speak to M. de Guyenne of the King of Aragon's daughter. No doubt M. de Foix does not wish that, as he expects to get the kingdom of Aragon for his wife. You see, my brother could thus himself do us good service.

"Speak to him plainly, and tell him I am much obliged to him for letting me know that the Duke of Brittany has no faith in my protestations. Tell him that since he sends me the truth I have no fear that he intends to deceive me. Repeat to him that if he takes a wife who is not mistrusted by me, I will have no mistrust of him, and that he will have as much or more power in the kingdom than I have while I live.

"In brief, M. de Bouchange, my good friend, if you can gain this point for me, you will put me in Paradise.

"Stay *down there* till M. de Lescun has disappeared, even if you are obliged to pretend to be an invalid, and do not come back till you have set our affair right.

"Adieu, M. de Bouchange, my dear friend, I pray God and our Lady to give you grace to manage this business well."

At the very moment he was writing this, Louis was, perhaps with the same pen, sending the most friendly and affectionate letters to the Count de Foix, engaging him in every way to be favourable to his interests. To read the expressions of regard which fill them, it would seem as though there was no prince in whom he placed such unbounded confidence.

He had sent the Viscount de Narbonne, son of the Count de Foix, to his father with all sorts of friendly messages and flatteries; but he had forgotten that there was a chance of his dissimulation being discovered, and was somewhat startled when he received a letter from the Viscount to this effect, written in the familiar

style which he encouraged in his nobles, probably to put them off their guard.

"Sire, I regret to say that on arriving I found my father in a very different disposition to what I expected, for he is entirely guided by the counsels of M. de Lescun, who, *par Dieu!* Sire, desires your good in a way I by no means approve of. That which has most annoyed my father is a letter written by you to M. your brother, which was not calculated much to assist my messages.

"You say in that, that what you intend to do for me shall be altogether regulated by his will: you say, also, that I am a man *very ready to talk*, and that, if I speak against you, you desired him to inform you.

"I trust in Heaven, Sire, that no man's words may do you more harm than mine, for by Heaven, if you had all the good I wish you, you would soon possess all you desire. I am, therefore, in perfect amazement that you can have said such things of me, who never have had any other wish than to serve you.

"No words nor letters of yours will ever prevent my serving you when I see that I can do so.

"Sire, directly I arrived, they threw these letters in my teeth, exclaiming that this was the confidence you had in me, and this was the sort of good you intended me. To this was added advice that I should give over serving you, and carry my usefulness elsewhere. Heaven knows I am pressed enough to do so. The Sieur de Guise, who is the bearer of this letter, will relate many other things to you, as I have charged him to do.

"I entreat you, Sire, to throw my letter into the fire, or to give it back to the bearer."

As might be expected, this piece of treachery on the part of Louis, highly exasperated the Count de Foix, already offended at Louis having given the guardianship

of his son, Gaston Phœbus, to his sister, Madeleine de France, who had married the Count de Foix's eldest son, and who expected to be named guardian to his grandson himself.

Louis was soon informed by his spies that a league was about to be formed against him with Britanny, Burgundy, and Guyenne, with the knowledge of the Count de Foix, and that the King of England had offered to declare himself a partisan on the condition of Guyenne or Normandy being given up to him. It was evident that he had thus prepared a host of enemies against himself, but he seemed to delight in scrapes, for the excitement of getting well out of them. For six months all the princes of Europe now seemed occupied in ceaseless endeavours to outwit each other, the hand of Mary of Burgundy being the prize offered to the most successful trickster.

Louis now proposed to marry the Dauphin in the cradle to Mary of Burgundy, fourteen years older than the young bridegroom as she was, and long as it would be necessary to wait before the alliance could take place.

He paused, in fact, at no offer to engage Charles to adopt his cause, and abandon that of his brother. He proposed restoring to him all the towns he had lately taken; and to abandon to him the Constable St. Pol and the Count de Nevers, on condition of their swearing an alliance against M. de Guyenne and Brittany; and to show themselves brothers in arms, he wished that they should mutually accept the Orders of the Golden Fleece and St. Michael.

These conditions, absurd as it may appear, after all that had passed, and the avowed hatred which existed on both sides, were even accepted!

Owing, however, to the impossibility of one trusting the other, in spite of the most solemn oaths, nothing

was concluded. At one time it was proposed that the terms of their new treaty should be placed in Notre Dame, under the charge of the bishop and the canons, who should be bound not to give them up till the towns were restored to Burgundy; while Louis protested that he would fulfil his promises under pain of excommunication, renouncing all future hopes of absolution if he touched the papers till all was concluded; but these vows had been so often proved of no avail, that Charles of Burgundy seemed to let them

"Pass by him as the idle wind, which he regarded not."

Meanwhile, six months of delay was agreed on, almost equivalent to peace, which Louis now greatly desired; but which Charles of Burgundy, full of pride and exultation, did not care to make much sacrifice to maintain. He saw himself the object of anxiety to all the princes of Europe, and that his daughter was looked upon as the highest prize that could be contended for. The more readily he gave hopes, first to one and then to the other, to obtain her, the more secretly resolved was he to keep her to himself as one of his most powerful instruments to work with.

Mary, happy in the society of her amiable mother-in-law and grandmother, was scarcely conscious of the important part she was playing in the world, and when she heard that it was not her father's intention to part with her, her only feeling was delight that she was so dear to a parent so much beloved by her.

While the Duke was allowing Prince Charles to feed on hopes, which now seemed about to be realised, another candidate for her hand appeared, whom her father saw fit secretly to encourage, with a view of detaching him from France. This was Duke Nicolas of Calabria.

England, meantime, looked on displeased at the

proposed marriage of Charles and Mary, for Edward considered that, if the Dauphin, who was a weakly child, should die, the brother of the king would again be heir; and, possessed of such power as the whole estates of Burgundy would give him, he would become too formidable for the interests of the English. Here was another source of contention, and thus the Duke saw his dissimulation answer the very purpose he desired, that of keeping all the princes in suspense, and all looking to him as their chief hope.

The pride and glory of Charles of Burgundy were now, in fact, at the height. He kept his court with unexampled magnificence, and received ambassadors from every court, like a sovereign prince, setting no bounds to his splendour, and exhibiting his wealth and power in the dazzled eyes of all.

He could not forbear boasting of his influence, and dared many speeches calculated to offend or alarm the King; as, for instance, his saying to Philip de Commines, who was on an embassy to him from Louis, in the presence of the envoy from Brittany,

"Here is the Seigneur d'Urfé, who is pressing me to make my army as large as possible, and that we shall do great good to the kingdom. Do you think, if I were to enter it with my followers, I shall do it little good?"

"Certainly not," replied Commines.

"Ah! I assure you," continued the Duke, "I love the kingdom of France much better than M. d'Urfé imagines; for, I swear, instead of one king, I will willingly give it six."

Louis was now seriously uneasy; he found that his credit was completely gone: that no one prince in Europe would confide in his professions, and he saw himself menaced by almost all. He had failed to regain the confidence of those about his brother, in

spite of bribes and promises, for the latter he was known to keep too little. The only ray of comfort he derived, was the discord which reigned in his brother's court and household, which was divided by hatreds, jealousies, and revenges, which had grown into frightful confusion. The favourite mistress of the Duke, Collette de Jambes Dame de Monsoreau, widow of Louis d'Amboise Vicomte de Thouars, had a faction attached to her, and De Lescun had another, which acted in opposition, but all agreed in abusing the King without any sort of reserve. It was the general theme, that "English, Bretons, and Burgundians, were ready to fly at him; and, if he should undertake anything against the Duke de Guyenne, so many bloodhounds would be set on his track, that he would not know which side to fly."

At length Louis saw himself reduced to one consolation alone, which was the failing health of his brother. What occasioned his malady, perhaps the King was too well able to explain; but, at all events, it was on the result of that illness that he built his hopes of future quiet, which he saw was now completely disturbed.

The brothers had parted at Orleans in the month of July, and two months after, the Duke de Guyenne suddenly fell sick. Precisely at the same time, his favourite, Madame de Thouars, was taken ill with apparently a similar malady; but though Charles rallied, Collette became daily worse, and having languished till December, expired in great pain.

Suspicion of poison immediately rose, and there was little concealment of the general opinion, that the crime was instigated by the King, whose interest was much served by the removal of this favourite. The report was, that, at a banquet, the Dame de Thouars had taken a peach from a certain Benedictine monk,

named Jourdain Favre, the aumonier of the Duke, and a man in high favour, to whom he had lately given the Abbey of St. Jean d'Angely. The fruit had been peeled by the monk with a poisoned knife, and the unfortunate beauty eat and died.

As the Abbot of St. Jean belonged to the party of De Lescun, opposed to that which was called La Partie des Femmes, he was fixed upon as the agent for her removal. The crime of poisoning had been frequently attributed to members of each of these factions, therefore the suspicion was nothing new; but it does not appear that De Lescun was suspected; all the odium fell on Louis, whether justly or otherwise it is impossible to say.

Like Agnes Sorel, the lady had not mistrust herself of him who was said to have caused her death, which might have been purely natural, for she named the Abbot and De Lescun as her executors.

Nevertheless, it was confidently asserted that the monk was the culprit, and it was even said that he had been interrogated and was condemned to be burnt; but in entire contradiction of all these rumours, he remained as much as ever in favour with Charles of Guyenne, whose sickness continued to increase and was considered the quartan ague. He was taken to St. Jean d'Angely, where he grew so much worse that it was rumoured throughout the kingdom that he was dead.

Notwithstanding the state of his health, active negotiations still went on respecting his marriage with Mary of Burgundy, whose intended bridegrooms were, it may be observed, visited with singular fatality, no less than five having died while treaties were pending for her alliance.

The league against Louis was also carried on with more spirit than ever, and the sick prince was anxious

to receive the oaths of all about him that they would serve him against his brother. From many he obtained this promise, but the attachment to him was by no means general; and many altogether refused, and quitted his service.

The year had advanced to the month of March, and M. de Guyenne's malady was not yet fatal. Louis continued his vigorous preparations for attack; and the Duke, weak as he was, gave orders to convoke the ban and arrière-ban, and sent out his troops to be ready to meet those of his brother.

Louis, however, still hesitated, fearing that the Duke of Burgundy would declare himself, and seeking to propitiate him by propositions tending to secure peace. He looked forward so confidently to his brother's speedy dissolution, that he still hoped to spare himself the trouble and expense of the impending war.

"Monsieur le Grand Maître," wrote he to Dammartin, "I have received tidings that M. de Guyenne is dying. There is no remedy for his sickness. This I know from a person who is nearest to him, and who has sent a man express to inform me. He cannot last longer than fifteen days, if so long. If I hear anything further, you shall know immediately. In order that you may feel secure about the truth of this news, I have it from the monk to whom M. de Guyenne says his prayers. I have been much shocked at this, and crossed myself from head to foot on hearing it. Adieu."

"*Montil les Tours*, 18 *March*."

Shocked as the King was, his impatience to have the news confirmed was extreme, and he looked for tidings with the utmost anxiety, in order to be able to regulate movements for the best. Meantime, in Brittany and in Burgundy it was thought the Duke's illness was exaggerated, each party believing what best suited

themselves; while those about the invalid continued to report that his health was improving.

Louis resolved to delay the war as long as possible, till the truth could be known, and wrote to Tanneguy Duchâtel:

"Do not stir from Niort till I send you news. Undertake nothing on La Rochelle, Saintes, or St. Jean d'Angely; for I do not yet know what my ambassadors have done in Burgundy. For Heaven's sake, Monsieur le Gouverneur, do not be impetuous for once. If M. de Bourgogne makes war on me, I will instantly join you, and in eight days we shall have arranged everything. If peace is made, we shall have everything without striking a blow, and shall have nothing to give back. Nevertheless, if you can get any town by stratagem, or that any will put themselves into your hands, there is no reason why you should not take them. The artillery is ready, and when it is time you can have all you want instantly."

In order to leave no means untried to gain friends, both on earth and in heaven, Louis bethought him of a solemn procession throughout the kingdom, in honour of the Holy Virgin, whom he probably thought to deceive by cajolery, as he was accustomed to do the princes his contemporaries. Orders were issued that every subject of the King was to throw himself on his knees when the clock struck noon, and to recite an Ave Maria, in order to obtain a good peace for France.

In Paris a very solemn procession took place, headed by the unlucky William Chartier, the bishop, who was at that moment so ill that it was almost impossible for him to be taken from his bed, and who died the same day, of the exertion. Louis, who was aware of his state, had insisted upon his assisting at the ceremony, for he bore him great malice, in consequence of his having

negotiated with the princes before Paris, at the time of the War du Bien Publique.

No sooner was he dead than the King wrote to the magistrates of the city, sending them an injurious epitaph, which he desired should be engraved on the bishop's tomb; nor was it without much persuasion that he agreed that it should be suppressed.

Still further to convince his patroness the Virgin of his attachment to her, and to obtain her grace for his kingdom, he obtained a bull from the Pope, instituting him, and all the Kings who might succeed him, canon of Notre Dame de Cléry, by which he obtained the privilege of occupying the first stall in the choir, dressed in the surplice, and wearing the cape and other insignia. He had just returned from a pilgrimage to another favourite Virgin, at Le Puy-en-Anjou, when he heard that the Duke of Burgundy had signed the treaty, and that his ratification was now only required.

For more than a week he put off his required oath and signature from day to day, although he had till then been so ardently and anxiously waiting to receive this very assurance of a benefit for which his pilgrimages and processions were made. But he was aware that a circumstance of great importance, long desired and now almost despaired of, might altogether, if it occurred as he wished, change the whole face of affairs. That event happened as he wished.

The Duke of Guyenne's death was proclaimed. Without a moment's delay the messenger of the Duke of Burgundy received his dismissal, and the armed servants of the King entered Guyenne and took possession of all the towns of the appanage.

Almost all the followers of his late brother hastened to throw themselves at his feet, and all were well received, as he desired to disembarrass himself of the dispute as quickly as possible; but he whom he chiefly

wished to gain, the Sire de Lescun, declared himself loudly his enemy, giving out his opinion that the Duke de Guyenne had been poisoned by his brother, and vowing vengeance for his master's death.

The Abbot of St. Jean d'Angely, and Henry de la Roche, clerk of the kitchen to the late Duke, had been instantly thrown into prison by De Lescun; but, as soon as the King's troops had entered Guyenne, De Lescun had taken them from their dungeons and carried them off with him to Brittany.

Nothing could happen so *apropos* for Louis as his brother's death, and the suspicions against him consequently took greater hold on the public mind. It was known that he desired to rid himself of so troublesome an enemy, and his speech when he heard of the death of the brother of the King of Castile, "Shall I never have such a piece of good luck?" was repeated from mouth to mouth.

The general belief in Brittany was that the King had murdered both Charles of Guyenne and Collette de Thouars, and the chroniclers of that country do not hesitate to give the details as positive. They relate as a fact that the jester of the late Duke—who was a very witty personage, and had passed, after his master's death, into the service of the King—being once alone with Louis in the church of Nôtre Dame de Cléry, the King, thinking him too far off to hear his words, uttered the following prayer to the image:—

"Oh, my good lady, my little darling, my great friend in whom I have placed all my consolation, let me intreat you to supplicate God for me, and be my advocate with him, that he may pardon me the death of my brother, whom I poisoned by the agency of that good-for-nothing Abbot of Saint John. I confess this to thee as my good patroness and mistress. But what could I do? He did nothing but trouble my

kingdom. Get me pardoned, and I know what I will give you."

The fool, according to the privilege of his order, one day at dinner ventured, before every one, to make allusion to this prayer; and Louis, terrified at his knowledge, without respecting the right that was accorded to all jesters, took measures that so dangerous a joke should never be repeated. The fool disappeared from that time, and was never afterwards heard of.

This story was characteristic enough to be believed, but there is little probability of Louis being so incautious as to utter his thoughts aloud in such a manner as to be overheard. There are many contending circumstances against the belief of Louis being the author of his brother's death; such, for instance, as the fact of the Abbot of St. John being a friend of Lescun, who himself was accused of having poisoned Madame de Thouars, and yet being arrested by the same De Lescun for the death of Charles. Again, the Duke died without expressing the slightest suspicion of his brother; on the contrary, his will shows his regret for his rebellion, and his desire that all his friends should return to their allegiance; add to which he names Louis his executor.

But again, considering that up to the last the Duke de Guyenne was in rebellion, this seems so strange a will that it may well be suspected of not being genuine.

The Duke of Brittany either believed, or feigned to believe, in the guilt of Louis; but though the accused persons, who were said to have confessed all, were still in prison at Nantes, their trial was continually delayed, till at length the star of Louis prevailed, and peace was not only once more restored, but the Sire de Lescun was entirely gained over, created Count de Comminges and Governor of Guyenne, and overwhelmed by the

King with riches and honours; when, after more than a year's delay, the abbot and his supposed accomplices were ordered by the King himself to be tried for this horrible crime, which excited his royal indignation. As, however, nothing public ever transpired, and the utmost mystery prevailed respecting them, the public were left to their original conclusions, and nothing could eradicate the impression of the guilt of the King.

One night, while the trial was still left to an uncertain date, a furious storm broke over the prison of Nantes, and—for in Brittany such marvels have been common from all time—as their legends declare, the whole tower in which the prisoners were detained seemed enveloped in flames, a thunderbolt fell, and a fearful crash was heard.

So many horrible noises, groans, and screams had been for months heard issuing from the monk's dungeon, that the gaolers were at first afraid to approach it, but having at length summoned courage to enter, they discovered the dead body of the abbot, extended on the floor of his prison in a dreadful state, with his face blue and livid, and all the marks of a great and fearful combat, which it was concluded he had had with the devil, who had at last succeeded in strangling him.

Under whatever circumstances he died, the chief person accused was thus disposed of; some obstinate persons, who ventured to dispute the popular tradition, asserted that he died by order of the King, and with the consent of the Duke of Brittany.

Claude de la Châtre was one of those whom Louis wished to gain, he was attached to the service of M. de Guyenne, having quitted that of the King, and after his death (having been by Charles Seventh given the peculiar charge of the Duke's person) he did not treat with Louis Eleventh, and retired to his château at Nancy.

The prevôt Tristan soon came there and arrested him, and by the King's order he was put in prison. This harsh proceeding by no means daunted his courage nor his conscience, for he was a man of probity and honour. At length, after some time, the King ordered him into his presence, and asked if he would serve him as well as he had served his brother, to which he replied that his fidelity to the Duke was a guarantee of his truth to his master, and he felt inclined to serve him as he had the former. The King then said: "Je ne veux pas être gardé seulement par des Ecossais, et désormais une compagnie de cent gentilshommes Français gardera aussi ma personne. Tu vas recevoir une commission par dessus cette compagnie.—Ecoute, capitaine Claude, je sais que ta femme s'est fort scandalisée et a eu grand' peur quand le compère Tristan t'alla prendre. Les femmes sont mauvaises quand elles en veulent à quelqu'un; dis lui qu'elle ne m'en veuille pas de mal, et porte-lui de ma part cette paire de gants perfumés avec cinq-cents écus que j'ai mis dedans. Prends une de mes bonnes mules pour te rendre chez toi plus à ton aise, et reviens me trouver dans 3 mois avec ta compagnie toute dressée."

This company was the first French Guard, and was successively commanded by five captains of the name of de la Châtre.

CHAPTER XVII.

DELAYS OF LOUIS.

WHILE Louis was delaying to sign the treaty between himself and the Duke of Burgundy, in the fraternal hope of hearing of his brother's death, Charles was awaiting the return of his messenger, M. de Quingey, in the highest state of exultation and pride. He had vanquished Louis without a blow; he had effectually deceived him by listening to his proposal that he should marry his daughter to the Dauphin, infant as he was; and at the same time he only waited for news from the Dukes of Guyenne and Brittany, to let loose his magnificent army on France. He believed nothing of the serious illness of the Duke de Guyenne, and trusted implicitly in Francis of Brittany. So mistrustful however, was he of his own people that De Quingey was not informed of all his intentions, so fearful was he that his rival would tamper with him; he had guarded against this by furnishing a simple stable boy with secret letters for the Duke of Brittany, which he was charged not to deliver to the Sire de Quingey till both had arrived at Nantes.

While he was carrying on these plans, and had promised the hand of Mary both to the Dauphin of France and to his uncle the Duke de Guyenne, another candidate had received an assurance equally favourable. This was the Duke Nicolas of Calabria, who, with the secret assent of his grandfather, King René of Provence,

Sicily, and Jerusalem, had come to Burgundy to seek his alliance, by doing which he was breaking an engagement he had entered into with Louis for the hand of Anne of France, his eldest daughter; but this want of faith was too common at that period to be remarkable.

The King of England had offered to the Duke powerful assistance against France, and every day Charles became more and more arrogant, and more and more secure, when, to his uncontrollable vexation, M. de Quingey suddenly returned with the news of the death of the Duke of Guyenne, and the want of faith of the King.

"When the game is won, what need of oaths?" was the remark of Louis, as he dismissed the envoy from Burgundy without ceremony.

The rage of Charles now burst all bounds—he was defeated in all his projects, and laughed at by his detested rival.

"But," exclaimed he, "the traitor King shall see that I can revenge myself. What signifies this shadow of a truce! Nothing shall prevent me from taking vengeance, and that instantly."

Confident in the power of his army, he treated the King with scorn, and, without a moment's delay, set forth with the resolution of carrying fire and sword throughout France. The first place he attacked in the height of his indignation was Nesle, a town which was defended by a valiant body of free archers, commanded by a captain known as Le Petit Picard. Their resistance was very determined and valiant, and ought to have inspired respect in the minds of their besiegers, who, however, on the contrary, were only actuated by a feeling of blind fury against the French, and thought it unnecessary to keep any sort of terms: they shot the herald who came with a message to them, and were prepared for every species of brutality and cruelty, when

the small garrison, finding it impossible to hold out, sent a message from Madame de Nesle, who was there with her children, demanding to treat with the Bâtard de Bourgogne, who commanded the besiegers.

It was agreed that the archers should be spared, and accordingly they began to lay down their arms; but the disorder was very great while the inhabitants were opening their gates, and the soldiery rushed in, so that in the *mêlée* two Burgundians were killed. This was enough to do away with everything like accommodation—the capitulation was at once broken. The Bâtard de Bourgogne merely allowed time for the Lady of Nesle and her household to be placed in security, and then he gave the town up to pillage.

The scenes that ensued were hideous beyond precedent: the Burgundians acted more like a band of robbers than disciplined troops—they respected no claims, felt no remorse, and gave loose to the most ungovernable fury. They hung the gallant Picard, and maimed all his archers by cutting off their hands; they massacred all they met—men, women, and children; set fire to the houses, and dragged the fugitives from the desecrated altars of the churches.

The Duke looked gloomily on, merely exclaiming, "Such are the fruits of the tree of war!"

Slowly he rode through the streets, his charger wading through half a foot of blood as he entered the principal church; when he saw before him heaps of slaughtered women and children, it is possible that the recollections of his own child at home might have made him shudder as he crossed himself and murmured—

"I have good butchers with me — this is a fine sight!" That day he earned the title of Charles the Terrible.

This horrible beginning had satisfied the first cravings of the Duke's revenge; and, after this, he bethought

him that some reason for these deeds would be expected of him by the princes who looked on and saw them. He hastened, therefore, to publish a manifesto against the King, in which he enumerated all his crimes and treacheries against him: his infringement of treaties, his attempted assassinations, his false promises, and finally he brought forward an unreserved accusation against Louis of having procured his brother's death—proclaiming his resolution to revenge the cause of the murdered prince by every means in his power.

This furious manifesto was sent to every town in his own dominions and to several in France, but it deceived no one; for it was clear to all that it was his own private quarrel with Louis which urged him on, and no consideration for the public good, which Charles professed. The people were attached neither to the King nor the Duke, for they were cruelly overwhelmed with taxes to keep up the constant quarrels between them, and they well knew that justice or mercy might as well be expected from one as from the other. They had lost all respect for two princes who hesitated not to attribute to each other the most horrible crimes, and who set the worst example to their inferiors. This declaration against the King was therefore regarded with coldness or contempt, and the only feeling entertained was the hope of escaping the dangers to which this war exposed the whole country.

Charles's march of desolation was, meantime, directed towards Normandy; he took the route of Beauvais, but he had no intention of besieging the town; but the spirit of the inhabitants and the troops who guarded it, although they were ill provided, revolted against giving up all without striking a blow in their own defence.

In fact, then took place one of the most famous defences that has been known in the history of France; when every man became a warrior, when the children

acted like soldiers, and when every woman was a heroine. At their head stood the famous Jeanne la Hachette—a name celebrated to all time, twin with that of Jeanne d'Arc—who, in the very thickest of the fray had, with her own hand, torn the standard of Burgundy from the walls of her native town, and set an example of courage and resolution worthy of the greatest in that age of heroes.

To her and her female companions, together with the belief of the townspeople in the miraculous power of the relics of a certain Saint Angadresme, the patroness of Beauvais, may be attributed the saving of the place till the arrival of succour, which, as soon as their desperate situation was known, came in the shape of some of the most valiant men of France, whose presence was indeed required; for, irritated beyond endurance at so unexpected a resistance, Duke Charles had registered a vow to sack, burn, and destroy all before him with fire and sword.

This terrible siege was soon known in Paris, and provisions of all kinds were expedited without delay to the defenders, whose walls had been a week battered with the most furious assaults that had ever been directed against an unfortunate town. Not one of the Burgundian leaders advised the continuance of the siege, but Charles was resolute to pursue his plan of vengeance, and, having succeeded in making a large breach, he gave orders for the assault.

Animated by restless hatred, he was everywhere himself directing and suggesting; and as he commanded great quantities of *fascines* to be brought to fill up the ditch beneath the breach, it was remarked to him with fearful meaning:—"There is little need of them; the bodies of our people will soon fill it sufficiently."

But nothing would turn him from his object; and,

perhaps, from this time may be dated the insane fury with which, in spite of all remonstrance, he henceforth followed his own will, and carried his passion for war beyond all the bounds of prudence and sense.

After he had seen everything ready for the assault the next morning, he retired to his tent and cast himself upon his camp-bed, all armed as he was; for it was remarked of him, that the meanest soldier in his army could not better support hardship and fatigue; he was always the last asleep, and the first awake in his camp.

"Do you think," said he to those about him, as he threw himself down, "that those people expect to be attacked to-morrow?"

The unanimous reply was "Yes."—"You will find no one there to-morrow," was his contemptuous answer.

But he was fatally deceived; he would not believe in the resolute valour and prudence of his enemies; and he did not know that reinforcements of all kinds had reached the besieged from Paris, when it was found that he was obstinately determined not to abandon his desperate attempt.

The next morning the assault began, and marvellous were the acts of courage and resolution on both sides; but the Burgundians were worsted at every point, while the men of Beauvais were so promptly and faithfully served by their women, that it seemed as if they were gifted with more than human powers. Every shaft from a Burgundian bow was picked up by a female hand, and given to that of their foes. Stones, quick-lime, hot ashes, boiling oil, were brought to cast upon the heads of those beneath by these indefatigable assistants, who, like a troop of good fairies, glided from post to post, carrying their usefulness everywhere.

At length the Burgundians were forced to pause; their losses began to show what an enemy they had to

deal with, and the Duke, to his infinite mortification, was forced to give orders to retreat. He was, however, far from intending to give up his attempt, and now thought of doing what he should long before have tried, to block up the road to Paris. It was no longer time to do so, yet still he ordered it to be attempted, though it was represented to be running into a frightful danger.

But now, animated by the gallant resistance of the town, troops were pouring in from Paris, Rouen, Orleans, and every place in the neighbourhood of Beauvais; workmen came in bands, offering their aid without payment; provisions were in abundance, more than necessary; and the Constable de St. Pol, and the Count de Dammartin, were every hour expected.

It was on a fine night of the 22d July, 1472, that the magnificent army of the Duke of Burgundy disappeared silently from before Beauvais, without a trumpet or a drum announcing their departure. Their desolating route to Normandy, however, told the tale of their destination; but the courageous defenders of the town of Ste. Angadresme, when the sun rose, beheld themselves masters of the field after a siege of twenty-four days.

As soon as Louis had heard of the march of the Burgundian army into France, and of the ravages it had committed, he thus wrote to Dammartin, in the characteristic spirit of his superstitious belief.

"Monsieur le Grand Maître, I have been informed how, during the truce, the Duke of Burgundy has taken Nesle, and killed all he found there, *for which thing I desire to be well revenged.* For this reason I let you know it, in order that you may find means *to render him the like in his country.* Do it wherever you can, *and spare not.* I have great hope that God will help us to revenge ourselves, considering the murders

that the Duke de Burgogne has committed, as well *in churches* as elsewhere, on persons who were in full security and confidence in the conditions to which he had agreed."

Angers, 19 *June*, 1472."

The anxiety of Louis was very great during the siege of Beauvais, and he ceased not to send messages exciting the people to continue their defence. He was so enchanted when he heard of their success, that he vowed to eat no meat till he had caused a city to be made in silver resembling Beauvais, weighing two hundred thousand marks, to be offered as *ex voto*. He afterwards granted many privileges to the town (but did not withdraw the taxes, which he only moderated), and ordered also that the women should walk first in the procession of "Madame Ste. Angadresme;" and they were henceforth allowed at their marriages to wear any dress and jewels they pleased, without being subject to sumptuary laws.

Jeanne la Hachette was married to Colin Pilon, a bourgeois, with exemption for them and their descendants from all *taille* for the future, and all service of guard at the gates of the city.

At first when the besieged at Beauvais found that their enemies were gone, they imagined it was but a *ruse*, but on discovering that it was really true, the Constable, the Count de Dammartin and the Marshal Rouault followed their course, harrassing and cutting off their supplies.

Charles went on with his enormous army, ravaging the fine country of Caux like a swarm of locusts; he made several halts before Dieppe, Rouen, and other towns, but could gain no advantage, every one being on the alert, and resolute to oppose him. His troops at length began to grow weary of this constant toil

without result, and did not conceal their dissatisfaction; sickness attacked them, and general discontent showed itself.

The temper of Charles, always violent and unconciliating, had become from his late annoyances almost unendurable, and he never attempted by kind or encouraging words or actions to console his people for all they suffered; his unpopularity therefore increased on every side, while their miseries became every day more sensibly felt.

His friends, who had long supported with difficulty his impatient and arbitrary humours, found his service anything but pleasant, and more than one looked towards the court of France, where Louis welcomed all the former servants of his enemies with the utmost delight, and treated them with marked distinction.

Amongst those who had become altogether disgusted with his master, was that wise counsellor the celebrated historian Philip de Commines. For some time he had endured the coarse jests of Charles, and had heard himself designated by a name which jarred upon his ear as the courtiers ventured to follow the example of the prince, and call the illustrious minister *Tête bottée.*

The story of this *tête bottée* is differently told by different historians. Some say that Commines had been waiting for his master in his chamber, and being weary had fallen asleep, dressed, on the bed; that Charles on entering and finding him there, unlike Brutus towards his young musician, feeling only indignation at his want of ceremony, offered to help him off with his boots, and having done so beat them about his head.

Another version is that they had both returned from hunting, and Commines, seating himself before Charles, in whose favour he stood high, and was on intimate terms, was imprudent enough to say in joke, "Charles—I wish you would pull off my boots." The Duke did

so, and in play or from malice, struck him with the heel on the nose; the spurs caused the blood to flow, and Commines' face was disfigured. "No sabe la Volpeja con quien trobeja," (The young fox knows not with whom he gambols,) said Don Ramire, King of Aragon, when he caused the heads of fifteen knights to be cut off for having called him "An unfrocked monk." *

From that time the odious *sobriquet* was applied to Commines, and from that time the friendship he had felt for Charles began to cool; subsequent insolence had widened the breach, the secret offers of Louis were at length entertained, and Commines quitted the service of Charles of Burgundy for that of his rival.

* Jacques Marchand, livre 1, "Description des Villes de Flandres."

CHAPTER XVIII.

REPRISALS.

WHILE Charles was burning and destroying wherever he passed in France, the captains of Louis were faithfully obeying their master's orders, and were doing the same in the dominions of the Duke.

The great aim of Louis at this period was to attach to his service the Sire de Lescun, his brother's former friend, and he spared no pains to obtain so great an advantage to himself. One difficulty was the hatred that existed between De Lescun and Tanneguy Duchâtel, for the king could not afford to sacrifice one to the other, both being equally necessary to him. It required many oaths, and particularly one on the cross of St. Laud, before De Lescun would agree to treat with him; but he was at this time disgusted with the Duke of Brittany for summoning the English to his aid, and thus bringing the natural enemies of France into the kingdom—a measure he had always opposed.

At length his persuasions succeeded, and the greatest of all the inconsistencies of the time now surprised the world.

The Sire de Lescun, who had excited the Duke de Guyenne and all the Princes of the League against Louis—who had laboured and striven with the most restless zeal to injure him—suddenly abandoned all his projects, accepted the little less than regal appointments

offered him, and became the supporter of the very prince he had been opposing all his former life.

Louis, on his side, seemed unable to show sufficient honour to the man who had so deeply hated and persecuted him, and had loudly proclaimed him a murderer throughout Europe.

De Lescun did not, however, abandon his old ally the Duke of Brittany without obtaining for him an advantageous truce, and for the time all parties were satisfied. Even the Duke of Burgundy, fatigued with slaughter, was content to pause, but his hatred took another direction, and now altogether fixed itself on the Constable de St. Pol, the most unpopular leader in Europe, even without excepting himself, for his word was never to be relied on, and his cruelty and oppression exceeded all bounds. He was detested by his companions-in-arms for his insolence and pride, but the bitterness of their detestation was exceeded by that of Charles, who could never forgive him the deceptions and treasons he had used to induce him to marry his daughter, the Princess Mary, according to his wish, though St. Pol knew at the time that by doing so he should altogether ruin his interests.

Thus the innocent Mary was all unconsciously the cause of the most fatal tragedies which took place daily for her sake in France; and little imagined, while she read verses and studied the arts with her accomplished mother-in-law, Margaret of York, that generals and princes were sacrificed at the shrine of her beauty and her riches.

Perhaps one of the most heartless acts of Charles was the encouragement he gave to the young Prince Nicolas of Calabria, for while many of the other pretenders to the hand of Mary knew her only by report, he was received at her father's court, and allowed to live in intimacy with her. After the death of the

Duke de Guyenne, with whom Charles had never very positive intentions of agreeing, his interest seemed most consulted by cultivating the friendship of the house of Anjou, and for this reason he held out the most flattering promises to the grandson of King René.

Duke Nicolas appears to have been a brave and accomplished knight; his age was about four-and-twenty, and it was unlikely that he should find himself continually in the society of the young heiress without becoming attached to her; what was even more dangerous, Mary herself might have been really impressed with his good qualities, and, accustomed to consider him as her affianced husband, might have encouraged any regard which she felt for him. Fortunately for her, it does not seem that such was the case; her imagination was rather directed to another aspirant, whom she had never seen, but the fame of whose beauty and spirit had reached her, and her thoughts dwelt with pleasure on his name. Perhaps her father, in mercy to her inexperience, might have communicated to her his true intentions respecting Nicolas; and during his visit to her at Mons, where he remained a month, although he was looked upon as her betrothed, she knew that he, like so many others, was only a tool in her father's hands, to be used as his interests required.

Nevertheless, so far had matters gone, that Mary was directed to give a written promise to the young Duke, who exchanged another with it, and Nicolas accompanied Charles on his invasion of France, and remained with him throughout, regarded by all as his future son-in-law. The following letter to him, dictated of course, was signed by Mary, and is sufficiently plain:

"Since it is the pleasure of my very redoubtable lord and father, according to treaties sealed and con-

cluded between him and you, my cousin, the which you are held to accomplish entirely, since you are in person to return to him, and not to quit him or go out of the country without his consent and wish, and that under no pretext whatever either for yourself or any of your subjects, countries or lordships, you will enter into any peace or truce without the express consent of my lord and father, and that without fraud and treachery you will be always ready to wage war for him, and continue in affection towards him, and that you will be towards him good, loyal, and obedient, and never do him injury or displeasure, nor permit that any shall be offered to him: that on the contrary, you will warn him with all diligence of all that may be hurtful to him, my cousin, I promise that if you live I will never have any husband but you, and I hereby engage to accept you, according to the pleasure of God, as far as I can do so.

"MARIE DE BOURGOGNE."

"*At Mons, 13 June*, 1472."

This promise signed by both parties, the Duke of Calabria departed with Charles, and took part with him in all the scenes of cruelty and bloodshed which followed his entry into Normandy till his return to Artois.

It was then that Charles repented of this promise, and when his thoughts returned to their former channel, which directed them to Austria, he was vexed with himself for having gone so far with the house of Anjou, and had recourse to the arts of his rival Louis, to repair his imprudence. He represented to Nicolas that in order to deceive the Austrian princes it would be better that the promise should be given up, and to all appearance the engagement broken; at the same time each holding himself as much bound as ever to fulfil what had been proposed.

Nicolas was unable to combat the arguments brought forward by Charles to gain this point, and, relying on his honour, delivered the written promise into his hands. Charles now felt himself free again, and commenced his negociations with the Emperor with a cheerful spirit, having his prize always ready to offer to the best bidder.

The young Duke, unconscious of the meditated treachery towards him, continued to cherish his hopes, and expected very shortly to become the husband of her—

"The cynosure of neighbouring eyes."

How his expectations ended will be hereafter seen.

When the Duke of Burgundy had returned from his journey of devastation in France, and began to recover to a certain extent from the fury which had led to such excesses, he turned his attention to other matters. As a great and absorbing hatred seemed now necessary to him, he allowed that which he felt towards Louis to be for awhile suspended, that he might direct all its violence against the Constable de St. Pol, always an object of his dislike, envy, and anger, and rendered the more so of late by his service to Louis, and by the attempt he had made to deceive him in the advice he sent respecting his daughter's marriage.

The haughty and insolent character of St. Pol was such as to have drawn upon him equal dislike amongst all the commanders with whom he served. Both friends and enemies considered him dangerous and treacherous, and his destruction was a work to which none would refuse to lend assistance.

He was looked upon with detestation by the people, in consequence of his having been the chief adviser of the war with Burgundy, and having set an example in the country of burning and massacring, only too well followed by others.

He had now discovered that his own large estates were suffering from the same causes as those which he so little considered in another's case; the troops of Burgundy ravaged his lands, and the undisciplined soldiery of Dammartin, accustomed to plunder, could not be kept in control, and spared nothing in their way. St. Pol loudly complained that he was seriously injured, and demanded a truce from the Duke of Burgundy, in order that his possessions might enter into some sort of repose. Accordingly the wise and faithful counsellor of Charles, the Seigneur d'Himbercourt, met him on the subject, but was received with such extraordinary discourtesy and contempt, that admirably as he endured it, it was an injury not to be forgiven, and, offered to the representative of his master, was considered without excuse.

A truce of five months was, however, agreed upon, because Charles had other views for the time, and did not wish to be diverted by slighter occupations. This truce was to tend towards a peace with France, which was afterwards to be considered.

Louis desired it, and had Charles been aware with how clear a sight his rival regarded his present intentions, which he divined exactly, he would perhaps have paused before he pursued them. The King was by no means sorry that his headlong ambition should lead him into new troubles, which would remove his attention from France, and leave him free to form his own projects on Burgundy, and he foresaw that so far from succeeding he was running at once into the greatest danger; he, therefore, was content to let their present quarrel rest, and bide his time for taking vengeance for the attack on his dominions.

In one thing they were agreed—hatred towards the Count de St. Pol; and Louis only watched his opportunity to crush him at a blow.

Before, however, Charles could begin his negotiations with Austria, he was obliged to settle an affair nearer to him, which had caused a great sensation in Europe by a peculiar character of wickedness, remarkable even at that period.

This was the conduct of the worthless son of Arnould, Duke of Gueldres.

Arnould, reigning Duke of Gueldres, had allied himself in 1456 with the Duke of Saxe against Philippe le Bon: and Catherine de Cleves, his wife, had left him, taking with her her son, young Adolphe. From that period great discord reigned in Gueldres. The people of Nimeguen and others of his subjects were always in open revolt against him, encouraged by his wife and son, supported by the Court of Burgundy. After a cruel war against him and the inhabitants of Ruremonde by his son, at the head of the people of Nimeguen and Varlow, Prince Adolphe received as appanage under the sovereign jurisdiction of his father, the town and lordship of Nimeguen. He could not, however, live there in quiet, and considering that he had reason to be displeased with two old servants of his father, he caused them to be beheaded. Finding he had not force enough to resist any attack on this account he fled for protection to Duke Philippe; then made the voyage of the Holy Land, and even got received as a Knight of St. John of Jerusalem. On his return the Duke of Burgundy welcomed him with great kindness, made him a Knight of his order, and married him to his niece, Catherine de Bourbon, sister of the Countess de Charolois, in 1463.

On this occasion he was reconciled to his father, and the Duchess of Gueldres also made peace with her husband; but a strange scene of treachery and wickedness was preparing in the midst of this apparently happy family reunion.

The town of Grave was the theatre of the most joyous fêtes and entertainments in honour of the time, and nothing but congratulations and pleasure seemed abounding. No suspicion disturbed the mind of the old Duke, whose heart was warmed by the affection professed for him by his wife and son.

He had retired to his chamber, leaving the young people and ladies diverting themselves at a grand ball, when on a sudden he heard a violent knocking at his door.

"My children," he called out, "leave me to sleep in peace; I am too old to dance now."

In a moment the doors were burst open, and a party of men, with their swords drawn, rushed into the room. "You are our prisoner!" they exclaimed.

The old man started up, crying out: "Has anything happened to my son?" for he loved him tenderly, notwithstanding all his ill conduct. At this instant his son entered, and fiercely called upon him to submit. The Duke entreated to have this conduct explained, and only said, "Think, my son, what you are doing."

Those who had thus entered his chamber were emissaries from Nimeguen, to whom the Duchess had ordered that the gates of the hotel and the town should be thrown open.

The Duke, half dressed, was hurried away, placed on a horse, and conducted without ceremony to the Castle of Buren, the only favour he could obtain being that he was not imprisoned amongst his cruel enemies, the people of Nimeguen.

All the country then acknowledged the sway of Duke Adolphe, except Ruremonde, which declared itself neuter between the father and son.

Duke Arnould was confined for six years in a dungeon, into which daylight could scarcely enter. His son was accustomed to visit him here, and to

load him with reproaches and insults: a frightful scene, which has served for a subject to the powerful pencil of Rembrandt.

Then followed a long series of wars and contentions, for almost all the princes of the time were outraged at this cruel conduct, and the Duke of Burgundy could no longer uphold so unnatural a son. He insisted that Duke Arnould should be released from prison, which was done, and he was transferred to Doullens.

Every means was taken to reconcile the parties, but so great was their mutual hate and indignation that nothing succeeded in softening them. On one occasion the injured and outraged father, in the chamber of the Duke of Burgundy and before the assembled council, threw down his glove, as a gage of battle, to his son.

The propositions made to Duke Adolphe were very favourable; but he would not agree that his father should receive any sort of advantage, and cried out in brutal indignation, when it was suggested that Duke Arnould should have the town of Grave and its revenues,

"I would rather throw my father headlong into a well, and myself afterwards, than agree to such conditions."

All he would consent to was, that his father should have a pension of three thousand florins, on condition of never setting foot in his dominions.

The two Dukes, father and son, were still about the person of Charles of Burgundy, during his wars with France, and hitherto he had inclined towards Adolphe, but finding him so resolute in injustice, and so generally condemned, he began to side with Arnould, and to resolve that the question should be settled more in his favour. When the son perceived this, he determined to seek for another arbitrator; and on an occasion when Charles was occupied in his camp,

before Arras, he took the opportunity to leave him, in order to return to Gueldres.

He disguised himself as a Franciscan friar; but on crossing the bridge of Namur, he so far forgot his character as to offer, in payment of the small sum demanded by the bridge-keeper, a golden florin. This at once excited suspicion, and a priest, who was on the bridge at the time, looking attentively at him, recognised him at once. He was immediately arrested, and, by the Duke's orders, confined in the castle of Namur, where he expiated part of his crimes by a long sojourn.

It was soon after the return of Charles from Beauvais that Duke Arnould of Gueldres died, having previously made the Duke of Burgundy the heir of his dominions, disinheriting his unnatural son, who continued a captive at Namur. Little did Charles of Burgundy imagine that this monster and parricide would one day be proposed by a revolted people as the husband of his cherished child, who would with difficulty escape from so dreadful a fate as becoming the wife of the most unworthy prince in Europe!

Before Duke Charles proceeded to take possession of his new inheritance, he thought it right to hold a Chapter of the Order of the Golden Fleece, by which his right should be established. This was done, and it was solemnly concluded that there was no impediment whatever, the will of the late Duke of Gueldres being very precise and conclusive. It was agreed, therefore, that Charles should take possession of the Duchy of Gueldres and the County of Zutphen, and that Duke Adolphe should be, in consideration of his impiety, condemned to perpetual imprisonment.

The people of the country, however, were by no means satisfied with being thus transferred to another sovereign, and resisted the entry into their towns of the

Duke of Burgundy. Nimeguen, in particular, which had always been in revolt against Duke Arnould, and held for his son, made great resistance: Regnier, Sire de Brockhausen, the commander, had under his guardianship the two young princes, sons of the imprisoned Adolphe, and maintained their right to the succession, even though their father was justly disinherited. He dressed the eldest, Charles, who was only eight years of age, in a small suit of armour, with a little cross-bow in his hand, and paraded him, on horseback, all over the town, calling upon the citizens to rally round him.

They sustained a siege for three weeks, during which the Burgundians and the English troops in their pay suffered dreadfully; they were however forced at length to accept the capitulation offered them by the Duke of Cleves, and the keys were, with the usual forms, delivered up to Duke Charles by a body of the citizens, who came, with naked feet, to beg for mercy. The children of Duke Adolphe were given up to him, and he annexed this new possession to his already large dominions.

CHAPTER XIX.

ANOTHER PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.

THE time seemed now propitious for Charles to renew his relations with the Emperor and the house of Austria, and again the hand of Mary was held out as a lure, while her father promised to assist his allies in subduing the troublesome Swiss, whose boldness was still increasing.

To be named King of the Romans was the present object of Charles, and though that dignity interfered with the expectations of Maximilian, son of the Emperor Frederic, still, in case of his becoming his son-in-law, it followed of course that he would inherit all in right of his wife.

Fortune seemed to smile upon him at this time, for it delivered him from an inconvenience which might have considerably embarrassed him. Young Nicolas of Calabria was taken suddenly ill at Nancy, and almost immediately was carried off by death, at the age of twenty-five. The circumstances of his decease seemed to justify the suspicions of poison which were entertained, and the murderer was supposed to be the same as that of the Duke of Guyenne.

Mary of Burgundy had thus in a short space lost two of the candidates for her hand, and the Duke was again at liberty to barter with her at the best market. By the death of Nicolas his possessions passed into the house of Lorraine, and René de Vaudemont was now

the heir, destined to play a considerable part in the tragedy which was preparing.

To get young René into his power was the Duke's first care, for he thought himself a much fitter master for his estates, and meditated adding them to his own, as he had done that of Gueldres so recently.

The character of the Emperor Frederic the Third was a remarkable contrast to that of Charles of Burgundy. He was of a peaceable disposition, averse to pomp and ceremony, and looked upon as the most parsimonious prince in Christendom. At a period when warlike qualities were particularly admired, and stirring events looked for, the placidity and insignificance of his rule excited contempt, and it was said of him, that "in a living body he carried a dead soul."

The Italians, when he passed through Italy, pretended to be surprised that he was alive, for they remarked that he had never proved his existence by any action worthy of note. Numerous caustic observations were afloat respecting him; amongst others it was said, that "if he was a happy prince he did not deserve to be so."

He was very philosophic in his ideas, and was accustomed to say, that "the only remedy for losses which are irreparable is to forget them." Although in many respects he showed himself both wise and witty, yet he gave way to the absurd belief of the age in astrology, and allowed his actions to be regulated by his dreams.

Having now fixed upon a meeting with the Emperor Frederic, in which they were to arrange plans relative to the marriage of Prince Maximilian with Mary, Charles decided on the town of Metz as the place where the interview should take place; but the inhabitants declined the dangerous honour, having before been aware that it was by no means prudent to admit princes struggling for sway within their walls. Menaces and persuasions on his part were equally of no avail:

the stout burghers would only consent to receive the Duke and his immediate suite, but would not harbour his men at arms. To pacify him, however, they filled a large golden cup with florins, and sent it to him as an offering, together with two hundred carriages laden with Rhine wine, a ton of Malvoisie, fifty oxen, four hundred sheep, and a quantity of corn.

Charles had previously said, pointing to his cannon, "I have the keys of your town, but I will not enter save in amity." This speech the citizens did not think well to disregard, and their present was probably its consequence.

It was indeed necessary to provide somewhat largely for the concourse of people in the Duke's train, and mighty was the hunting in the Pays de Luxembourg to supply game for so many. All the towns in his dominions produced their portion of provisions and money; and of Aix-la-Chapelle, which held back, the Duke required a magnificent present of gold and plate. He went to this town to accomplish a vow to Nôtre Dame, and passed several days there, exhibiting all the splendours of his court to the astonished eyes of the Germans, who were accustomed to live with simplicity and even coarseness, and who had no idea of such magnificence.

The chapel above all excited their amazement and admiration. All imaginable riches were spread out in the church of Nôtre Dame on four tables, covered with cloth of gold. The twelve apostles were seen in silver; gilt crucifixes of gold, studded with diamonds, glittered in the eyes of the beholders; and one, containing a piece of the true cross, boasted a diamond two fingers long. The music was of the most imposing description, and the citizens of Aix took every means of showing honour to the Duke, in whose favour they had not of late stood high, owing to his suspicions of

their having taken part against him with the men of Nimeguen.

It was however at Trèves that the interview took place between the Emperor and the Duke, on the 29th of September, 1473. The Duke was at Luxembourg when he heard of the arrival of the Emperor, and the latter came out of the town of Trèves, in order that they might make their solemn entry together.

The Emperor was surrounded by a numerous train of German princes. At the head was the young Duke Maximilian, then aged eighteen, one of the handsomest men of his age, full of grace, spirit, and courage, and suitable, both as to age and good qualities, to be the bridegroom of the beautiful and amiable Mary.

Amongst the most remarkable of his followers was a brother of Mahomet, Emperor of the Turks, who had been made prisoner, and whom Pope Calixtus the Third had converted and baptised under the name of Calixtus Ottoman.

But however numerous and brilliant might be the suite of the Emperor, it was far exceeded by that of the Duke; for, besides a train of knights brilliantly equipped, the half of his army served him as escort, and occupied all the villages round right and left for the space of more than two leagues.

The Duke wore a complete suit of armour, and a mantle covered with gold and diamonds, of the value of more than two hundred thousand ducats.

The Emperor appeared in a long robe of cloth of gold with open sleeves, embroidered with pearls; and his son was in purple embroidered with silver.

Great ceremonies took place on the meeting of the two sovereigns, and together they rode into Trèves, preceded by a hundred young gentlemen, the handsomest that could be found, dressed with all the care of women, with their fair hair floating on their shoulders in rich

curls, and forming altogether a most imposing spectacle to the countless thousands who thronged to behold the entry.

Although the people of the Emperor had made the most strenuous efforts to vie with the Burgundians in splendour, they were eclipsed by the latter, much to their mortification and annoyance, and nothing but jealousy and ill-will ensued from the highest to the lowest; * while the wiser and older amongst the Germans were disgusted with this vain parade and waste of money. "That some may be dressed so richly," said they, "it is plain there must be many left poor."

A splendid throne was erected in the abbey for the Emperor, and Guillaume Hugonet, the chancellor, delivered before him a harangue in Latin, in which there appears to have been more sound than sense.

But, notwithstanding all the mutual honours paid, and the amicable bearing of both parties, there was little real good feeling between them; for the demands of Charles were beyond what the Emperor's policy approved, and his only wish was to evade them. Louis of France had not been idle when he heard of the intended interview, and he had artfully represented to the Emperor, who was of a timid character, that the ambition of Charles would be dangerous to him.

His self-love also was wounded by the comparison between his own grandeur and that of the Duke, so unfavourable to himself. He was aware that he was old, and feeble in mind and body, without glory, without splendour, and that the Duke of Burgundy was in the prime of life, ardent, presumptuous, and illustrious from his numerous victories and great enterprises.

Charles of Burgundy had more the air of a powerful monarch, and Frederic of Austria of an humble vassal.

* Letter of Arnold Delalain.

Amongst his people the feeling was no better; the Germans spoke with envy of the pomp and elegance of the French, and the latter treated their barbarous friends with ridicule and contempt; vowing that it was a sin to lodge them in magnificent chambers filled with rich furniture, of which they so little knew the value that they wiped their *houzeaux* on the coverings of the beds.*

The only thing the Emperor desired was the marriage of his son Maximilian with Mary; but the father of the heiress knew too well the importance of his alliance to accord it too readily; he, nevertheless, appeared to be quite willing to agree to it, and allowed the two young people to do the same.

Accordingly, he despatched a messenger to Ghent, where his daughter then was. When his letter was presented to Mary she was with her mother-in-law and Adolphe of Ravestein, and to the latter she gave it to read: thus was announced to her the promise given for her to Maximilian of Austria. The princess received the tidings with pleasure, for she had long heard of him, and the character and personal appearance of the young prince had been represented to her in the favourable light they really deserved; indeed, it was rare that a person in so high a position possessed so many qualifications to render a wife happy.

The news was soon made public throughout Brabant, Hainault, Holland, and Zealand, and the greatest satisfaction was manifested, for the event was considered the happiest that could happen for the good of the country. Bonfires were everywhere lighted in the towns, and festivals and rejoicings occupied the attention of all. The messenger of this good news was made a hero for the moment, loaded with presents, and distinguished by all the fairest ladies of the court.

Mary appeared at a grand banquet at the Hôtel de

* Commines.

Ville, at Ghent, and the whole country was in a state of transport.

It is not, however, certain that Charles was really in earnest in his professed intention of giving away the prize for which he loved to see rival princes contending. He had, independently of his political motives, an invincible aversion to a son-in-law who he feared might endeavour to control him, and he was accustomed to say to those with whom he was most familiar, "I might as well make a Cordelier of myself at once."

Meantime, in spite of this under-current of bad faith with regard to the projects of the Emperor, nothing but gaiety went on, fêtes and tourneys, balls and feasts occurred every day, and all was prepared for the coronation of the Duke as King of the Romans, that distinction which he so ardently desired. The church of St. Maximin was hung with the most superb tapestries, the altars were covered with gold and jewels, thrones were erected, and nothing was now wanting but the ceremony, which was to take place on a day agreed upon.

That day arrived, and Charles woke in the morning, his mind exulting in the triumph of his approaching dignity, and the happiness of gaining such an advantage over his rival Louis of France—when, what was his disappointment and mortification to learn that, the night before, the Emperor had embarked on board a vessel on the Moselle and was on his way to Cologne, having quitted the scene altogether, and left him amidst his useless preparations!

The surprise and fury of Charles may be easily conceived; he instantly patched up a peace with the Duke of Lorraine, whose dominions he had claimed, and resolved to prosecute his views on Germany, in spite of the Emperor who had thus played with him.

The feelings of the young people who were to be the

chief actors in this drama were considered apparently by both fathers as of little importance, though Maximilian's hopes and expectations had been equally raised with Mary's, to be disappointed. As soon as Maximilian found that the marriage had been agreed on, he said to his father, according to a chronicler of his acts:

"I desire to send my portrait to Mademoiselle Mary, and also to have her resemblance in return, in order that I may know her who is to have my affection, and that my appearance also may be made familiar to her."

When the portrait arrived Mary was at Bruges, and so delighted was she with it, that it is recorded that more than twenty times a day she examined the picture with minute attention. The messenger who brought this precious present was charged to return with a resemblance of the princess, which was taken full-length, and transmitted to her future husband.

Maximilian, when he beheld it, is said to have been equally enraptured, and could not weary himself in regarding the portrait of her to whom he at once dedicated his heart.

Like two lovers in an Eastern story, they seemed at once to have been seized with the magic of love, and to resign themselves to its agreeable dreams, to be shortly interrupted by the usual accidents which attend the most important period of a young life.

At the very moment when the affianced pair were indulging in visions of romance, Charles and the Emperor had quarrelled, and the hand of Mary was offered to another; for the Duke of Burgundy had already taken the route of Nancy, and had begun negociations with old King René of Anjou—who had always been favourable to his plans, even when he appeared to take part with Louis of France—and together they consulted respecting his ambitious plans;

the marriage of the daughter of Charles, according to his wish, being the bribe for his assistance.

The governor whom Charles had sent into the county of Ferette and the domains which he held in pledge of the Archduke Sigismund, was a man hated and looked upon as little better than an evil spirit, so great was his wickedness, cruelty, and immorality.*

This was Pierre de Hagenbach, already mentioned as the most abandoned wretch that ever enjoyed the confidence of an unprincipled master, and who desolated the country and ruined the people by his exactions and extortions. He appeared to delight in blood, and held human life as cheap as if men were merely objects of amusement, to be sacrificed to his humours. His soldiers were worthy of such a chief, and their violences and cruelties knew no bounds towards the peasants and townspeople. He cared no more for Heaven than for earth, and was accustomed to say that, knowing he must in the end become the prey of the devil, he had resolved to deny himself nothing that he desired in this world. The tales that are told of him are revolting in the extreme; he seemed to unite in his own person all the acts of tyranny that have ever been related of similar wretches in all ages.

"Princes," he used to say, "must govern, and not tailors and shoemakers;" and agreeably to this text he deprived the people of their privileges wherever his jurisdiction extended. All along the banks of the Rhine, in Alsace, in Strasburg, and Basle, his name was held in detestation and terror; but his master Charles was content with his government, and refused to listen to any remonstrances against his conduct.

It followed that Pierre de Hagenbach was the cause of discord ceasing between the nobles and the commons, for they found it necessary to unite in order to

* Muller.

resist his oppressions; and all interests were soon joined to overcome so terrible an infliction as his government. The insane conduct of this man prepared for his master those terrible reverses which overtook him; for it was he who offended the Swiss, by seizing their merchants and taking possession of their goods; and this brought down the vengeance of that contemned nation on the Duke of Burgundy.

Hagenbach had met the Emperor at Bâle, when he came towards Trèves, accompanied by eighty men-at-arms, wearing his uniform of grey and white, and bearing his badge of a die, and the words "*Je passe*"—to express his intention of awaiting a favourable chance.

The Swiss and Alsacians saw with affright that he was well received by the Emperor, and his saying was repeated amongst them with various comments: "We must," said he, "skin the bear of Berne to make ourselves fur coats." He accompanied the Emperor to Trèves, never quitting him, and was present at the interview between the sovereigns. Charles saw in him only a valiant and daring soldier suited to his purposes, and looked no farther.

After the Emperor's abrupt departure Charles gave the command of a thousand cavaliers and two thousand Lombards, supplied him by Jean, Duke of Calabria, to this terrible captain; and this devastating army accompanied Duke Charles across Lorraine, all the peasants flying before them, and taking refuge with the Swiss League. He continued his march through the country towards Dijon, which city he was now visiting for the first time, and where he was received with extraordinary honours by his subjects.

The great object of Charles was to obtain for himself an overwhelming army with which to defy the power of Germany; and, rash and violent in all he did, he refused to look back or weigh consequences when

a favourite idea had entered his mind. In this mood he neglected all precautions against the subtle enemy he had left behind him in France, and accepted that aid from Italy which proved his ruin. The traitor Campo Basso, secretly in the pay of Louis, was admitted to his service, and his fate was sealed.

At this juncture an alliance the most unexpected took place between the Swiss and Duke Sigismund of Austria; and the violences of Hagenbach continuing —for on his departure from Dijon Charles had left him with full powers—open war was declared, and hostilities commenced. Hagenbach at length fell into the power of the Swiss, who executed him, without regard to the certain fury of the Duke, thus delivering Europe from one of its greatest scourges; but the rage of Charles was so great on hearing this, that he resolved to keep no measures with his Swiss enemies, and he kept his word.

The strength of his powerful army had lately been increased by the admission amongst them of bands of *condottieri* from Lombardy, mercenaries who served whoever paid them best; and Charles, mistrusting those about him, considered himself altogether safe by surrounding himself with these troops, under the command of the Count de Campo Basso and the Seigneur Galeotto, who both were considered amongst the best captains of the day. They were richly paid, as well as their bands, which they recruited from all the adventurers that arrived from Italy. Charles placed his entire confidence in these troops, and thus the designs of Louis of France were precisely in the train he required.

Louis had been of late busied in ridding himself of several troublesome enemies, and had succeeded beyond his expectations: the Count of Armagnac had been despatched by treachery, and his wife murdered by his emissaries; the Duke d'Alençon was awaiting his trial

in prison; and the marriage of his daughters Anne and Jane to the Sire de Beaujeu, Prince of Bourbon, and Louis, Duke of Orleans, had secured these princes to his service. He had now only to destroy the Constable, and he saw the road clear before him, for he perceived that Charles was running himself into the net he had laid for him.

The capture and execution of Hagenbach was a source of great exultation to the Swiss: the wretched man suffered during his imprisonment all the horrors of fear, knowing how much reason his enemies had for revenge. When from his dungeon he heard the sound of feet crossing the bridge, beside which was his tower of captivity, he asked his jailor, with shuddering anxiety, who were the arrivals. Sometimes the jailor would answer, "They are strangers whom I do not know." On which Hagenbach would inquire, "Are they men very ill clothed, tall and strong-looking, mounted on horses with short ears?" On hearing that his description was correct, he exclaimed with horror, "Ah! they are the Swiss; God have pity upon me!" He died, however, boldly, as he had lived, and his last speech on the scaffold was worthy of a better man.

"I have no fear of death," said he, "although I did not expect to have met it thus, but with arms in my hand; what I regret is the blood which this of mine will cause to be shed. My master will not let this day pass away without taking vengeance for it. I regret neither my life nor my body, but I supplicate God to pardon me for having merited so cruel a sentence, and even one far more so. You all, also, of whom I have been the governor for four years, pardon what I have done through defect of judgment or from malice. I was but a man—pray for me."

He then begged of Duke Sigismund that his will

might be executed, having left to the church of Brisach his chain of gold and his sixteen horses; he then made a short confession, laid his head on the block, and received the final blow.

CHAPTER XX.

CONCILIATION.

The unconcealed ambition of the Duke of Burgundy began to create great murmurs; everywhere it was asked, Where would be the bounds of his ambition and his pride?* Already his dominions were widely extended, and were every day increasing. It was expected that King René would in the end make him his heir, as the Duke of Gueldres had done, and if he succeeded in

* The Chronicler Jean Molinet in his account of the "réfulgente maison du Seigneur et Duc de Bourgogne" has this striking passage in reference to the indomitable will and love of splendour of the unfortunate Charles; some of the old words he uses are singularly expressive:

"Le Duc en rien ne changea, ne oncques se *desrocha* de son haultain vouloir, et toujours persista en son magnanime courage. L'approchement de l'imperial arroy, ensemble l'estombissement et resveil de ses armes le rejouissoient assez; et ne s'espouvantait non plus que faict la dame des nopces qui oyt le bruit des ménestriers, et sent approcher son époux le jour de sa feste.

"Oh très-puissant Duc, vertueux cœur léonique, valeur scipionique, bras herculien, poing macédonien, corps acéré, quasi impossible, à qui rien ne semble impossible, aura tu toujours l'espée au poign Dextre? Tu resveilles Europe, tu perturbes Allmagne, et espouvantes lès nations *ripoteuses*: tu as en tes jeunes ans, étant simple Comte de Charolois, pénétré France, fiché ton estandard au milieu de son ventre, et obtenu champ de bataille contre le plus grand roi des Chrestiens. Toi, maintenant, redoubté Duc, quel n'aime ne roi ne duc, comment pourra tu évader de cest impétueux deluge! auras tu hardement d'envahir le plus grand du monde? l'heritier du mondain fabriquant; l'image du céleste *gubernateur*, le seul impérateur du genre humain, soubs qui ploie et incline toute force terrienne. Toute Germanie, son germe et sa maisnie se présente devant tes yeux: elle appelle en aide le ciel, la terre, le feu et l'eau: et lui semble bien que tu seras *bersail* à ses *sagettes*. Mitigue ton ardent desir, refrène ton hault emprendre, déprime ta haulte prétente; couvertis ton glaive en instrument de

becoming King of the Romans his power would extend from Milan to the sea, as well as being supreme in Provence to the Mediterranean, and that the whole course of the Rhine would be under his jurisdiction. The Swiss had reason to dread the extension of his sway on their side, for they knew his violent and determined character, and his grasping desire to seize all the countries bordering on his own. They resolved, therefore, to remain firm and allow of no innovation whatever; and, by keeping on terms of friendship with the Emperor and the King of France, they considered their safety the most consulted.

When Charles heard of the amicable adjustment which had been accomplished between the Swiss and his enemies, and of the general odium into which he had fallen, he was as much surprised as enraged; but he found it necessary to dissimulate his real sentiments, and to profess his willingness to redress any wrongs which the Swiss had suffered without his knowledge. In that spirit of deception which characterised the rulers of the time and directed all negotiations, he thus wrote to the people whom he held in contempt, and whom he only sought an opportunity to overcome:—

"Little does it become an old friend to abandon one who would never do anything severe except he is actually driven to it, and you are indeed wrong to conclude a forced alliance with your real enemies. Call to mind the fate of those brave men whom King Louis sacrificed before Bâle on the banks of the Birse.

labeur, ta lance en racine d' olivier, et tourne le timon de la guerre arrière du train de paix.

"Il est escript: qui se délecte au péril, au péril se périt. Chemine doncques avec ton bienheureux père en l' ombre de concorde, content de ton propre, sans aspirer aux sommières dignités, et tu seras logé avec lui au glorieux trosne d' honneur.

"Ton père, qui Dieu absolve! estait bien aimé pour débonnaireté, et tu es bien servi pour estre redoubté."—*Chroniques*, 1474—1506.

Remember how long you have carried on free commerce in all the states of Burgundy. You know, and none is ignorant of the fact, that I hold valour to be the first of human virtues; and as you have well merited the title of the bravest people in Christendom, you may believe that I look upon you with more respect and esteem than on all other communities or princes."

But when he wrote thus, he was not aware that justice had been done on his Governor, Hagenbach; and as soon as he did know it his fury broke forth without control, and, regardless of the dangers he was bringing on himself, he at once gave to Etienne, the brother of Hagenbach, full powers to take revenge, and to pursue his design of becoming master of the whole borders of the Rhine.

All these events served the purposes of Louis, who watched carefully for everything that could strengthen himself and throw difficulties in the way of his rival. His first care was to draw closer to the Swiss, and to undermine Charles with René of Lorraine, who he found little difficulty in convincing was placing his estates in jeopardy by remaining friendly with a prince who wished to appropriate all within his reach, and who would probably persuade King René to make him his heir.

By degrees Charles found that his influence was becoming weaker everywhere, and that the Emperor was nearly as much his enemy as the King of France. Louis was at times strongly tempted to break the truce which now existed between them, and it was chiefly owing to the counsels of De Commines, in whom he now greatly trusted, that he did not do so.

"Let Charles," said that acute observer, "thrust himself into quarrels with these Germans, who are much more powerful than he believes them to be;—no sooner has he got rid of one dispute than he runs headlong into another, for he is never satisfied with enterprises;

the more he is in confusion the more he confuses himself. In order to injure him the best way is to leave him to his own devices. Do not talk of breaking the truce; rather appear to assist him if necessary. He will exhaust and ruin himself striving against Germany; for though the Emperor himself has but little mind or spirit, the rest of the princes will manage to keep him employed."

The truce was accordingly continued, and each prince left to his own plans to injure the other at more leisure. The Duke was conducting a renewed alliance with England, while Louis, to keep him in check, negotiated with the Constable, whom he had been on the point of abandoning, and whose fate was only delayed till circumstances made it easier to accomplish; therefore, as he was at that very moment in communication with Charles in order to betray Saint Pol, he sent word to the Chancellor of Burgundy, and the Sire d'Himbercourt, to stop proceedings for the present.

When his letters were received the affair was, in fact, terminated, as far as the agreement between the two princes against the Constable was concerned. Seals had been placed by both ambassadors, and it was settled that whichever of their masters could lay hands on Saint Pol should execute justice on the traitor, who for a series of years had been betraying both without scruple. He had been already proclaimed by sound of trumpet the enemy of both, as well as all those who aided and abetted him.

All this was necessarily now annulled, and a different face was to be put on things. In fact, the King sought and obtained an interview with the Constable, on which occasion the one swore loyalty and the other friendship with the customary sincerity of each.

The King was himself ashamed of the part he had

taken, and acknowledged it to his intimate friends, while the Constable replied to the reproaches of his supposed friend of Burgundy that what he had done was merely to get an opportunity of "seizing the King by the collar and killing him by some means or other; after which he designed to take the Queen and the Dauphin and send them into exile, and to hold the towns which had been wrested from himself in charge till the Duke's interest was secured."

As for the peaceable and amiable troubadour, King René, he saw himself by little and little despoiled of all his possessions by Louis without murmuring, and retired to his county of Provence to cultivate the arts and forget the troubles of his state, leaving the contentions of Europe to others, while he painted and wrote his "Treatise on Tournaments," and illuminated the beautiful books which still remain memorials of his talent and taste.

Louis was busied with making ravages in the country of Roussillon in consequence of disputes with Spain, to certain parts of which he laid claim in right of his mother, and had despatched, to do his business there, one of his chief favourites, the Sire du Lude, who was laying waste the country wherever he appeared.

Jean de Daillon, Seigneur du Lude, had been brought up with Louis from an early age, and was one of those in whose society he took particular pleasure, making him the companion of his amusements and the confidant of his numerous secrets. He had given him high offices and conferred on him the command of his army in Roussillon after the death of the Marshall de Comminges, in whom he had great trust, but whom he always kept at a distance from his court, because he liked better to be well served than to be advised by his old servants. Du Lude understood his humours, and conformed to them, being naturally extremely similar

in his habits and ideas to his master, who treated him with even more than his usual familiarity. He was accustomed to boast that there was no one whom he scrupled to deceive and cajole, and the King and he used to compare notes and delight each other in the recitation of the tricks they accomplished.

Louis gave him the surname of Cunning John, and often wrote to him—"Keep up your character of Cunning John, and I will sustain mine of Subtle Louis." Both, however, cunning as they were, were occasionally the dupe of others, for the encouragement of wit with a view to deceive was the genius of the day.

While the King was thus occupied, and had shut his eyes to the machinations of his enemy of Burgundy, Charles had arranged with Edward of England to make a descent on France; while, at the same time, the treacherous Constable offered his assistance, the Duke of Brittany urged the attempt, and the Duchess of Savoy declared her willingness to afford all the service in her power. It was represented to the English that France was in a state of great commotion, Louis very unpopular, and everything offering an easy conquest of the kingdom.

The Duke, confident in his power and strength, on occasion of an interview with the English ambassadors proudly declared that in his fine artillery he possessed the keys of all the towns in France. While he was thus boasting, he observed his jester busily engaged in searching on the floor of his tent, as if he had lost something.

"What are you looking for there, Le Glorieux?" asked he.

"Oh," replied the jester, "I am trying to find the keys of Beauvais, which I have looked for in vain."

It was finally settled that Edward should come to

France with ten thousand fighting men, in order to recover his possessions in Guyenne and Normandy and the rest of France, and that numerous provinces and towns should be granted to the Duke on condition of his affording him every assistance against Louis. A war with France was very popular in England, and Edward soon found supplies beyond his expectations. While this expedition was preparing, the Duke amused himself with pursuing his quarrels in Germany, and it was in the bishopric of Cologne that he directed his attack on the small but strong town of Neuss. The taking of this town, on the safety of which Cologne itself depended, was of immense importance, and every effort was made to defend it; consequently, at the first outset, the Duke found a most determined resistance, and the miser Emperor, being roused to action by the representation of his princes, sent a large army against him, supported by numerous troops and money from King Louis.

Charles bent all his energies to overcome the obstinate resistance of this town, fearing to fail as he had done at Beauvais, and anxious to perform some striking feat to appal the Germans and be ready for the arrival of the English to fall upon the French.

Meantime Higher Alsace was in the power of the brother of the infamous Hagenbach, who was proving himself worthy to undertake his revenge, and was slaying and pillaging without mercy, unchecked by any commands and withheld by no touch of mercy. This was amongst the most impolitic of the acts of Charles, as the Swiss were unwilling to trust their old enemy, the Austrians, and would have listened to negotiations with Burgundy but for this. The adroit persuasions of Louis decided them to agree to accommodation with Duke Sigismund and a declaration of hostility against Charles.

The battle of Héricourt followed their first movement, where the Burgundians sustained a total defeat; during which time Charles was still before Neuss with an immense force, having persisted in the siege for more than six weeks. The town was nearly reduced to extremity, when the long-delayed army of the Emperor, consisting of sixty thousand men, arrived at Andernach, between Coblenz and Cologne, and Charles saw that he was now placed in a position of extreme difficulty. The news of the fatal battle of Héricourt, instead of diminishing his resolution, only urged him the more to persevere in reducing this obstinate town; and, rejecting all mediation from the King of Denmark, who attempted it, and from the Pope, who strove to accommodate his difference with the Archbishop of Cologne, the siege of Neuss was continued. At this moment arrived a herald from René of Lorraine, declaring open war, and throwing down a bloody gauntlet in the face of his whole army, to show that all amicable alliance between them was at an end.

The Emperor, meanwhile, who had a horror of war, kept his large army quiet without advancing to the succour of the besieged town, hoping always to be able to withdraw without coming to open warfare. Louis, observing this, dispatched ambassadors to propose to him that they should form an alliance and divide the dominions of the Duke between them. To this, Frederick replied by a fable, in a style well understood by the King, and which showed that however quiet and peaceable he was, his mind was capable of understanding and prudence. He recommended Louis "not to make a bargain for the skin of the bear before he had taken him."

Frederick was desirous also not to lose all opportunity of the alliance he sought so much with Burgundy, and the hand of Mary for his son Maximilian was still the

chief object of his anxiety; but Charles was so resolute to reduce Neuss that, in spite of every consideration, though his own dominions were being invaded and the Swiss were continually successful—though his interests with the Emperor were suffering—and though he heard that Edward of England was ready for his attack, he still continued the siege of a wretched town of no consequence to him, and which he could not take. His furious obstinacy on this occasion seemed quite a fatality, and was evidently hastening on his fate.

Meanwhile the Rhine was covered with advancing succours—the Emperor's army increased daily—all the princes of Germany hurried to his banner—and at length a hundred thousand men were encamped opposite the little town which occupied so much attention.

Louis now saw that a propitious time was come for him to declare war, since the Duke, in his pride and arrogance, had refused to renew the truce now expired, and accordingly he began to attack the towns of Burgundy without reserve, hoping to bring the Duke to reason before the descent of the English, of whose intentions he was well aware.

All this time the Constable was betraying the three contending princes to each other every day; but at length he was himself seized with a panic, knowing that his practices could not be long concealed; and, now that he dreaded relying on either, his only hope was to see them attack and ruin each other, so that he might save himself in the *mêlée*.

At length the two powerful armies came to an attack, which was extremely violent, and sustained with great spirit on both sides. The advantage remained with the Duke, and was some consolation to his pride; but in the extraordinary confusion which succeeded, the resolute little town of Neuss gained all that could be

desired—the garrison made a *sortie,* took possession of several barges laden with provisions, and returned triumphantly within their walls, prepared to sustain a prolongation of the siege.

After this vexatious event, the Duke, pressed on all sides, attacked and threatened, found nothing left but to depart; but he could not endure the humiliation of setting out the first. The Emperor, with whom he had conferred, and who had anew received his promise of his daughter's hand, made no difficulty in making the first move, and, after ten months' useless striving, and setting all Europe in commotion, the two armies dissolved away, and the Rhine once more rolled its tranquil flood undisturbed towards the sea.

But the tide of Charles's fortune was at its ebb, and his future efforts were vainly directed to bring him back to prosperity: a whirlpool of ruin was awaiting to overwhelm his hitherto successful vessel, and all his future course but led him to destruction.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE ENGLISH LAND IN FRANCE.

THE Constable had, for his own ends, been deceiving Louis respecting the landing of the English, representing that the expedition was yet far off, and making it appear also that the affairs of the Duke of Burgundy were very different from the truth; but, in the meantime, Philip de Comines had a female friend in the Burgundian court, who sent him frequent and correct information, and he was thus enabled to act upon more sure grounds.

Louis did not wait for the landing of the English to attack the Duke of Burgundy, and at the very first onset got the better, sweeping the country with fire and sword in the most approved fashion of the time.

At length the magnificent army of Edward of England landed in France: if Louis had had any sufficient naval force, this event would have been impossible; but he was quite unprovided in this particular, and fifteen hundred men-at-arms, well mounted, disembarked from their flat-bottomed Dutch boats, provided by the Duke of Burgundy, at Calais.

Three thousand men also landed at the same time in Brittany, and a herald was sent to Louis with a mortal defiance.

When Garter King-at-Arms, despatched from Dover, presented himself with this message, he was received with great coolness by the King, who took him at once

into his private cabinet and had a long conversation with him, in which he set forth the bad policy of his master in seeking a quarrel with him—the better plan of being his ally, and giving up the Duke of Burgundy; and many other artful and adroit remarks, which had their due effect upon the messenger, who departed, pleased with his reception, and reflecting on the words he had listened to from this wise monarch—so different in his temper from the unreasonable and obstinate Charles of Burgundy.

The promise of three thousand gold crowns, of which a thousand were pressed upon him as earnest of the King's friendship, in case of his representing things to his master in a way to avert this dangerous war, had a still more powerful effect on the herald.

I must "say nothing," said he to the King, as the latter took a courteous leave of him, "to King Edward till he has passed the seas; but I do not believe him to be violently inclined for war, and, if it could be averted, I should rejoice. Meantime, I recommend that you send a herald to demand a safe conduct for ambassadors; apply to Lord Howard, Lord Stanley, and myself, and we will see what can be done."

When Louis re-entered his court with the herald, every one was anxious to judge by his countenance what had passed, and were astonished to hear him say to De Commines, "Monsieur d'Argenton, you will be kind enough to see that thirty ells of crimson velvet are measured, to be presented to the English herald." After which, he whispered to his friend, "I have managed him entirely; take him with you, use him well, and see that no one gets hold of him till he departs."

De Commines carried off the herald as he was desired, and Louis began to jest and laugh with those about him, in the highest possible spirits; reading the letter

of defiance and treating it almost as a joke, to the great amazement of all who witnessed his conduct.

Louis had rightly judged that the disappointment of Edward would be great; when, instead of finding on his landing, the army of the Duke of Burgundy, at least equal to his own, waiting to receive him, having already harassed the King's troops and thrown France into disorder, he looked in vain for the welcome and assistance, without which he would never have crossed the Channel.

He saw with indignation that there was no more preparation made for his arrival than if he had not been expected: his people were unprepared for being thus left to provide for themselves; they were unaccustomed to the living, the habits, in fact, to all they met with; found privations of all sorts, instead of the feasts and plenty they had been led to expect, and were altogether discontented. Their chiefs were no less so, for they had depended entirely on being guided by the Duke and his nobles in their communications with the French, and with the different foreigners they were to fight with and against.

The Duchess of Burgundy hastened as quickly as possible to see her brother; but the Duke did not arrive till nine days afterwards, and when he did it was alone, for his losses of not less than sixteen thousand men before Neuss left him poorly provided, and he preferred appearing before the English without an army, rather than betray into what straits he had fallen.

With his usual vacillation, also, he had allowed his desire to see France invaded, cool; the present object of his resentment occupied all his thoughts, and that was a wish to avenge himself on René de Lorraine, who had defied him.

The conquest of France, which a few months past had appeared to him not only desirable but easy, was

now looked upon with indifference; and the greater advantage to himself of revenge on the Swiss, who had executed his officer, Hagenbach, and taken his frontier towns, and on René de Lorraine, who had dared to withstand him, he considered of paramount importance.

He represented to Edward that it would be better for them both that the two armies should not join, as at first proposed, but act independently, both attacking France from different quarters, and, after having done as much mischief to the country as possible, to let their rendezvous be at Rheims, when Edward should be crowned king.

These propositions were relished neither by the King of England nor his followers, who were disgusted at what appeared want of faith, and contempt; for Charles, after having made Edward wait for him a week, now spoke of returning as he came, without bringing, or even promising, support in a war which he had himself urged. Charles found himself obliged, for the sake of appearances, in spite of his impatience, to accompany King Edward as far as Péronne, and on the way, he held out the greatest hopes of powerful assistance from the Constable.

St. Pol meantime was much perplexed; he had so deeply deceived all parties, that his courage forsook him at the moment when it became necessary to decide which he would declare for. Finally, he resolved boldly to promise all that was expected, both to England and to Burgundy; and King Edward continued his route, trusting entirely in his allies.

Edward had every reason to feel discontented with the Duke of Burgundy, whose impatience to quit him could not be concealed, and who showed such mistrust of the English that every night he refused to allow them, under some pretext or other, to enter the towns —entering himself, and causing the gates to be shut

on them, while they were obliged to camp without the walls. He merely made a semblance of attention, by visiting the King in the farms where he was forced to take up his temporary abode.

The delivery of the important town of St. Quentin by the Constable to the English was the chief object of their desire; and this was an act, which, by every subterfuge, he had been warding off as long as possible, all the time professing his readiness to do so as soon as the proper time was come.

The English and the Duke, therefore, having arrived in the neighbourhood, proceeded to the town without any warlike demonstrations, expecting that the inhabitants would come out to welcome and receive them, in procession, with banners flying and the cross carried in token of amity. Great was their amazement, then, when no sooner had they approached the walls, than the artillery began to play upon them, and they saw the armed garrison issuing out to attack and pursue them. A heavy rain fell: the English were obliged to return to their camp, with the loss of several men, and sought their tents in no very agreeable humour.

It was evident that the Constable was a traitor to them, and they looked on the Duke as no better. The generous and confiding but irritable character of the English nation now showed itself without reserve, and the whole army gave way to anger and contempt, considering that they were treated in a most unworthy manner, and betrayed by those in whom they had altogether trusted.

In the first moments of this general indignation, the Lords Howard and Stanley resolved to send a message to Louis of France, which they contrived to do through a prisoner, the first whom they had taken. When this man arrived in the presence of the King, he was suspected of being a spy, and imprisoned; but

Louis, always ready to take advantage of circumstances, took a strange resolution, in order to discover if the English were really inclined to be favourable to him, or not. He consulted with De Commines, and together they dressed up a servant, whom the King had fixed on as an acute personage, in the habit of a herald, and despatched him to the English camp.*

He arrived at the moment when the haughty Duke of Burgundy, regardless of the offence he was giving, was just about to depart on his own business, and acquitted himself so well that he was not suspected. He repeated all that he had been instructed to say of the friendly disposition of the King of France, and his wish to avoid a war, and proposed a safe conduct to be granted for ambassadors, to carry on any negotiations which might be desired between the two princes.

Edward immediately called a council, and made known the proposals of the King; he had had the wise precaution of bringing in his train several citizens of London, in order that they might be witnesses of all that occurred, and report the proceedings to the people of England, who wished for a war with France. These good people were little accustomed to hardship, and had found it extremely irksome to be thrown and shifted about as it had been their fortune to be since they set out with this warlike expedition. All their golden dreams of easy conquest and certain gain had been dispersed, and no persons wished more to see the end of such an uncomfortable state of things. They heard, therefore, the statement of King Edward with great satisfaction, and gave their unqualified approval that negotiations should be entered into.

There was, however, a war party in the camp, which by no means approved of abandoning the glory they

* Sir Walter Scott has used and altered this incident to suit the purpose of his story of Quentin Durward.

had anticipated. The chief of these was Richard, Duke of Gloucester, who saw with extreme vexation and mortification that the hopes of successful plunder and enormous gain were to be at once dissipated.

The peaceable votes, however, gained the day, and the supposed herald was dismissed with a cupful of gold angels; the safe conduct was granted, and he returned, accompanied by an English herald, who was to bring back a similar safe conduct to his master.

Louis was highly delighted with the success of his scheme, and rewarded the improvised herald, Mérindot, very handsomely, giving him an office in his native place, the Isle de Rhé, and a large sum of money.

A meeting of ambassadors soon after took place at Amiens, when the following somewhat singular terms were proposed by the English:—

"That a sum of seventy-five thousand crowns should be paid to them, to induce them to leave the kingdom as they had come. That a marriage should be decided on between the Dauphin and the eldest daughter of the King of England, who should receive, in nine years, a pension of sixty thousand crowns, payable on the tower of London, and *assise sur* the revenues of Guyenne. That after these nine years were passed, the princess should come to France and join her husband."

Besides this the English, according to their custom, made several demands in favour of their merchants; and, to conclude, an offer was made to disclose to the King of France which of his servants had betrayed him, and to prove the same by certain documents possessed by them.

These terms were thought so singularly moderate and advantageous to France, that at first it was thought a mere *ruse* on the part of Edward; but Louis judged more correctly, being an acute observer of men and things; knowing, too, the usual good faith of the English and the character of the King, whose fondness

for his pleasures far outweighed his desire of conquest. He was aware, also, that there was much irritation against Burgundy, and a general wish to return to England, before bad weather coming on might bring sickness in its train.

"All they want," said Louis, "is money to carry them well home, and that I must get without a moment's delay; for nothing is so important to me as to remove such dangerous visitors from the country, of whom we had enough in the lifetime of the king my father. I would not give them up one town or one acre of land as long as I have breath, but money they shall have as long as Paris can supply me, which it must forthwith do."

Louis well knew his own unpopularity in France, and the plots and treasons always going on against him; and he knew that should he enter into war, and meet with the slightest reverse, his people would at once declare against him. He was, therefore, extremely pleased at the turn things had taken; for he had those to deal with on whose agreements and promises he could rely, and he felt that to procure their absence was the most advantageous thing he could devise.

The Constable and the Duke, meantime, seemed to be lulling themselves into fancied security, imagining that they could betray, and deceive, and choose, as their interests suggested; and though they knew some negotiations were going on between Edward and Louis, they were far from imagining that things had gone such lengths.

Louis delighted in unexpected events, and was always pleased at getting up a farcical scene. The opportunity now presented itself of one altogether suited to his humour, and it furnished no little amusement to those who derived advantage from it, at the same time that it covered others with shame and confusion.

The Constable, who was at St. Quentin, sent to

Louis, when he heard of his negotiations with England, the Sire de Sainville, and Master Jean Richer, his secretary. There was at this time a prisoner taken at Arras, the Sire de Contai, whom the King employed to go and come between him and the Duke of Burgundy, in order to endeavour to obtain an accommodation between them. He had promised this gentleman to forgive him his ransom; and to reward him largely besides, if he could arrange some good understanding.

M. d'Argenton (Commines), and M. de Bouchage, to whom Louis addressed the envoys of the Constable, reported to the King that they were charged to offer means of peace at the expense of the Duke of Burgundy.

The King immediately imagined an amusing scene, which should answer all the purposes he desired.

In his chamber there was a large screen. He sent for M. de Contai, and proposed to him to conceal himself behind this while he received the envoys of the Constable. "And you will then hear," said he, "how much the Constable and his people tender the interests of our brother of Burgundy. Keep yourself quite still in this concealment. M. d'Argenton shall bear you company."

The envoys were accordingly introduced by M. de Bouchage, the King seating himself on a stool close against the screen.

The Sire de Sainville forthwith began to relate to Louis his late expedition to the Duke, by his master the Constable's orders.

"I went," said he, "to remonstrate with him on his alliance with the English, and to try to turn him from it. But, by my faith, there was no need to strive much to this end, for I found him in a state of fury against them—that he was as much disposed as possible not only to break with them, but to fall upon them on their retreat."

The King laughed at this, and the Sire de Sainville, the more to amuse him, began to imitate the manner of the Duke, stamping with his foot, striking blows on the table with his hand, repeating the Duke's own words, and using his usual oaths.

"By St. George! this King of England is nothing —the son of the archer Blackburn. I saw him arrive in my dominions without a denier to help himself. It was by my assistance that he recovered his kingdom; and now he abandons me, betrays his word, and treats with the King of France."

The Sire de Sainville, seeing the pleasure this representation gave the King, exaggerated it as much as possible, and made the performance as comic as he could.

The King was in convulsions of laughter. "Speak louder," cried he; "speak louder. I am growing old, and am somewhat deaf."

The successful actor willingly repeated what gave so much satisfaction, and one seemed quite as well content as the other.

The more serious part of his message was then discussed, and Louis was told that the Constable advised a truce, as the best way of avoiding the perils which threatened, and that he would aid him in every way. Knowing the English well, he could turn them as he pleased, and he was sure that Edward would be content with two or three little towns, however insignificant they might be.

The King was convinced by this that the Constable had already been tampering with the English, and would probably advise them to insist on more than the original demand. He therefore dismissed the ambassadors, and the conference ended with the Sire de Sainville's professing his own willingness to serve the King, and to reveal to him all he could find out.

As soon as they had departed, the King called forth the hidden witnesses of this scene, his mirth becoming more and more violent; while the Sire de Contai was overwhelmed with vexation to find the way in which his master was considered, and hastened to take horse and report the whole to Charles of Burgundy.

The Constable's treachery to all parties continued actively, but Edward, whom he tried to propitiate and advise, had no faith in him, and Louis knew him well. The latter redoubled his attentions and civilities to the English; he loaded them with rich presents and pensions, sent tuns of wine to Edward, the choicest in his kingdom, and supplied him and his whole army with necessaries of which they were positively in want. The good understanding was thoroughly established, and nothing now remained but to sign the treaty, for which a day and place were fixed.

When Charles of Burgundy heard this he was seized with rage and vexation, and hastened from Valenciennes, where he was staying, to remonstrate with Edward, and endeavour to make him abandon a design which would ruin his projects.

He arrived at King Edward's camp accompanied only by sixteen horsemen, and hurriedly entered his apartment, with a countenance inflamed with anger; he was received with great coolness by Edward, who begged to know the reason of his sudden return.

"I come to have some speech with you," said Charles.

"Do you mean in public or in private?" asked Edward, without disturbing himself.

"Is it true," cried the Duke, "that you have made peace?"

"Yes, my brother," answered Edward; "I have made a truce for seven years, in which you are included, if such is your wish, as well as the Duke of Brittany."

"Oh!" burst forth Charles, in a transport of fury, speaking in English, "by St. George, by Our Lady, by the Lord our Creator, you have signed your own dishonour. What! will you re-cross the seas without breaking a single lance; without having killed a fly? Have you, then, forgotten that brave King Edward, your ancestor, who never made a descent on this kingdom, with a less army than yours, but he gained some signal victory, such as Cressy or Poictiers?—or the glorious Henry, your illustrious relative as well as mine, whose race you have extinguished, whose son you have killed, God knows how—had he half the number of men you have when he won the great day of Agincourt? Did he think of returning to England till he had made himself master of the kingdom, which submitted to him as regent and heir of the crown?

"And you—you are content to return without having done anything, or gained anything. You fall at once into the trap of the King of France, and accept a peace which is not worth a pea-shell to you.

"It is your honour, your renown, your profit, I am advocating. What is it to me? Did I advise you to come here for my interest? Did I require your help? I was well enough able to defend my own quarrel, as I have sufficiently proved.

"As for the treaty, in which I am included without my own consent, I will have nothing to do with it; and, moreover, I will not consent, and this I swear, to any treaty with the King of France, till you shall have left the country three months."

So saying, the Duke started up, throwing down the chair on which he had been seated.

"Brother," replied Edward, with the utmost *sang-froid*, "I have patiently listened to you, and you will please now to attend to what I have to say. No one knows the reasons of my coming to this kingdom so

well as you, but since you seem to wish to forget them, I can recall them to your memory.

"King Louis had possessed himself of your good town of Amiens, the city of St. Quentin, and other places, which caused you considerable disquiet. Notwithstanding all your efforts, you could not gain them back. Besides this, the King had seduced from your service some of your chief confidants, and was thus the depositary of your secrets. It was then, that, having views on Germany, you were fearful of losing your old estates while you were seeking for new; and, in order to keep King Louis in check, who would not fail to take advantage of your absence, it came into your mind to send for me, in order to annoy him, and to keep Flanders and Artois for you, while you were engaged before Neuss, or some other German town.

"You made me, it must be confessed, fine promises; according to them I had only to cross the seas to gain mountains of gold. You would meet me, so you professed, with whole armies of men-at-arms, and foot-soldiers. All this has melted away like snow before the sun; and on arriving in your country, I find you a ruined man, so that you had not even a page to accompany you.

"We undertook this war solely to aid your projects; but since, not from your cowardice, but your madness, you cannot now prosecute them, what have we to do here?

"There is no question in this affair of our honour, or that of our kingdom. Most assuredly, if we were about to fight for the interests of England, we should have acted very differently, and not have asked your day and hour, nor have attended on all your delays. We should have shown by our actions to you and yours, that it was the quarrel of England in which we were engaged. Nothing, therefore, can prevent me from seeking the advantage of my kingdom in a good

and firm truce; and, God willing, if I sign it, I will maintain it."

"God give you joy of it!" cried the Duke, in the utmost fury, as he hurried out to remount his horse. He, however, had the courtesy to return next day to take leave of Edward, and then took his departure for Valenciennes, Mons, and Namur.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE TWO KINGS.

NOTHING now was thought of but the interview of the two kings. Edward had advanced to about half a league from Amiens, where Louis was; and at the gates, the King, who observed that the English came and went without the slightest mistrust or precaution, caused long tables to be placed, covered with all sorts of refreshments, and the best wine. Two noblemen were seated at the head of these, who did the honours, and invited all who passed to partake. Those who could not find room, entered the town, where nine or ten taverns offered them the best cheer, and lances were broken in amity between many a knight on each side.

The English felt no inclination to refuse this good cheer, and flocked in such numbers to the entertainment provided for them, that the inhabitants began to be uneasy, particularly as this concourse was not the most orderly, and did not spare their opinion either of their own or the French King. Louis, however, would not hear of their being checked, and was extremely angry when it was told him that their presence was unwelcome. At length, on Innocents' Day, a day when Louis held it as bad luck to speak of business, Commines undertook to represent to the King that it was not safe to allow so many to crowd the town; he entered the King's cabinet accordingly, and said :—

"Sire, although it is the *fête* of the Holy Innocents, it is positively necessary that I should repeat to you what has been told me. There are at this moment more than nine thousand English in the town, fully armed; they continue to arrive, and no one dares to refuse them the entry, for fear of their displeasure. Is it not better to be on our guard?"

"We must give up the Holy Innocents to-day," exclaimed the king, throwing away his prayer-book. "Quick, quick to horse, go you and speak to the English captains to recall their people, and if you find any of my commanders on your way, send them to me. I will rejoin you at the gate of the town."

The English captains, however, found it impossible to call their men together—for one that went out of the town twenty went in; however, on visiting the taverns it was found that they thought of nothing but drinking and singing, and the greater part were either drunk or asleep. Louis, however, took the precaution of stationing companies of guards by hundreds in different houses near, and ordered his own dinner to be brought to the porter's lodge, where he invited several of the English commanders to seat themselves at his table.

When Edward was informed of the disorder in the town and the conduct of his people, he was much mortified and ashamed, and sent to the King to beg he would give orders that they should not be admitted.

"Oh," replied Louis, "for that matter they are all welcome; I shall do nothing to prevent them. But if it pleases my cousin, the King of England, to place an archer's guard at the gate they can permit those to enter whom they choose."

By this means the tumult was got under, and a more seemly state of things brought about in the town. At length a solemn interview took place, the treaty was signed, and Louis to his great satisfaction saw the

preparations for the departure of Edward, for he did not feel safe while the English were still in the country. He could not obtain from Edward a promise to give up the Duke of Burgundy, although he had so much reason to complain of his conduct, and was even so sensible of his want of faith that he hastened his return to Calais, thinking it far from improbable that he would fall upon his army when he least expected it; a circumstance which might have happened, for the Duke had actually the baseness to propose such an act of treachery to Louis.

It would really appear that Louis could show good faith when he had dealings with honourable men, for when he had no reason to expect treachery he did not attempt to betray; the misfortune was that there was scarcely a prince at that period whose policy was in the slightest degree consistent with honour, and if they were simple enough to be honest they usually had the credit of having the less wit.

After he had got rid of the great danger of the English, Louis turned his chief thoughts on taking vengeance on the Constable, whose manifold treasons, again and again discovered, he found it necessary if possible to crush without more delay: it was still requisite for him to have recourse to his usual cajolery in order to get him into his power, and he wrote to him in a friendly tone, requesting to see him as soon as possible to confer on the late business. While thus writing, he said, laughing, to Lord Howard and the Sire de Contai, who were by—

"You are to understand that I do not care about his body; his head will be enough for me."

The next thing was to obtain a truce from the capricious and restless Duke of Burgundy, which, as all his wishes now turned to the reduction of Lorraine, it was not difficult to obtain; in effect a truce was

signed by him for nine years, only fifteen days after the interview of the two kings.

Both Louis and Charles agreed to wreak their vengeance on the Constable; but at the moment when Charles was uttering the most terrific oaths to give up St. Pol to the King, he had no intention of doing so, if he still found that it suited him better to keep him as an ally. It is difficult to understand such a series of involved policy, and difficult to read with patience of such shameful breaches of the commonest honesty.

The Constable meantime saw that the toils were round him, and that it was almost impossible for him to escape the hunters long. He actually deliberated whether he had not better fly and intrench himself in some fortress on the Rhine, give himself up to a robber life, and brave all his enemies. The Queen, his sister-in-law, had written to entreat him to avoid coming in the King's way, as she warned him that his fate was sealed. He finally resolved that of his two foes the Duke, who had formerly been really attached to him, was the least dangerous, and as he could still offer to deliver St. Quentin into his hands, he might perhaps obtain his support; but this resource soon failed him, for Louis came in person to that town, resolved to take possession of it himself, which he did without difficulty, the citizens giving him ready entry; he sent all the officers attached to the Constable, with their wives and children, instantly away, but allowed them no time to take any of their goods. His next act was to despatch a messenger to inform the Duke of Burgundy that he was now master of St. Quentin. The Constable was now in the power of the Duke, and had no hope but in his honour.

Charles, meantime, had entered Lorraine, where Campo Basso, who was in the highest possible favour

with him, committed cruel ravages, although even at the moment he secretly offered to serve Prince René, if he was well rewarded; yet it was from revenge towards the Count of Lorraine, for a former slight, that the subtle and revengeful Italian had rejoiced in being employed to injure his country.

This invasion of Lorraine was an infringement of the treaty with Louis, and young René flew to him for succour and for justice; but the delivery of the Constable was the goal of Louis, and he continued to make that the chief point of his negotiations with the Duke. St. Pol now saw himself reduced to write the most humble letters to all the Knights of the Order of St. Michael, to which he belonged, entreating them to stand his friends. He addressed himself above all to his ancient implacable enemy, Dammartin, and begged him to befriend him. When Charles of Burgundy received his supplicatory letter, all the reply he made was these words: "Tell him," said he, "in writing me this letter, he has merely wasted both his paper and his hopes."

To deliver him up, however, to certain destruction, seemed an act so unworthy, that even at the last Charles could not help hesitating to do so; but Louis promised that in return for his doing so he would exchange letters, giving him a right to Nancy and the Duchy of Lorraine.

The fate of St. Pol was therefore sealed, and it was agreed that the Constable should be placed in the custody of the Chancellor Hugonet and the Sire d'Himbercourt, both his bitter enemies, and by them conducted to Péronne. Their instructions were to give him up to the King's envoys on the 24th of November, unless they heard of the taking of Nancy in the meantime.

They followed these orders punctually, not waiting an hour beyond the time; and on the King's letter

being brought, as agreed, they delivered up the Constable to the Admiral of France.

Three hours afterwards, arrived a messenger in all haste, from the Duke of Burgundy, bringing an order that the delivery of the Constable should be delayed. It was too late.

In after days, when both those servants of the Duke were placed in similar danger of their lives, when the tears and entreaties of their youthful mistress, the daughter of the Duke they so well served, were too weak to save them from the fury of a brutal mob, did the memory of the little mercy they showed to their enemy on this occasion cross their minds? and did they recollect with remorse that a short delay, which their vengeance refused, might have spared his life?

The trial and condemnation of the Constable soon followed his delivery. Louis had no intention of showing him the slightest lenity, nor, as far as his life-long treachery is considered, did he deserve it at his hands; but since that description of conduct was the wisdom of the day, and no one practised it more than the artful monarch himself, there would have been nothing extraordinary in his forgiving it in another. Louis, however, was not a man to spare or to show generosity when his enemy was in his power; cruelty seemed natural to him, and he quite acted according to the plan which Shakspere has attributed to Richard of Gloucester, his contemporary—

> "Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile,
> And cry content to that which grieves my heart,
> And wet my cheek with artificial tears,
> And frame my face to all occasions."

The confessions of St. Pol were, indeed, startling; though, if Louis or Charles had been forced to disclose their different acts, the catalogue would probably have been as long and as appalling.

He confessed to have fomented discord between the King and his brother, Charles of Guyenne, and acknowledged the alliance he had made with the Duke of Burgundy against his master, and his agreement to keep back the army whenever war was declared; his efforts, fortunately vain, to seduce the Duke of Bourbon; his alliance with England, and understanding with Warwick; his endeavours to gain the Duke of Calabria to act against the King; his plot with King Edward to divide the kingdom, and to have Brie and Champagne as his reward; his frequent treasons with the Duke of Brittany, to the King's injury; and, finally, his having promised the Duke of Burgundy to endeavour to get possession of Louis's person, and to put him to death in any manner he could.

One item of these confessions would have been sufficient; but altogether, the sum was overwhelming. Suffice it, that the great traitor found no mercy, and expiated his crimes by an ignominious death, in the presence, it is said, of not less than two hundred thousand persons, all joyous and content to behold the tragedy.

In that large multitude there was, perhaps, not one heart that pitied him; and after his death Paris was filled with ballads in ridicule of his fate, making a joke of the circumstances which attended it; besides which, a long "complainte" became popular, in which the dangers of treason, pride, and ambition were set forth, with his punishment as the moral and warning of the tale. These are a few of the lines:—

"Pleurez ma mort, patrons de pillerie,
Hommes de sang, qui aimez brouillerie;
Plus ne vous puis servir, ni aide faire.
Pleurez donc tout, et tâchez de défaire
Les unions des princes, et l'accord
Qu'eusse empêché, si n'eût été ma mort."

The people of France, in fact, considered that they

were, by the Constable's execution, delivered from a great scourge; and they now felt more happiness and confidence than had been known for many years. The King's rigour was not blamed, he was thought to have done a great public good; but such was not the feeling towards the Duke of Burgundy.

There was but one opinion throughout Europe of his conduct—universal disgust at his betrayal of a man who had been the earliest friend of his youth, and had performed the most signal services for his house. Whatever cause of anger he might have had against him, he had consented at last to afford him protection; and, when in his power, had unworthily sold him to the King for the value of eighty thousand crowns.

As Charles, with all his pride and violence, had always striven to retain the character of justice and honour in his dealings, this was looked upon as such a stain as made him

> "all a blot, which seas of tears
> And his heart's blood could never wash away!"

Charles was indeed a changed man at this period of his life, and the superstitious said that he acted by a fatality which drove him on to his ruin. He was always rash and passionate, cruel and revengeful; but he had hitherto been considered noble and generous, and was not thought to be tainted with the avarice of the Emperor Frederic, which made him contemptible in Europe, or the meanness of King Louis, which made him stoop to the most paltry actions to gain an end. Now, however, he had entirely lost the respect of his contemporaries; and was looked upon as a knight who had disgraced his shield, and a prince who had betrayed the friend who trusted him.

The star of his fortune, however, at the moment rose once more with a meteor light at the time when that of the once glorious Constable set, for the object of his

ambition was gained: he obtained possession of long-coveted Lorraine, and entered the conquered town of Nancy in triumph, with a train of knights and princes resplendently armed, and glittering with gold and jewels.

On this occasion he displayed the most extraordinary pomp, being covered with precious gems from head to heel, and wearing his ducal crown round his crimson barette, the value of which in diamonds and pearls was said to weigh a duchy. He was followed by twelve pages in the most sumptuous dresses, and all his attendants vied with each other in the splendour of their appearance.

After visiting, in solemn procession, the church of St. George, and hearing mass, he returned on foot; having, according to the usual custom, left behind him, as a present to the canons of the cathedral, the war-horse he rode, and all its gorgeous trappings.

The contentment and exultation of Charles when he found himself in possession of Lorraine were extreme, and he endeavoured to gain the goodwill of the people of his new estates by all sorts of courtesy and kindness, which rendered him at first popular. He wrote to Louis, renouncing his right to any of the estates of the Constable, so that he might be left to enjoy his new acquisition in peace; and he renewed an understanding with the Emperor, once more entertaining him with the expectation that he would make his son Maximilian his daughter's husband.

He professed to the people of Nancy that he admired and liked their town so much that he would in future make it the capital of his dominions, and build himself a splendid hotel there, where he hoped to pass the greatest part of the rest of his life. The surprise of every one, therefore, was still greater when Charles issued sudden orders that his army should forthwith be ready to meet him at Toul, in order to begin hostilities

against the Swiss, now the undivided objects of an enmity without indulging which he appeared unable to exist.

The army had been sadly harassed and fatigued with the tedious siege of Neuss, and required many months of repose to be in a fit state to recommence its arduous duties; it was, therefore, considered very unreasonable that Charles should so soon desire to put it on foot again; but he had never any consideration for his soldiers, being himself of an iron frame and untiring spirit, which was only fatigued by inaction.

The Swiss were now in alliance with the King of France and with Austria, and had shown themselves very determined in their warfare, however contemptuously Charles treated them; affecting to look upon them as a mere handful of peasants, whom he had only to attack with vigour and subdue.

The Duchess Yolande of Savoy, though a sister of Louis the Eleventh, was still an ally of Burgundy; because she entertained a hope, encouraged with his usual policy by Charles, that Mary of Burgundy might become the wife of her son. Nevertheless, with the true spirit of her brother, she contrived to manage both parties—letting the Swiss believe that she was their friend, and occasionally interfering for their advantage.

What the Swiss chiefly complained of was, the continual passing through their provinces of bands of Lombards on their way to join Charles of Burgundy, who ill-treated the people and ravaged the country; they had also many wrongs to be redressed, committed against them by the Count de Romont, now Governor of the Duchy, who kept no measures with them, ruining and arresting their merchants, and showing the most tyrannical disposition.

The Bernese, who were particularly ill-treated, were

at length, though a peaceable people, roused to action, and having summoned most of the provinces, they attacked the territories of the Count de Romont so suddenly, so terribly, and so effectually, that in the course of a few days they were masters of great part of the country, and in three weeks were so of the whole.

Notwithstanding this experience of their courage and their power, Charles continued to speak of them as peasants and churls, whom he would punish in his own time, and make their country his road to the south; for his vast ambition extended, like that of the conqueror who most resembles him in modern times, from France to Italy, Austria, and beyond all bounds. Napoleon the Great's two arches of triumph, one at the entrance of Paris, the other at Milan, were proofs of an equally vaulting ambition, which, like that of Charles,—

> "o'erleapt itself,
> And fell on the other side."

Those princes, his allies, who had lost their estates to the Swiss, and had no more to lose and all to gain, encouraged and urged his wild attempt at universal power; but the more sage amongst his advisers counselled prudence, to which he refused to attend.

Louis, in real sincerity, entreated him to give up his preposterous design of invading the Swiss in their mountains, not from any pity for his then allies, but because he did not like the union of so many princes in one cause; and the revelations of the Constable de St. Pol had pointed out to him so many concealed enemies, that he feared his own interests would suffer in the success of Charles. Nevertheless, his advice was prudent, and when he let Charles know, as a fact, that Campo Basso, in whom he now blindly confided, was a bought and sold traitor, he told the truth. He was, however, so known as perfected in deceit, that the very

circumstance of his naming this prevented the Duke from giving the information any credit.

"If it had been true," said Charles, "of course he would not have told me of it."

Finding the Duke inflexible in his resolve to attack the mountaineers, Louis sent envoys to try to break the league which existed in Milan and in Savoy and Provence, and endeavoured, besides, to induce the Swiss to conciliate the Duke. This they indignantly refused to do, returning a haughty answer that, "if the King did not intend to keep his faith and assist them, they could defend themselves, or, if he desired that they should make friends with Charles, it should be against him."

Nevertheless, they did not desire war, and even represented to Charles how much against his own interest it was to attack men resolved to defend their barren mountains.

"You have nothing to gain in fighting against us," said they; "our country is poor and sterile. Our prisoners have no money to pay ransoms; there is more gold and silver on your spurs and your horses' bridles than you will find in all Switzerland."

But the proud Duke had formed his resolution, and who should dare to oppose his will? He quitted Nancy on the 11th of January, 1476, and repaired to Besançon where his army was waiting for him.

So anxious was Louis to keep peace, that he offered more advantageous terms than were even required by Charles, to induce him to give up his intention: though the latter had, in consideration of not being hindered of the conquest of Lorraine, abandoned his intended share in the domains of the late Constable, Louis offered them again as a bribe, saying;—

"We have cut up the fox and divided him between us; Monsieur de Bourgogne has had the skin, which

was a rich prize, and I only the flesh, which was not good for much."

But when he found all efforts useless, he had recourse to his usual plans of treachery, and began without delay using every means in his power to thwart the events which he would fain have averted. In order to be nearer the scene of action, he repaired to Lyons, where he could sooner confer with King René, whom he wished to convince of his error in allying himself with the Duke while his daughter, Margaret of Anjou, had claimed his care—and where he could, also, sooner have news of the proceedings of his mountaineer allies.

A pilgrimage to the celebrated shrine of Notre Dame du Puy-en-Velay, was the ostensible object of this journey; that famous Virgin—sculptured in wood, say the legends, by the hands of the prophet Jeremiah himself—whose sable countenance attracted the admiration of all the faithful, and at whose shrine the most wonderful miracles were daily performed.

CHAPTER XXIII.

GRANSON.

Scarcely had Louis arrived at Lyons than news of so extraordinary a nature reached him, that he could not but attribute their import to Notre Dame du Puy, to whom his devotion was now paid. So unexpected, so startling an event had taken place, that he could scarcely believe that he heard aright, when it was told him that the magnificent army of Charles the Bold, one of the largest that any prince had ever raised, one more splendidly accoutred, and furnished with more arms and artillery than had ever been provided before —that this gorgeous assembly, this undaunted and approved band of warriors, Burgundians, English, Savoyards, Italians, were defeated, routed, dispersed, and their very traces effaced.

'And by what means was this unheard of ruin brought about—what mighty hand had been stretched forth to destroy, and, like an avalanche descending from the height of some mountain of eternal snow, had swept away all that opposed it, filling up the space of destruction with its gigantic bulk?

When Louis asked these questions he could scarcely credit the answer—

The Swiss peasants of Berne and their brethren of the mountains.

The haughty Duke of Burgundy had attacked Granson, although, as he observed to his nobles, "the foe was unworthy of them," and had met with resistance,

which surprised him even at the outset; he had however, by an unworthy piece of treachery, got into his power the chiefs of the garrison of the resisting castle; and in order to prove that the war he had undertaken was one of extermination, he had hung up on the surrounding trees, and drowned in the lake, upwards of two hundred brave men who had confided in his honour.*

Granson made a most glorious defence; the town was betrayed at length by a monk, and the governor fell into the hands of the Count de Romont, who carried him prisoner to Charles, who was advancing with his army. Even after the governor, Brandolf de Stein, was taken, the castle held out; he had ordered his men to entrench themselves there, and leave him to his fate, as escape was impossible. The brave commander was brought out, with a cord about his neck, in sight of his friends, whom to the last he exhorted to defend themselves, and was ruthlessly beheaded before their eyes. The Swiss, henceforth, defended the castle with the resolution of despair, and their bravery, instead of inspiring respect in the breast of Charles, roused his rage to so insane a pitch that it knew no bounds, and he swore, as he was accustomed to do, by St. George, to exterminate "ces vilains."

There is a remarkable tradition told of the taking of the castle of Granson. When Brandolf addressed his followers, he more than once recommended them to guard a *treasure*, which he had confided to their care. The word *treasure* excited the cupidity of Charles, and he resolved after the death of Brandolf to become

* Il campa devant Granson et ce camp ressemblait plus à une ville opulente et occupée de plaisirs et de fêtes qu'à un rassemblement de guerriers. On y comptait, assure t'on, plus de *trois milles femmes*. Charles surpassait en magnificence et en objets de luxe tout ce dont on avait l'ideé et surtout dans un pays aussi pauvre, encore agreste et remarkable par sa simplicité.—*Chroniques de Neufchatêl.*

possessed of it, regretting when too late, that he had put his prisoner to death before he had obtained information respecting it.

The guardian of the tower of Granson had been the first to betray his master, and to him Charles applied; he confessed that Brandolf possessed *a diamond of enormous value, to which was attached by a gold chain a large pearl;* but he protested that he was ignorant of its place of security. The Duke caused search to be made, but no where could it be found, and he ended by supposing it thrown into the lake, and had half resolved, so eager was he to possess it, to have the lake dragged in order to discover the gorgeous jewel.

Meanwhile, Charles was visited by another traitor, who informed him that Laurent, the guardian, had the treasure in his own custody, but had sworn to his master, when he was about to die, that should the Duke himself come in quest of it, he would not betray the secret.

On hearing this, Duke Charles became almost frantic with fury, ordered the guardian once more before him, and was threatening him with the most horrible tortures, when suddenly a door in the chamber opened and a veiled lady appeared, who detached the jewel from her neck, threw it at his feet, and disappeared. The tradition goes on to say that it was never known who the lady was, or where she retired to, but it was believed that she inhabited a cave on the lake. Brandolf was said to have become possessor of this famous jewel in his wars against the Saracens, when having on some occasion saved the life of one of his enemies, this gem was presented to him by the grateful Infidel.

If the jewel was a talisman, though it did not save the life of the governor, it at least presided over the vengeance which overtook his destroyer, and its holy character was still preserved.

Charles, thus far irresistible, thought of pursuing his way, mowing down all that opposed his passage, as he advanced into the heart of a country which he contemned as much as hated.

When he beheld the Swiss army—more numerous than he expected—descend a mountain in view of him, and saw them, to a man, fall reverently on their knees on a plain by the borders of the tranquil Lake of Morat, as he and his soldiers looked on contemptuously from the midst of a hill of vines close by, his people said with a sneer—

"They are begging for mercy, the poltroons; they have made war on us, and now they dare not even begin it."

"By Saint George," said the Duke, "we shall soon have got rid of these dogs of Germans, and shall have all that belongs to them."

Nevertheless Charles could not but be struck by the precision of the enemy's order of march, as they advanced steadily in square battalions, making a rampart of their long pikes and halberts, while their ensigns waved proudly from the centre of each.

Duke Charles commanded that the great banner of Burgundy should be borne before him, and animated his men to the attack; but even from the commencement, so great was the contempt felt for their opponents, that most of the usual precautions of an army were neglected, and the Burgundians were driven back in a short time, with the loss of some of their noblest and best commanders.

The Duke himself was obliged to retire towards his camp, from whence he had imprudently allowed himself to be separated, and then he felt sure of regaining his advantage. But during the combat the Swiss began to cover all the heights; and on a sudden Charles beheld descending from the eminences a mul-

titude of enemies, double in number to those with whom he was already engaged.

They advanced with a frightful noise, uttering with loud cries the word "Granson," and it was evident one spirit of vengeance animated all. As he still gazed, a sound strange to his ears echoed through the air, advancing nearer and nearer, and presently a savage band appeared, in the midst of which strode two gigantic men, each bearing a horn of almost incredible size, who blew from them discordant blasts, that made the mountains tremble, as their notes had often done before when listened to by invading Austrians.

These were the troops who bore those famous horns, gifts of Pepin and Charlemagne, called the Bull of Uri and the Cow of Unterwalden.

A bright sun shone on these thick ranks as they came resolutely down, bent to overwhelm all beneath them, like a herd of wild cattle goaded to fury and arrested by no curb.

"What people are these?" demanded Charles, as he strained his eyes to gaze upon them, addressing Brandolf de Stein, who was, at that time, uncondemned and his prisoner, but executed immediately after.

"What savages are yonder? are those your two allies?"

"Yes, my lord," replied the captive, "and the most ancient of all. Those are the people of the old Swiss leagues who inhabit the higher mountains: the same who have so often put the Austrians to flight. There are the men of Glarus, I know them by their landamman Tschudi. Farther off are those of Schaffhausen, and forwarder are the people of Zurich, with their burgomaster."

"In that case," muttered the Duke, and his face became paler than usual, "our fate is decided: since it was only their advance guard which has given us so much trouble."

If the sight of so strange and apparently interminable an army had struck amazement into the heart of their leader, his soldiers and their captains were not less appalled; and now they began indeed to see that they were fighting with no insignificant enemy. The cries of the wild men who were doggedly advancing upon them, like an army of giants, treading down, with long strides, all that lay in their way: the hollow and unearthly sound of those tremendous trumpets, as if they spoke with the voice of the Demon of the Alps and denounced the destruction of the invaders, all created a sensation such as the Burgundian army had never before experienced, and was entirely unprepared for. A panic first seized the Italians, who fled in dismay at the first fire from the culverins of the Swiss, rushing hither and thither, and exclaiming that they were pursued by evil spirits.

The Duke used all his exertions to recal them; with voice, with gesture, and with violent action, he strove to bring them back, and struck at the fugitives on all sides with his sword; but it was in vain, all the army was infected by terror, and the flight became general till Charles, unable to repress the torrent, was borne away with it, and fled to save his life.*

Behind him he left his camp, his riches, his jewels; before him, scattered like terrified deer, he beheld his almost countless army, and with a heart broken with shame, rage, and confusion, followed only by five attendants, Charles the Bold rushed onwards, he knew not whither. For six leagues the little band

* Jean Molinet in describing the battle of Granson, says:—"Et fut faict ceste disconfiture la nuyct de Behourdi, 1476, 3me Mars." La Behourdi is a national game played with sticks or clubs: it took place on the first and second Sundays in Lent; he continues:—"Pour présage de ceste malheureux journée aulcuns ont dit que le sabmidi precédent, le Duc estant et oyant messe au Jacobins à Dijon en Bourgogne, il plut sang en grand abondance."

pursued their headlong course, and paused at length in a passage of the Jura at the small town of Jougne.

No word had been uttered during this headlong rout, except by the poor jester, Le Glorieux, whose sorrow or wit even at such a moment found vent in the remark: "Ah, my lord, fine Hannibals we have turned out!"

The fugitive army, meanwhile, were rushing madly onwards unpursued, for the Swiss had but few horsemen, and had not prepared to ride after their enemies, whom they expected to encounter on their descent. There was but little fighting for them when they reached the plain, for of all that immense host there fell but one thousand men, and the mountaineers had only to pause in astonishment, and thank Heaven for granting them so unexpected a victory.

The pillage of the Duke of Burgundy's camp was not long in beginning, and it was with difficulty that the Swiss leaders could make arrangements so as to prevent an indiscriminate appropriation of enormous wealth, such as had never before entered into the minds of scarcely a man amongst them to imagine.

At length commissionaries were established, to see that the booty was equally divided amongst each of the towns, and as far as they could judge all was properly settled; but no one of that host of simple peasants knew the value of the objects they found in a profusion which bewildered them, and excepting the armour and weapons, of which the store was so great that there was enough to equip such another as the dispersed army, they cared little for the magnificence before them.

It would seem that Charles had reckoned so confidently on an easy success that he had loaded himself with everything he possessed that was most valuable and splendid, probably proposing to himself to take up

his abode in conquered Italy, and not return to his old dominions for some time.

The Swiss looked on vessels of gold and silver, richly chased and carved by the hands of some master in his art, and considered them of no more value than if they had been of the meanest metal. Some of the largest and heaviest vases of gold and enamel they thought cumbrous and inconvenient, and exchanged them amongst each other for commoner articles.

The largest diamond in the world, priceless and matchless, which Charles usually wore round his neck, and which had once ornamented the crown of the great Mogul, was found in the road, dropped by one of the valets of the Duke, who fled in dismay, scattering his master's jewels in the way, as if to show their worthlessness when compared to the hope of a brief existence. This wonderful jewel was enclosed in a small box adorned with the finest jewels.

The man who found it, pleased with the box, kept it, but threw the diamond away, considering it only a piece of glass: recollecting however afterwards, that it was likely to possess some value, as it was placed in so pretty a case, he returned to the spot where he had rejected it, and found it lying in the rut of a cart-wheel. He took it to the Curé of Montagni, who, though no greater a connoisseur in precious stones than himself, bought it of him for a crown-piece, and he went away, quite satisfied with himself for having made so good a bargain.

The magnificent tent of the Duke was all resplendent with riches; its silk and velvet hangings, confined with golden cords, and embroidered with gold and pearls; its delicate Flanders lace draperies, more fit for the boudoir of the Princess Mary than the tent of her warrior father; the Arras hangings and carpets, woven with gorgeous colours, which filled an enormous quantity

of cases, all were cut up in lengths of so many ells, and distributed like so much household linen sold at a village shop, and treated with contempt for the little utility it promised.

Four hundred tents, of scarcely inferior richness, surrounded that of the Duke, and belonged to the different nobles of his Court and his immediate attendants. Outside his own shone the escutcheon of his arms, embroidered in pearls and jewels; it was hung within with red velvet, bordered with gold and pearls.

No modern luxury could exceed the elegant conveniences it contained; it had windows, the panes of which were richly cased in delicate golden frames, and under a canopy stood the massive gold arm-chair in which Charles was accustomed to receive ambassadors in his solemn audiences.

The dazzled Swiss, who entered these sacred precincts, found his different rich suits of armour, the value of which they could better appreciate, his swords all studded with jewels, his poignards and lances mounted in ivory, worked with marvellous art—the sheaths and handles of many of which were all resplendent with rubies, sapphires, and emeralds—less prized by the mountaineers who handled them than the flowers that grew beside their torrents.

His seal, which weighed two marks of gold; his tablets, in which were the portraits, in miniature, of Duke Philippe and himself, all bound in crimson velvet and banded with gold; his collar of the Golden Fleece, sparkling with rubies, with innumerable other objects of enormous value, were tossed from hand to hand, and given away in portions, or strewed on the ground as worthless.

The separate tent, which served as a chapel, was filled with almost equal riches. All the shrines and relics which had been exhibited two years before at the

meeting of the Duke and the Emperor, were found there. The twelve apostles, in silver; the shrine of St. Andrew, in crystal; the jewelled chaplet of good Duke Philippe, and a book of hours, covered with gems; censors and other vessels—all were of amazing splendour, and all became part of the spoil.

"The history," says Barante, in his admirable account of the battle of Granson, "of the three celebrated diamonds of Charles the Bold, deserves to be told, for there was a renown attached to them, and an eagerness and avidity amongst so many crowned heads to possess them, that enhanced even their intrinsic value."

For several centuries princes contended for these gems, and offered enormous sums for them, obtaining them at any expense, to the envy and disappointment of royal rivals, and keeping them as the most precious of their possessions.

The finest of the three was that which was sold to the Curé of Montagni, who disposed of it to a man of Berne, who ventured to offer three crowns for it. From hand to hand it passed, increasing in price, but its real value unsuspected, till at length it was bought by a Bernois, named Barthlomi May, a rich merchant, who was seeking for the lost gem, and who could not obtain it from the then possessor under the sum of five thousand ducats, which he knew to be so much under its value, that he made a present to the man who procured it for him of four hundred ducats.

In 1482 it was bought by the Genoise for seven thousand ducats, who resold it to Ludovico Sforza il Moro for fourteen thousand; after the fall of the house of Sforza, the diamond passed into the hands of Pope Julius the Second for twenty thousand ducats, and it is still one of the chief ornaments of the tiara of the Pope.

"Although a gem," says an Eastern poet, "may fall at the feet and a piece of glass be worn on the head, yet, at the season of buying and selling, glass is but glass and gems are gems!"

The second of these diamonds, but little inferior to the first, was recovered by the famous rich merchant of Augsburg, Jacques Fugger, who refused to part with it for a long time. Soliman Pacha and the Emperor Charles Fifth, both endeavoured to obtain it from him, but Fugger would not accept the offers of the Sultan, as he thought it a dishonour that it should leave a Christian country and adorn the crown of a Pagan ruler. He did not choose either to relinquish it to the Emperor, who was already deeply in his debt.

At length this diamond was bought by Henry the Eighth, of England, and, through Mary, passed to Philip of Spain, and then returned once more to the house of Charles in the person of his great grandson. It still belongs to Austria.

The third diamond is less than the other two. It was sold at Lucerne, in 1492, for five thousand ducats, and passed from thence into Portugal. While the Spaniards possessed that kingdom, Don Antonio, Prior of Crato, the last descendant of the branch of the house of Braganza who had lost the crown, came to Paris and there died. The diamond was then bought by Nicolas de Harlai, Sieur de Sancy, by whose name it has been since known, and for a long period formed a part of the crown diamonds of France.

Three rubies of great beauty, which were called the Three Brothers, and two others named La Hotte and La Belle de Flandres, were found and lost at Granson, besides several other famous jewels which were never heard of afterwards.

The Duke's Italian cap, of yellow velvet, was surrounded by a crown of precious stones of great

value. One of the peasant victors caught this up and put it on his head in jest, but soon threw it aside for a coat of mail, which was offered in exchange for it.

This also came into possession of Jacques Fugger, of Augsburg, together with other jewels, and he sold them, many years afterwards, to Maximilian, the husband of Mary of Burgundy, who would naturally have inherited all these dispersed treasures.

Besides these heaps of jewels, the worth of which could not be appreciated by the Swiss, they found a treasure which was to them really of price. This was an immense quantity of artillery and many tons of powder. This useful and valuable prize was distributed to the different towns, who had their part also in the stands of arms, which they knew well how to use. Amongst the offensive weapons so much welcomed as booty, were arrows of English manufacture, many of which were poisoned; and English bridles of horses, of extremely good make.

As for the banners and standards, they formed glorious trophies, and were paraded with great pomp, and placed in all the churches of the confederate towns.*

The money of the Duke was faithfully divided, but was so abundant that it could not be counted, but was measured out in hatsful.

There was an equal profusion of provisions, which loaded waggons innumerable, and all round the camp were booths filled to overflowing with different foods, brought by merchants on speculation for the use of the army.

It occupied several days to distribute this enormous

* The traveller in Switzerland may even now behold many of these banners, still preserved with care in the museums of Berne, Soleure, and other Swiss towns.

plunder, and the enriched mountaineers remained amazed at the easy victory and the great wealth they had obtained.

The reprisals which took place afterwards, and the fearful vengeance taken on the Burgundian garrison of Granson, round which town still hung on the trees the bodies of their comrades, belong to history but are better omitted in this narrative, which refers chiefly to the life of a gentle Princess!

CHAPTER XXIV.

JOY OF LOUIS.

CHARLES THE BOLD was the vainest as well as the bravest prince of his time, and the loss of the battle of Granson was the more mortifying to him, that he had hitherto succeeded in spreading the terror of his name wherever he had appeared, and even if he had met with checks they were always attended with honourable circumstances. Now, however, all was changed, and he had been beaten in the most important action of his life by a band of desperate men for whom he felt the greatest contempt, and whose success had covered him with shame, made him the jest of Europe, and, more than all, of his detested rival Louis.

The King's joy was unbounded at this fatal check to the pride of Charles, and, besides that, he saw that everything would turn to his advantage; he had no longer occasion to negociate, all the princes who were hesitating between him and the Duke abandoned the fallen party, and came to throw themselves at his feet. He was obliged to assume a semblance of moderation, and to conceal the exultation he felt when he received the envoys from the unfortunate prince who, in this strange reverse of fortune, was obliged to assume a tone of excessive humility hitherto unknown to him.

King Louis went to Notre Dame du Puy to accomplish his pilgrimage in quite a different spirit

to that in which he undertook it, although he feigned sufficient humility, and walked three leagues on foot to the town. Perhaps he was not aware of the steepness of the almost perpendicular hill, on the summit of which, amongst the rocks, stands the marvellous church dedicated to the Virgin. Modern travellers* who have visited that celebrated shrine can tell the toil required to reach the top of the stony street which conducts to it, and no one who is acquainted with the locality will be surprised that Louis, after walking three leagues and a half, paused at the foot of the basaltic mountain of Le Puy, and found that to walk the rest of the way with bare feet was too great an undertaking, although such had originally been his purpose. He easily obtained a dispensation of this duty, and the officials were quite contented with the exemplary piety which loaded every altar of every church in their town with golden crowns to a large amount, and paid so richly for every one of the masses which they sung during the time that the devout royal pilgrim remained under the shadow of the wings of the Miraculous Lady.

The chapter, in fact, who understood the value of gold, silver, and jewels better than the Swiss pillagers of the camp of Charles the Bold, were exceedingly edified at the King's devotion, and remarked, when he left them much the richer for his visit, that whatever might be said of his dissimulation his piety was substantial.

The spirits of Louis were never so buoyant as during the time that he entertained his submissive and amiable, but weak old uncle, René of Anjou, who had come to do him homage and give him up all he asked for; besides making him his heir instead of Charles of Burgundy.

* In the work entitled "A Pilgrimage to Auvergne," by the author of this volume, may be found a full description of one of the most interesting, though seldom visited, districts of France.

The feasts and gaieties that went on delighted the convivial troubadour prince, who was ready to sell his birthright for a song, and he was altogether satisfied, since he could do no other, to "take the good the gods provided," and to throw away care, while he crowned his brow with roses and held the wine cup in his hand.

Far otherwise was it with the once haughty and ambitious Charles, now indeed crest-fallen and subdued to the dust. In a poor chamber, amidst the blackened ruins of the half-burnt castle of Jougne, he had reposed one night, and then continued his desolate way across the mountains to Nozeroy, a town belonging to the Prince of Orange.

No one, not even Le Glorieux, dared to speak to him or approach him for some days. At last the Prince of Tarento ventured to enter his apartment, and to urge him to further exertion to recover his losses, and at last persuaded him to send the Sire de Contai to King Louis to secure his favour in the present state of their fortunes.

A little roused by this he consented to repass the mountains, and in the course of a few days he had collected together a portion of his army and assembled them near Lausanne. It was then that nature gave way, and he was attacked by fever; his reason tottered and he was scarcely conscious of his actions; his usual habit was to drink only water, but his weakness was now so great, that to keep himself up at all he was forced to drink large quantities of pure wine, which only increased his malady. He would allow no valet to approach him, allowed his beard to grow, and presented so wild and haggard an appearance, that his friends trembled as they looked upon him. At length his physician took courage to entreat him to permit him to apply the proper remedies, to allow himself to be bled, and to be shaved and dressed as usual.

The Duchess of Savoy came to see him, and her care and consolatory attentions determined him to agree to what was proposed. She entreated him to think of the future, to look forward with hope, to depend on her assistance, and to resume his former courage.

After fifteen days, with this judicious treatment he recovered, and was himself again, ready to dare his fortune and to attempt to retrieve it.

The Duchess of Savoy was, nevertheless, obliged to temporise at this very time with her brother Louis, who respected her for her wit and the great similarity of character which existed between them, and who was always kept in some degree of check by her superior mind, and a cunning which Louis knew to be a match for his own. She showed herself on this occasion a kind friend to the unfortunate Charles, even if she had motives beyond friendship, which is most probable, as the hand of the heiress of Burgundy was not yet disposed of.

Charles, in fact, soon reappeared upon the scene with all his former spirit and vigour, and having received the ambassador of the Emperor, and celebrated the ceremonies of Lent with great precision—washing the feet of thirteen poor persons in public, with every other duty and penance—was ready to begin a new life of ambitious action.

In an incredibly short space he had collected a second army, as numerous, or more so, than the first, raised in Ghent and Flanders, in Liége and Luxembourg, from Bologna and the Papal States, and three thousand English, the best troops of all. He began now to feel that his first reverse was little in comparison to his power, and to burn for that revenge which should place his foot upon the necks of the slaves who had dared to oppose him. He rejected the mediation of the Emperor, contemned the alliance of Duke Sigismund with the Swiss, and the secret assistance he knew that Louis

was giving, and he saw the resolute preparations of the men of Berne with little less indifference than before.

It was then that the disinherited and ill-used Prince René de Lorraine, who had seen his estates given and taken before his eyes, and who remained an exile at the Court of Louis, living upon *his* bounty who had sold his birthright and abandoned him to his fate, resolved to endure this irksome life no more, but to go to Germany and join himself with the Swiss to fight against the common enemy, the Duke of Burgundy.

Louis desired no better, for the sight of young René was a reproach to him; and, besides, he was a great charge and expense to him: he, therefore, did not withhold his consent to this proposal, and the people of Lyons, amongst whom were many Swiss merchants, were so enraptured when they heard of his gallant intention, that they burst forth into exultation, and taking his colours of grey and red, formed a sort of guard around him as long as he remained in their town.

Louis furnished him with some money, and as he had just inherited a considerable sum from his mother-in-law, Mary d'Harcourt, he was able to set out to traverse Lorraine with a tolerable appearance. He found his former subjects vacillating in their obedience to the new governor since his reverses, but he could not gain any positive promises from them, and arrived at Saarburg, the only town he still possessed, whence he sent messages to his good and valiant allies of Alsace entreating their support; but it was represented to him that it would be much better for all parties not to engage in a separate quarrel, and he finally joined several other chiefs, and set forth to throw his aid into the scale of the Swiss Confederates.

The Duke of Burgundy was now at the head of another numerous army; most of the soldiers forced to join, it is true, and compelled to give their services, but in numbers they were very important. Charles passed

them in review at Lausanne, where he had awaited them, and was satisfied with their appearance. But though his troops were well and in excellent order, a change had come over him, which was but too perceptible to all who were anxious for his success. His proud heart might indeed be said to have been broken at the defeat of Granson, and though he was now making strenuous efforts to redeem his great name, the iron had entered into his soul, and he was no longer the same man. When not animated to violence, he was sunk in gloom and sullenness—seemed hardly conscious of anything around him, and was subject to fits of more than usual irritation and fury.

He harangued his troops, and talked to them only of pillage and slaughter, and concluded by these words:—"By Saint George, we will have vengeance!" He was answered by cries of "Vive Bourgogne!" But there was far from the usual enthusiasm amongst his people, who had been fatally taught to doubt the prevalence of his fortunate star, and by whom he was personally disliked; for his harshness and unkindness became painfully irksome to men who were spending their lives in a quarrel which was extremely unpopular; and, dragged as they were from their homes and families, they went to battle with singular ill-will, and required encouragement rather than severity.

At length, the great events of the siege of Morat and the battle arrived, in which Adrien de Bukenberg, Hanns de Hallwyl, and many others gained the name of heroes, and young René of Lorraine showed a courage and talent which gained him universal esteem.

The confederate army engaged, as before, with resolution which nothing could withstand; yet they were still held in contempt by the Duke, who would not be advised or controlled, nor was it till the great standard of Burgundy, under the care of his brother, was taken

that he gave up all hope; and, following the example of his defeated army, he fled for the second time before a horde of peasants.

The horrible carnage that ensued on this occasion, the pursuit, the slaughter, the cruelties, the vengeance, were hideous; this day was a repetition of that of Granson, but attended with every horror that war brings in its train. There was the same plunder of the camp, not so gorgeously provided as before, but still very rich, and furnishing magnificent spoils; but the number of killed may be imagined by the mountain of the bones of those who fell, which, for three centuries, raised its proud height to commemorate the dreadful fact; and it passed into a proverb in the country to say of those who showed hatred to their enemies that they were "as cruel as at Morat."

Long did this memorial of defeated ambition and national devotion excite the admiration and the regrets of travellers till a French army, in 1798, conceiving that it saw in this ossuary* an offence to France, destroyed the chapel and dispersed the bones. But here the ruined castle of Morat still looks down from its height as when—

> "Burgundy bequeath'd his tombless host,
> A bony heap, through ages to remain
> Themselves their monument."

Gloomily did Duke Charles retire to Gex, and sadly did he ponder on this second misfortune. His mind, naturally suspicious, sought some object on which to fix, that he might, in some degree, cast from himself the load of shame and despair which burthened him, and he became convinced that he had been betrayed by the sister of Louis of France, the Duchess of Savoy, who

* The inscription on it was as follows:—"To God, good and powerful. The army of the renowned and valiant Duke of Burgundy, besieging Morat, was defeated by the Swiss, and has left this monument."

had visited him in his last affliction, and while she showed apparent sympathy urged him to further exertion, doubtless with a view to his utter ruin, in order that she might make friends with her brother, to whom unquestionably she had now betrayed him.

This idea having once entered his imagination, fixed itself there, and when the Duchess, who was at Geneva, came in full confidence to condole with him as she had done after Granson, he beheld her with abhorrence, and listened to her consolations with ill-disguised fury. He had taken his resolution, and to try her sincerity, as he thought, he proposed to her to accompany him to Burgundy, in order to be out of the power of the Swiss; which, however, as he expected, she declined in consequence of the necessity of fulfilling her duties as regent for her young son Philibert. She thanked him for the friendly invitation he gave, but did not think it necessary to accept it, as Geneva was strong, and even if in peril there, she had only to retire further into Savoy, where, at Chamberi, she and her children would be quite secure.

This answer determined Charles, and he instantly sent orders to his chamberlain, Olivier de la Marche, who was at Geneva, to waylay the Duchess on her return, to seize her and her children, and to send them prisoners to St. Claude. This he commanded him to do on peril of his head; and de la Marche, much against his own sense of justice, honour, and policy, was afraid to combat the order.

The Duke, having arranged this plot, detained the Duchess with demonstrations of friendship and gratitude for the money and provisions she had brought to him in his need, till the evening was far advanced, and it was night when she set out from Gex towards Geneva, a distance of scarcely three leagues.

Just as the lights of Geneva became visible, her

party was suddenly set upon by a concealed enemy. The darkness prevented her recognising anyone, and the confusion of her people was extreme. De la Marche, forced to this treacherous act, gave orders that the capture should be effected as speedily as possible, in order that no aid might arrive from Geneva. He took the Duchess with his own hand, and placed her behind him on his horse, having first seized upon one of her sons, whom in the darkness he believed to be the young Duke, but who was, in fact, the second of the princes; Philibert himself having been placed in safety by the promptness of his preceptor, the Count de Rivarola, who had time to conceal him in a field of corn while the Marshal of Savoy and the officers of the Duchess's suite were contending with the Burgundians; another of the young princes was also carried off by a faithful friend, and the Burgundians rode away with the Duchess and her daughters, thinking their prize greater than it was.

Charles was delighted at the success of his scheme, but when it was discovered that the young Duke had escaped, his rage became so violent that no one dared to approach him: he vowed instantly to put De la Marche to death for his blunder, and breathed nothing but fury and vengeance. At length, however, he was appeased, and sent the Duchess to the Castle of Salins as a prisoner, while he resumed his gloomy reflections, and meditated immediately raising a third army to overwhelm the obstinate Swiss.

He found it, however, impossible to reorganise his army of Morat—all were dispersed or cut to pieces, and he had only to send peremptory orders to his estates that new levies should be instantly made, to supply the place of those who had been swept away.

Instead of giving way to his former despondency, he now appeared animated with unnatural resolution,

and at the meeting he convoked of his estates at Salins, he argued and urged the necessity of perseverance, as if he had no feeling of depression or vexation. His pale countenance, his hollow flashing eyes, however, and his interrupted speech, told another tale, and all who heard him saw that his reason was deranged by his misfortunes, and that his efforts were those of a desperate man. Perhaps his wish was to rush once more to battle, and to find an honourable death on the field, and thus to wipe away a double disgrace, which he felt it was impossible to repair.

But his subjects began to show their disgust and distaste of this useless expenditure of life, and, to his rage and mortification, it was found impossible to raise men or money, in spite of bribes, threats, or remonstrances. In his letters and discourses the Duke now breathed nothing but anger and severity; spoke only of cutting off the heads of all who disobeyed him, and uttering the most insane invectives and denunciations. Against his old, tried, and most judicious friend, Hugonet, his Chancellor, he was particularly indignant, because of the advice which he thought it his duty to renew on all occasions, although the chancellor was perfectly unable to obey his unreasonable commands, representing to him that it would require an army to oblige his subjects and his vassals to conform to his wishes, and that their obedience had reached the utmost verge; Charles, nevertheless, left nothing untried, applying to every town for assistance in vain, and receiving only such answers as it was natural to expect from men tired of ministering to the dangerous fancies of a ruler whom they looked upon as having lost his reason.

Three or four thousand men were all the Duke was able to raise, and he retired with them in the utmost annoyance to a castle called La Rivière, near Pontarlier

and Joux, where he formed a camp, and meditated keeping the passage of the Jura; and there he remained for two months, without being able to make a movement.

Of course Louis of France saw all that had happened with extreme satisfaction; it was evident to his mind that the term of his rival's glory was drawing to a close, and he saw before him the rich dominions of Burgundy as his own—united to the crown of France. The news of his sister's capture was an event which told in his favour, since Duke Philibert was still free. He immediately offered his services to Savoy, and took possession, for his nephew, of every place of importance. His sister, who saw that now her best resource was in him, contrived to send him word that she looked to his assistance, and it was agreed between them that her escape should be attempted, and she should at once place herself under his protection against the Duke of Burgundy.

As the Duchess's captivity was not very strict, she was able, without much difficulty, to evade the vigilance of her guards; and, accordingly, escaped with her two daughters in the night, taking her course to Plessis les Tours, where Louis then was, after his return from his pilgrimage to Notre Dame du Puy.

Louis received her with infinite welcome, and came to the gate of his castle to meet her, saying, as he gave her his hand and smiled, "Well, Madame la Bourguignonne, I am rejoiced to see you."

Seeing him in so good a temper, the Duchess answered,—"Pardon me, Sir, I am an excellent Frenchwoman, and ready to obey you in all that you may please to command."

Louis, who was fond of his sister—whose wit, talent, and address were remarkable—was very well pleased to have her with him, and loaded her with attentions,

giving her rich presents, and showing much affection. He knew her character well, and she was quite able to cope with him,—keeping her temper on all occasions, and returning raillery for raillery—appearing not to see that which she should resent, and taking everything in good part. When Louis reproached her with having sided with Burgundy, she answered playfully that he was himself the cause, because he had tried too hard to be master in her house. She staid with him eight days, and then departed in great favour, with all her fortresses restored to her, and every promise of assistance.

A great embassy of the Swiss had sought Louis, and had found him ready to assist them; and everything now conspired against the unfortunate Charles, who was allowing his enemies to prepare their plans against him, while he remained inactive in his castle of La Rivière. If he had, with what men remained to him, traversed Lorraine, returned to Luxemburg and Brabant, and re-established his authority there,—if he had resumed the negociation with the Emperor, and fulfilled his engagement to give his daughter to young Maximilian—his fortunes might have been re-established; but all he did was guided by wilfulness and caprice, and reason seemed to have no part in his actions. He had just before the battle of Morat lost his ally, the Prince of Tarento, because that Prince found that his hopes to obtain Mary's hand were not likely to be realised; and, disgusted with the double-dealing of Charles, this brave, handsome, and amiable candidate for the interesting and long-withheld prize, withdrew his troops, and left the man who had been playing with his expectations, as he was still doing with those of Maximilian, for whom he had discarded so many of his daughter's suitors.

CHAPTER XXV.

DUKE RENÉ OF LORRAINE.

DUKE RENÉ, meanwhile, had not allowed the tide which was now setting in his favour to ebb, and had been so active in Lorraine that success attended him wherever he appeared. He was one of the most pleasing and attractive princes of his time, both in person and manners, and won golden opinions of all. His course was marked with welcome and assistance, and it was evident that his restoration to his rights was not far off. A comparison between his gentle courteousness and deference to others, and the brutality and haughtiness of Charles, was made; and it became the general desire that young René should resume his sway. Every day his party increased: the towns of Lorraine began to declare for him one after the other, ejecting the Burgundian garrisons, and money was brought to him from many quarters.

The general interest he excited is instanced by an anecdote related of a rich widow, named Walter, who one day, while René was in church, approached him covered with a long mantle, and, saluting him reverently, presented him with a heavy purse of gold, saying that she hoped he would employ it to regain his Duchy.

Louis, who scarcely cared now to keep up the farce of friendship for his rival, sent assistance to René,

supplying him with forty thousand francs to pay his German and Lorraine soldiers.

With a considerable number of troops he was now able to attack and take a great many small places, and at last was strong enough to lay siege to Nancy itself, which resisted bravely for some time; but all the messages sent by the governor to Duke Charles, in his retreat of La Rivière, remained entirely unnoticed—the garrison became discouraged, and at last the governor, Sire de Bièrres, who was the uncle of René, was obliged to yield the town on condition of safety.

On the 6th of October he accordingly evacuated Nancy at the head of his people, and was received by Duke René with his accustomed affability and consideration, who, without reproaching him, merely expressed a wish that he had acted on his side.

Meantime, Charles, though he did not condescend to communicate his intention, was actually on his way to succour Nancy, where, with some reinforcements to his army, he arrived on the 22nd.

Duke René, instead of intrenching himself in the town, left a strong garrison there, and set forth to obtain further help. The inhabitants, who were well disposed in his favour, promised to hold out for two months, and he knew the foreign soldiers he employed would be faithful as long as their pay was secure.

Accordingly, he departed with only twelve knights, hastened to cross the Vosges, and soon arrived at Strasburg. He required a large army and much more money than he possessed, but he was full of the hope of youth and would not be discouraged.

His object was to gain the co-operation of the Swiss league; and having, by melting some of his family plate and borrowing larger sums of King Louis, provided himself for the time, he continued his way to Switzerland.

The chief obstacle to his negociations was the Pope's Legate, who was striving to establish peace, and arrested the intentions in his favour of the allies of the Duke. An assembly took place at Bâle; but the Duke of Burgundy, still in his sullen mood, sent no representative: the allies declared that they could make no treaty till Lorraine was restored to René, and an envoy was sent to the camp before Nancy to know the Duke's intentions.

His answer was haughty in the extreme:—"Tell your masters that when I am in full possession of Lorraine, I will let them know my conditions."

At Berne, young René, with vehement entreaties and even tears, conjured the Swiss to succour his besieged town, which daily became in greater danger; but he could not induce them to give him immediate assistance: they, however, agreed to convoke an assembly to consider the subject as speedily as possibly.

At Zurich he was more successful, when he was permitted to attend the Council, and presented himself with rather a novel attendant. He was accustomed to be followed about by a tame bear, who came with him to the chamber; and, being left at the door of the hall, became very restless and continued to scratch at the door, and make various efforts to obtain admittance.

The eloquence of his master gained more than the struggles of the bear; for Zurich granted him a promise of help without delay. The good-will of one Canton was, however, not enough, and René trembled at the length of time which might be consumed in deliberation, while Nancy was defending itself, which it continued to do resolutely, in full confidence of speedy relief, and urged the more to persist as Charles had loudly proclaimed that he would give no quarter.

Meanwhile, the Duke's army was suffering cruelly,

and were as much distressed as the besieged: pressed by extreme cold and want of provisions, ill paid, fatigued with frequent attacks, and reduced by sickness, they were ill calculated to answer his purpose. It was in vain represented to Charles that if he reviewed his army he would find that he had little more than three thousand fighting men: he grew furious at every council, and replied by accusing his advisers of treason; and the only man to whom he would attend was the only traitor near him!—this was the Count de Campo Basso, who had been undermining him for a considerable length of time, and selling him secretly to King Louis.

He had made, at different times, so many offers to Louis to betray the Duke, and deliver him up to him, dead or alive, that the King distrusted his offers and accepted them only partially. Believing them to be a snare, he had, as has been already mentioned, informed the Duke of Campo Basso's baseness, but he was too much suspected of treachery himself, to be credited when he acted with frankness.

After the day of Granson the Count had retired to Brittany, and from thence had sent renewed offers to Louis, who, this time, thought it as well to accept his services to the full, and his plans were accordingly laid. When he returned to Charles, he excused his retreat as well as he could, and as his eloquence and powers of persuasion were great, his credulous employer was soon satisfied, and gave him his confidence even more than hitherto. Not content with this treaty with Louis, Campo Basso entered into one with René, who agreed to pay him for his practices, and he consequently promised to manage so that the siege should be delayed as much as the impatience of the Duke would permit, while René was seeking for succour; and meanwhile he represented to Charles

that Nancy was in no danger of falling into the enemy's hands. But, treacherous as were his intentions, that which determined him to bring them to a speedy close, was a circumstance which occurred during the siege, and hastened matters more than he had foreseen.

Several gentlemen of the party of Lorraine had endeavoured to penetrate into the town of Nancy during the siege, and amongst others Siffrein de Baschi, a Provençal, maître d'hotel to Duke René, who was well aware of the plot of Campo Basso, for it was through him that all the correspondence had passed. Siffrein was taken, in his attempt, by the Burgundians, and sentenced with others to be hanged, on the pretence that, according to the rules of war, when a place is invested and attacked by artillery, those who attempt to enter it are worthy of death.

Campo Basso, who trembled for the consequences of this execution, ventured to remonstrate with Charles, and to represent that this was not a custom observed in France, although followed in other countries, and that such a piece of severity would be looked upon as an injustice, and commented upon accordingly.

The Comte de Chimai, the Comte de Nassau, and many others, joined their voices against this cruelty, which would place the Burgundian prisoners in a very dangerous predicament. Charles listened unmoved, and the others were forced to be silent, but Campo Basso, who spoke for his own interest, becoming very vehement, and continuing to insist, the Duke flew into so violent a fit of rage, that he struck the Count a blow in the face.

This was an insult never to be forgiven, and Campo Basso rejoiced to think that his vengeance was near. Commines says, in speaking of the blow in the face which Charles the Bold gave to Campo Basso, similar to the

insult he had himself received from that prince, which gave him the nickname of Tête bottée—

"Princes should be careful of committing such outrages, and think well what they are doing, for insults from the great are even more notable and annoying than from others; if they are endured from a master, they cause a sort of despair of ever receiving honour or justice from him."

Campo Basso's device was a wild figtree, with this verse of Martial:—"Marmora Messala findit Caprificus."

Pliny says that this sort of fig-tree, which grows amongst the rocks, has the power of forcing asunder the strongest stones, and to burst the most solid walls. Juvenal says the same in his Satires.

In the "*Dialogue des Devises Militaires*," the device of Campo Basso is said to have been assumed by him in consequence of the *soufflet*, which he was resolved to revenge, and that his fig-tree meant that he would sap and mine till he destroyed the House of Burgundy.

This base Italian had a better device than he himself imagined, for the fig-tree is an emblem of ingratitude and treason, which certainly was sufficiently appropriate to him.

Charles was always intemperate in his anger, and cared little for consequences; he thought, as the great too often do, that impertinences and insults can be repaired by presents and gold, but he found the fallacy of such ideas, for he had loaded Campo Basso with riches and honours, and he was only waiting a convenient time to betray him, and revenge the blow he had received, for, as Pere Mathieu says quaintly,

"Le soufflet que Campo Basso, avait reçu souffloit dans son cœur le feu de la vengeance."

By a fatality which seemed irresistible, Charles of

Burgundy refused to listen to the appeals made to him by the condemned Siffrein, who sent him repeated messages that he had the most important secrets to reveal. Campo Basso, when he found this, was on the alert to prevent any one having speech with the prisoner, whom he said it was better policy to silence at once, and who was accordingly executed without being heard; but on the scaffold he exclaimed that his death would be immediately followed by that of Charles himself, and that the first minister, Campo Basso, could explain why.

The death of Siffrein was more cruelly expiated even than the counsellors of the Duke had expected, and the vengeance taken is a proof that, however gentle in manners some of the knights of those days might appear, they were all equally savage at heart.

No sooner was the execution made known to René than he sent orders to his officer, the Bâtard de Vaudement, to put to death all the Burgundian prisoners in his hands. They were to the number of one hundred and twenty. Above the heads of each of these ill-fated men a placard was placed with these words:—

"For the great inhumanity and murder committed on the person of the late excellent Siffrein de Baschi and his companions, when they were taken in the act of faithfully serving their master, by the Duke of Burgundy, who in his tyranny never spares human blood, I am condemned here to end my life."

René was, meantime, gaining ground every day, and his army were nearly ready to begin their march, for Louis sent money and troops, and the Swiss were well disposed; so that in the end the young Duke found himself at the head of not fewer than twenty thousand men.

During these preparations, Charles continued the siege of Nancy, fighting in the midst of traitors,

munition and troops failing him, suffering from hunger and cold, and relying solely on his own invincible courage for support. He had sent to the Chancellor Hugonet for supplies, but Campo Basso was watchful to countermand all his orders, and deceived him into a belief that René and his Swiss army, of the existence of which he was now aware, were not in a condition to oppose him, and that the city of Nancy would surrender in less than eight days.

The Low Countries, aware of the credit enjoyed by Campo Basso, were more ready to attend to his directions than to those of Hugonet, whom they disliked and envied, and readily obeyed his secret injunctions against those of the Chancellor. The Lords of Nassau and Chimai alone remained firm, and brought what supplies they could, regardless of the endeavours of the faithless minister, exhorting the Duke at the same time to defer the meditated battle to the spring, when they promised him powerful support, and when they assured him of the probability of the Swiss being disbanded owing to their pay failing; but Charles was infatuated, and would not listen to his good angel's advice. He apparently believed in the sincerity of Louis, between whom and himself existed a truce of nine years, although, joined to the Duke of Lorraine's army of twenty thousand Swiss and Germans, were five hundred French lances, whom Louis pretended to consider as deserters from his forces, and as acting without his sanction. It was, however, generally known that every Swiss in the army had received pay from Louis, and to all but Charles the treachery was manifest.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE FATE OF CHARLES THE BOLD.

It was on the morning of the 4th of January, 1477, that, almost for the first time in his life, the ill-fated Duke Charles, when he found that the army of Lorraine had crossed the Meurthe and were within two leagues of him, assembled his captains in council, and condescended to ask their advice as to his proceedings.

"Now," said he, "since these wretches are come so close to us, since these drunkards are arrived seeking what to eat and drink, what is it best that we do?"

Every one represented to him the state of destitution and want in which his army stood, the superior strength of the enemy and their resources, and urgently recommended that a battle should be avoided. The poverty of Duke René, they insisted, would prevent him from being able to continue the war, and when his money failed him, his allies would fall off. In fine, his oldest and best commanders counselled prudence, but all to no avail; they soon found that he had called his servants together to tell them his will, not to follow their advice.

Charles, after listening to their words with impatient gestures, at length broke forth into exclamation:—

"My father and I," said he, "were able before now to conquer the Lorrainers, as we shall make them remember. By Saint George, I have no mind to fly before a child such as René de Vaudemont, who, instead of showing himself a worthy knight, is content to place

himself at the head of this *canaille*. There are not so many with him as you think. The Germans will not leave their stoves in winter, and would avoid fighting at such a season as this. This evening we will assault the town, and to-morrow the battle will be ours."

But in spite of his energetic words, it was obvious to all who heard him, that there was a gloom in the countenance of Charles, and that he hurried forward this affair more from a desire of excitement than a feeling that fortune was in his favour.

The assault on Nancy took place, for Charles had made a vow to St. George that he would make holiday there on the *Fête des Rois;* but the Burgundians were beaten back with loss, and a party of the besiegers issuing forth, set fire to some of their tents. Meanwhile, succours arrived to the besieged town from Strasbourg and St. Nicolas, and Duke René encamped in the neighbouring village of Neuveville.

Early in the morning the Duke of Burgundy armed himself and mounted his charger, a fine powerful black horse, which was called Moreau. As he was putting on his helmet, the golden lion which formed the crest, detached itself and fell off. Charles started, and exclaimed, "Hoc est signum Dei," in a sorrowful accent. But he shook off the sadness which he felt, and busied himself in ranging his army in order of battle. On his left was the river; on his right a hill, covered with wood; and the stream of Heuillecour, a deep rapid current, running between two hedges, covered his front, and served as an intrenchment. But Charles looked round him in vain to see the five hundred Italians, commanded by the Count de Campo Basso; their place was empty, and he was, at last, too well aware that he was betrayed.

The Ganelon of the hour, like the traitor who betrayed the army of Charlemagne, had left his camp with

his troops and several chiefs attached to him. Owing to the existing truce, the French would not be seen to receive him, and he therefore posted his party at two bridges over the Meurthe, in order to fall upon the Burgundians in their retreat, and to massacre the fugitives. The traitor had left some of his band behind, ready to ferment discontent and increase difficulty, should it occur; and a party had in charge to keep Duke Charles in view, and to kill him when an opportunity presented itself.

As soon as Campo Basso knew that the Duke of Lorraine was at St. Nicolas, he rode up to his quarters with his troop. He had taken from his dress the Cross of St. Andrew, and the red scarf which he had hitherto worn, and presented himself to the young prince, offering his services, and detailing his cause of affront from Duke Charles, on whom he professed his desire to be revenged. He then recalled to the mind of René his former services to the House of Anjou and to Duke John of Calabria, and claimed recompense for the good he had done and intended now to render.

Duke René saw the importance of his defection, but was not the less disgusted with his treason, and appealed to his Swiss allies as to the propriety of employing him at that moment. All vehemently rejected his offers, exclaiming, that they would have no treacherous Italian fighting by their side, for their fathers had not been used to owe victory to such means.

The mortified Campo Basso was obliged, therefore, to retire; but it mattered little to him, as vengeance, not glory, was what he sought, and that he felt was already secured.

Young René commanded his army alone, with no chief or lieutenant under him. He rode the grey horse which had borne him so well at the battle of

Morat, and which was called La Dame. Over his armour he wore a dress of his own colours, red and grey, and a robe of cloth of gold, the right sleeve of which was open.

The housings of his steed were also of cloth of gold, embroidered with a double white cross. The banner of Lorraine, representing the Annunciation, was borne beside him, and around him rode eight hundred of the nobles of Lorraine. All the members of his household, even to his secretaries, rode in this group, which held the right of the field of battle.

The gallant army advanced amidst a heavy fall of snow, but they were in high spirits and full of energy and expectation, for the secrets of the enemy had been but too well revealed to them, and they were aware of their own strength. So deep was the fog, that they could scarcely see a step before them, when presently they were encountered by a discharge of artillery from the Burgundians. The Swiss paused; an old priest belonging to them then harangued them, bidding them be of good cheer, for the God of David, the God of Battles, fought on their side. They all fell on their knees in the snow, joining in prayer, and Duke René dismounted from his horse to pray with them; after which, springing again on his charger, he called out to them in German, exhorting them to punish the temerity of the foe who had dared to provoke them.

Then began the disastrous combat which was to overwhelm the bold Duke of Burgundy and his people. Then was heard the sound of those wild Swiss horns of Uri and Unterwalden, which, contemned by the too proud chief, had at Morat and Granson taught him in vain what force existed in the arms of sturdy mountaineers.

But Charles deserved his surname of Bold. He was never known to fear; and though he saw too late that

he was oppressed by numbers and the victim of treachery, he resolved to dare all, and set his life upon a cast. On rushed his men, only to perish, they resisted, they fought, they fled; and then the traitor Campo Basso's revenge was full. He was able to throw confusion amongst the fugitives, and to fall upon them when they were least prepared.

The Burgundians looked back and saw their camp in flames; some cast themselves into the Meurthe, some rushed into the woods, some dispersed over the plains, and the whole army was—in a few moments—annihilated!

The pursuit was terrible, and the dreadful slaughter complete.

Where was the Duke of Burgundy? Who had last seen him? Who knew the route he had taken? Who had marked his fall?

No one could reply; and Duke René asked these questions eagerly in vain, as he rode triumphantly into rescued Nancy, which the starving inhabitants had illuminated in his honour, crying out his name, and welcoming him as their deliverer.

A strange sight met his eyes as he rode through the streets—a singular adornment to a *fête*—but one too well suited to the circumstances. The inhabitants, to prove to him how much they had endured during the siege, had ranged in rows before the door of the house appropriated to the Duke, the skeleton heads of all the horses, mules, dogs, cats, and other animals, on which they had been obliged to subsist during the siege!

Prisoner after prisoner was brought in from the bloody field, and it was soon found that almost every noble and man of note in Burgundy and Flanders was amongst the victims; but the question was still asked, "Where is Duke Charles?" and still remained unanswered.

Some said he had been heard to cry out, when he saw the rout of his army, "To Luxembourg!" others that he had fallen in the hottest of the fray, struck down by the stroke of a halbert, and that the Sire de Cité had raised him up and replaced him in the stirrups; that then he had rushed again like a lion into the midst of the fight—but his course could be traced no further.

It was night when the battle finished, and none could tell his fate, although everyone had something to report relative to him. One person had seen him fly towards Luxembourg, and for a time it was believed that he had thrown himself into a strong castle there; others had seen him taken prisoner by a German knight, and asserted that he was held in some unknown fortress on the other side of the Rhine.

But no one would credit his reported death, and the general exclamation was, "Beware what you do! best act as if he was still living, for should he return in anger, his vengeance will be terrible."

Campo Basso, however, could probably have cleared up all doubts at once, as none had such good reasons for knowing what was become of the unfortunate prince. He allowed conjecture to reach its height, and then brought before Duke René a young page of a noble Roman family, Jean Baptiste Colonna, who, it was said, had seen his master fall, and would be able to find in what part of the field his body might be.

About three bowshots from the town lay the small lake of St. Jean, fed by a little stream, half buried in the bank of which, near a chapel dedicated to St. Jean de l'Atre, were discovered about twelve bodies.

A poor woman who had acted as washerwoman to the Duke was busy amongst the dead, seeking for the corpse of Charles, as others were doing all over the field, when suddenly she observed the light strike on a

brilliant ring which adorned the hand of one of the mutilated warriors. She turned the corpse over as it lay on its face, and uttered a cry, "Ah! it is my lord!"

Those who were searching hurried to the spot, and from the ice which encrusted the livid form they disengaged it, and looked with horror on the spectacle it presented. Already the wolves and dogs had begun to make their meal of what was once so noble and so high. Part of the face was gone, and a large and deep wound across the head had so disfigured the features that they could not be recognised.

But there were those summoned of the Duke's household who could not doubt that what they looked upon were the poor remains of the hero they had served, and certain marks about his body were equally convincing, with the ring he wore, and which was recognised by all.

They washed the body with warm water and wine, and, in spite of the numerous wounds which covered it, there was now no difficulty, it appeared, in identifying it with that of Charles the Bold; and four gentlemen, taking it on a litter on their shoulders, bore it into the town of Nancy. Alas! how different an entry from that the proud Duke had anticipated!

They placed the body at first in a tent of black satin on velvet, and clothed him in white with a crimson satin mantle; a ducal coronet enriched with jewels bound his defaced brow: his golden spurs and scarlet robes adorned him, and the young Duke of Lorraine came to throw holy water on his body, saying, in a mournful voice, "Ah, dear cousin, may God have mercy on your soul; you have caused us many evils and misfortunes."

So saying he kissed his hand, and remained for some time kneeling in prayer at his feet.

According to the singular usage of the time, a remnant of Roman custom, Duke René, in token of

his victory, wore at the funeral a long golden beard, which hung down to his girdle, and attended by all the illustrious prisoners and every one of note in the town of Nancy, followed the remains of Charles, which were placed in a temporary monument in the church of St. George.

Charles the Bold was only forty-four years of age when his fate overtook him. He has been described by the historians of his time as of middle height, shorter than his father, of very powerful frame, and with a long face, rather broad at the lower part; his long chin was hereditary. His complexion was dark.* His power of supporting fatigue was very remarkable, and De Commines relates that he had never known him shrink at any peril or difficulty, or be shaken by any accident; nor did he ever hear him say he was fatigued.

He had a resolute will and an obstinacy beyond all bounds. It is said that his mortification at finding himself foiled by a young man of twenty, René, Duke of Lorraine, made him resolve to die at the battle of Nancy, where he felt assured that he had no hopes of conquest.

So like was he to his ancestor, Jean sans Peur, that a metempsychosist declared that the soul of John had passed into the body of Charles. The intrepidity and ambition of one found a counterpart in the other.

The following lines are inscribed on a cross which was placed, soon after the event, on the spot where Charles the Bold fell:—

"En l'an de l'Incarnation
Mil quatre cent septante-six,†
Veille de l'apparition,
Fut le Duc de Bourgogne occis;

* This description does not agree with the effigy on his tomb, but resembles the countenance, half effaced, which adorns a banner taken at Morat, shown at the arsenal of Soleure, which tradition says is his portrait; it is singularly mournful and interesting in expression.

† 1477, present style.

Et en battaille ici transis,
Où Croix suis mise pour mémorie,
René Duc des Lorrains, mercy
Rendant à Dieu pour la victoire."

His body was afterwards transported from Nancy to Luxembourg, and finally to Bruges, where the magnificent tomb erected to his memory, by his grandson, Charles the Fifth, is still one of the chief ornaments of that interesting town.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE TIDINGS.

THE young Princess Mary, now in her twenty-first year, was at Ghent with her mother-in-law, Margaret of York, when the sad news arrived of her father's death, an event which placed her, many years before there was reasonable expectation of such a circumstance, at the head of his large possessions.

As she was tenderly attached to her father, much caution was considered necessary in breaking the news to her. The lords, to whose care she was left, began by confiding the disastrous intelligence to the ladies of her suite, who were, however, charged to keep the news secret until the lords had prepared measures, so as to give precise information to the bereaved daughter. They were desired to use every means to console her, for every one was aware that her affliction would be extremely great.

The Sieurs Hugonet and Himbercourt, those two faithful friends and councillors of the late Duke, were fixed upon to undertake the distressing task of announcing the sad event. They waited upon Mary, and after making her a long harangue, they let her know that it had been the will of Heaven to reverse the former good fortunes of her father; that his glories had received a check, and that he had lost a battle, in which her uncles Antoine and Baudoüin were taken prisoners, and the rest of the nobles of Burgundy all either killed or taken.

They then informed her that her ladies were charged to relate to her the remainder of the unfortunate event, and the destiny of Charles the Bold.

Mary had listened to this harangue with feelings of great emotion, trembling throughout for her father's fate; and when, at the close, Hugonet and his friends retired sorrowfully from her presence, she burst into a passion of tears, and waited, with agonised anxiety, for the rest of the news, which she felt must be of the most fatal character.

It was then that the kind offices of her female friends were called into action, and for several days they had to use their tenderest cares to console the orphan heiress, whose sorrows were deep and absorbing.

There was not a noble in the kingdom who did not vie with the other in exertions that the obsequies of their beloved prince might be solemnised with becoming magnificence; but to his widow and daughter was allowed the greatest demonstration; and costly and magnificent in the extreme were the solemnities at the funeral of the ill-fated Charles. The common people, however, were far from gratified by this pomp and ceremony; for they altogether refused to credit the accounts of the death of their once glorious and renowned master, insisting that he would shortly re-appear amongst them, and resume his sway.

By some it was thought that he was a prisoner in Germany or in France, but the general belief obtained that he was concealed in Burgundy, and living a hermit's life; and so vivid was this credulity, that many persons sold their most precious goods, engaging not to receive payment till Charles of Burgundy should come back to his dominions.

Very differently was the news of the result of the fatal battle of Nancy received by his chief enemy and long-expectant rival; for as soon as the tidings of it

reached the ears of Louis of France his exultation and triumph were extreme; but he concealed these feelings as much as he could while the fate of Charles the Bold remained uncertain. Politic in all his actions, he waited to ascertain that important fact before he made any demonstration, although his first impulse was immediately to make himself master of as much of the domains of Burgundy as he could lay hands on. He reflected, however, that if Charles were really living, and a prisoner, he would be able to buy his ransom; and should he re-appear, would take signal vengeance for any incursions he might make.

No feeling of compassion or interest for the young orphan Princess actuated him, and he only thought of her as a means of contributing to his views. He resolved, at once, on renewing the former negociations which had taken place relative to the marriage of his son, the Dauphin, and the heiress of Burgundy.

Nothing could be less reasonable than this scheme, for Mary was a woman grown, and the Dauphin Charles was only eight years old, and a sickly boy; but Louis overlooked these circumstances in his desire to secure Burgundy to himself.

On the day that the news of the defeat of Nancy reached Louis he sent for all his principal servants, and the commanders of his army, who were lodged at Tours, near his chateau of Plessis, and heard mass with them; after which he entertained them all at dinner. Although he tried to keep down the exuberance of his joy, it was easy for those around him to observe what was passing in his mind; and it inspired very few with answering sentiments, for they knew well that Louis was never more harsh and cruel than in prosperity, and that it was easier to manage him when he was depressed by ill-fortune. They all trembled, therefore, to think what effect on themselves this piece of good luck might

produce, and what revenge his malice might take on those who had shown any leaning towards his defeated enemy.

When the dinner was over, the King rose with a lively air, and promised liberally to different friends a portion of the Dukedom of Burgundy, which he had already divided in idea; for he had come to the conclusion that, even should Charles be a prisoner and not dead, he had lost so much in the last three great battles that his power was at an end—all his chief captains killed or taken—his resources exhausted, and his spirit broken. Under these impressions, he thus wrote to M. de Craon, who had announced to him the event which gave him so much satisfaction:—

"M. le Comte,—My friend, I have received your letters, and the good news they contain, for which I give you all the thanks in my power. The time is now come for you to use the five senses which Nature has given you to place the province of Burgundy in my hands.

"For this purpose, with your band, and the Governor of Champagne, if the Duke of Burgundy is really dead, enter that country immediately, and take possession. If you love me, be careful to keep as good order there as you would in Paris itself. Prove to the people that I will be a better master to them than any man in my kingdom; and as to my god-daughter, my intention is to complete the marriage which I was negociating between Monsieur le Dauphin and her.

"I do not mean, M. le Comte, that you are to enter the said countries, nor to make any mention of this, unless the Duke is dead; nevertheless, I beg you to serve me, as much as you possibly can, in the matter of the betrothment, and adieu."

"*Written at Plessis le Parc, 9th Jan.*"

Louis took care immediately to send letters to the cities of Burgundy, representing to them that if their Duke was no more, it was clear that the Duchy was subject to the crown, but that Mademoiselle de Bourgogne was his godchild and nearest relative, and that he would under all circumstances guard her rights as if they were his own. He affected to ask their advice and concurrence that he should be her guardian.

He had an army ready, however, to march instantly on Burgundy, and left himself a way to escape by saying, should the Duke return, that he had sent troops to protect the Duchy against the Germans, who would probably have endeavoured to take possession of the provinces of the kingdom. He dispatched the Bâtard de Bourbon and the Sieur de Commines to Picardy and Artois, whose mission was to require submission from the people of the country, and, in order to facilitate their undertaking, they had power granted them to arrest all the couriers they might meet, and open all the letters to ascertain whether the Duke was dead or not.

He also wrote to all the princes round, and especially to the Duke of Brittany, announcing the event.

He had scarcely dispatched his letters and messengers when more detailed news arrived of the battle of Nancy, with the certain information of the Duke's death; and now his exultation knew no bounds, and he lost no time in strengthening his cause, and loading all those with promises whom he hoped to gain to his interests.

He was not content now to offer his protection to Mary of Burgundy; he reminded the cities that the Duchy had been possessed by the last Dukes with a clause of its reversion to the crown, inserted on occasion of its having been given as a heritage to Philippe the Bold. He omitted nothing to persuade the Burgundians

that his chief desire was to render them happy under his sway.

But, notwithstanding all these promises, Louis thought a surer means of gaining his ends existed in a potent army, which he dispatched to Burgundy under the command of several persons of note who had declared for him. M. De Craon, M. Charles d'Amboise, the Prince of Orange, and the Duke de Langres entered the country with seven hundred lances and surprised the States, who had already met at Dijon to deliberate on the best means of acting in this conjuncture.

Then came the question to be discussed, whether the female line could be allowed to inherit, and much was said by those inimical to Mary against the right of the daughter of Charles to the succession. Allowing even, however, that she were set aside, there existed a nearer heir than Louis of France, in the person of Philippe, Count de Nevers, grandson of Duke Jean Sans Peur.

The friends of the Princess stoutly maintained her right, of which there was, in reality, no doubt, for it was by the right of the female side that Burgundy had come into possession of King John, and not by reversion; there had never before been a question as to whether the heir was to be male or female, and it was plain that the difficulty was only started for the interests of Louis.

Mary wrote herself to the States, entreating them to maintain her claims by arms or other means, but to avoid coming to open war as long as possible, as she was ill-provided; she explained clearly by what right she inherited her father's dominions, and threw herself on their loyalty and affection for protection against those who, while they offered her their guardianship, were endeavouring to deprive her of that which was her own.

Nothing could be so desolate at this moment as the position of the heiress of Burgundy; not yet even assured of her father's fate, but trembling lest every hour should confirm her worst fears; in the midst of confusion and trouble, surrounded by perils near and at a distance, her right disputed, her friends powerless, and intrigues growing up about her; she had no time allowed her even to weep her sorrows, and saw herself abandoned to a fate which threatened the severest reverses.

Her father's two tried friends, the Chancellor Hugonet and the Sieur d'Himbercourt, were the only persons on whose attachment and experience she dared to rely in these difficult circumstances, and to them she looked with confidence and anxiety.

These faithful servants, although they were obliged to assume towards the bereaved daughter an air of believing that the death of Charles was deeply regretted in his dominions, were aware that, except amongst a small proportion of his subjects, his loss was far from having excited any sorrow; that, on the contrary, they considered themselves freed from oppression and tyranny, and that the event was hailed with joy, instead of being lamented with tears.

The people of Ghent, in particular, they knew were resolved to maintain those liberties which the late Duke had infringed, and to resist those impositions which his cruelty and injustice had inflicted, but from which, by his death, they were freed.

In fact, on the very day on which the obsequies of Duke Charles were solemnised, the men of Ghent showed the ill-will they felt, by abstaining altogether from attending the ceremony, and publicly murmuring at the expenses incurred. In almost all the chief cities of Flanders, the same scenes took place. The immediate friends and servants of the Duke rendered their last

duties to the deceased, and, besides them, the churches remained empty.

At Bruges, at Bruxelles, and at Antwerp, the same as at Ghent, the payment of taxes was refused, the collectors were maltreated, the magistrates and officers were insulted, and even taken prisoners and put to ransom.

Wherever the Flemish language was spoken, the opposition was violent against the constituted authorities, and hatred against the nobles indulged in. They were accused of having encouraged the late Duke to make friends with France, and to have more at heart the good of Burgundy and France, than Flanders.

This seditious spirit was sedulously encouraged by the subtle Louis, who hoped that these divisions would all tend to his good, and he hastened to send spies amongst the Flemings, who secretly fanned the flame but too ready to burst forth.

In this worthy employ, he could find no one better fitted than Olivier le Dain or le Mauvais, his well-known favourite barber-minister, whom he had ennobled by the title of Count de Meulan, and he it was to whom he gave the congenial charge of exciting bad passions amongst the turbulent inhabitants of this part of the dominions of Burgundy. If Louis had had more worthy motives, he would naturally have availed himself of the services of Philip de Commines, who, being himself a Fleming, and a man of great wisdom and observation, was just the person to have done good service in a just cause.

Meanwhile, he had gained over to his interests Philip de Crèvecœur, Seigneur d'Esquerdes, who, forgetting all the benefits and favours he had received from Charles the Bold, abandoned without remorse his unprotected orphan, who appeared but little able to stand against the reverses which threatened her.

Another traitor to her cause was William Biché, a man who owed everything to her father, and the same to support whom Charles had had continual quarrels with his father, who probably judged the favourite better than his master could do.

Charles had made Biché governor of Péronne, and he betrayed the town into the hands of Louis the Eleventh, as Crèvecœur did that of Arras. There was at this time no want of traitors in the service of the young Princess, and she was in the most imminent peril of being overwhelmed by the subtlety of her foes.

Louis, finding all was about to yield before him, kept no further measures in his policy, and sent the most insolent messages to Mary, demanding her hand for the Dauphin, or in default of that, that she should yield him up half her dominions, and take a vow not to marry till he gave her permission. He also insisted on the payment instantly of six hundred thousand golden pieces (lis d'or).

Her uncles, natural sons of Philippe le Bon, Baldwin and Antony, who were taken prisoners at the battle of Nancy, sent to entreat her not to agree to such conditions, although their liberty depended on it, and nobly added that they would rather pass the rest of their days in a dungeon, than see her act in such a manner.

The injustice of Louis in thus attacking an orphan Princess was not without censurers, the chief of whom was the noble-minded Louis, Duke of Orleans, whose indignation at his base conduct was forcibly expressed, "Sir King," said he, "if you act thus unworthily, after your oath at Péronne, can you expect other than that God will abandon you, and punish you for such a crime?"

Louis answered contemptuously, that if his cousin was inclined to preach, he had better mount a pulpit,

but that he had no idea of attending to him; and adding his usual oath, "Par la Pâque-Dieu!" he prepared to execute his iniquitous projects.

The Count de Ravestein, who had always acted the part of a faithful guardian to the daughter of his friend Charles, used every argument to reassure her fears at the unprotected position in which her father's death, and the unsettled state of her dominions, had placed her. He advised that a messenger should be immediately sent to the Prince Maximilian of Austria, to claim his protection for his affianced bride, in case the designs of France should prove dangerous to her.

The defection of the Count de Crèvecœur, on whose loyalty she had relied, in the very earliest stage of her difficulties, gave her cause for extreme uneasiness, and her terrors for her own safety became almost equal to her grief for her irreparable loss. It was, therefore, a consolation to her mind when her uncle, the Bishop of Liége, and Jean, called le Bon, Duke of Clèves, hastened to afford her the support of their presence and advice.

They met at Ghent, and Mary received her two friends with every mark of affection and joy.

"Oh! you, Louis of Bourbon,"—said she—"Bishop of Liége, my worthy and well-beloved uncle, the brother of my mother; and you, John, Duke of Clèves, who are of my blood; to whom but you can a poor orphan like me pour out her griefs and tell her fears. King Louis is doing me all the harm he can devise, as well as my country, because he is jealous that Burgundy is in my power. He is at this moment using every effort to complete my ruin. Alas! to God and to you alone can I address my complaints!"

The Bishop tenderly addressed her, and entreated her to take comfort, and place her reliance on Heaven; and the Duke of Clèves added his hope that her

subjects would remain true, and that a triumph was yet reserved for her. But while they were yet speaking, a sudden tumult without alarmed them, and cries of "Alas! alas! all is lost!"—met their ears. The court of the palace was filled with people lamenting, and the Princess, terrified at the sound, sent to inquire the cause: those who were so clamorous in their grief were fugitives from the French.

"O! noble and generous princess," said they, "we fly from Montdidier and the treasonable attacks of Philippe de Crèvecœur, who, acting for the King of France, is ravaging your country with fire and sword."

The Bishop and Duke John of Clèves were very much shocked at this confirmation of their worst fears, but Mary, roused to indignation, exclaimed,

"Ah! my Lords, if I were a man, instead of a feeble woman, I would have such vengeance for these injuries that it should be spoken of for a hundred years to come. Unfortunately I am but a helpless young girl, a poor orphan, with no means to redress my own wrongs. I have sufficient courage, but not the force to second it."

Her friends continued to rally round her, and to vow allegiance; and she founded great hopes on the fact of the secret messages sent to Maximilian, who, on hearing of the perfidy of King Louis, was extremely indignant; he was, however, powerless to assist her for the present, as he was obliged to conceal his uneasiness on account of his father, the Emperor, who was just then on good terms with the King of France.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

EXULTATION OF LOUIS XI.

THE series of successes which attended the first attempts of Louis of France in his design of adding the estates of Burgundy to the crown, had raised his spirits to the utmost. He reckoned, not without foundation, on the treachery and cupidity of most of the servants of the Princess, and so many followed the example of Guillaume de Biché, captain of Péronne, in delivering up to him the towns under their command, that he looked forward to the probability of obtaining all he wished, even without accomplishing his intention of marrying the heiress of Burgundy to his son the Dauphin.

He rallied the Admiral and the Sire de Commines on his superior success, for while they had only taken a few towns for him, the gates of every one he approached in person were thrown open to receive him. He told them that Maître Olivier was a better negotiator than they were, and that he was just on the point of gaining over Ghent. When Commines remonstrated that such a people were not likely to attend to the dictation of persons like Olivier, his representations were treated with mockery.

The Sire du Lude, the king's great friend, ceased not to ridicule Commines in order to please his master, and all was joke and exultation relative to the affairs of Burgundy. Louis portioned out the whole country—

Artois, Flanders, Hainault, and other districts—at his pleasure, in idea, and felt entirely secure that if he were even baulked of any he had only to return to his original plan of marrying Mary to young Charles.

To get rid of the advice of Commines, which it was not his humour to attend to, he sent him off on a commission to Brittany and Le Poitou, and hugged himself in the thought of enjoying his own will, and filling his coffers, at the expense of the States of his late enemy the Duke of Burgundy.

When Commines was setting out Du Lude followed him to his horse, jeering and laughing, and reproaching him for deserting at a moment when such treasure was about to fall into the hands of the King, who would have ample means of rewarding his servants. "For my part," said he, "I expect to be made Governor of Flanders, and to roll in gold."

"I am glad to hear it," replied Commines, who was cautious of offending a man who stood so well with Louis, "but I hope the King will not forget me."

Meantime all the principal gentlemen of the late Duke, seeing the turn that things were taking, instead of rallying round the Princess thought it to their interest to make friends with Louis, and very few retained their fidelity, stipulating for a continuance of the offices they held. Louis was not backward in his promises and rewards, and one by one the friends of Mary dropped off to the side of the usurper of her rights.

Although Louis had enjoined moderation to his people when they took possession of the towns, the order was but little obeyed. Every one strove to enrich himself, and the goods of the people were bought and sold without remorse.

M. de Craon and M. d'Amboise, however, fearing to enrage Louis by their over-exaction, when he came

to discover it, made a merit of rendering him an account of the sums they had found in the treasuries of the Duke, and begged to have his directions on the subject, as also relative to the disposition of the different articles which they had seized.

The King was not easily deceived, and even when he allowed certain things he took care to let it be seen that he did so with his eyes quite open; he thus wrote to these two lords:

"Messrs. les Comtes,—I thank you for the honour you do me in wishing that I should have a share of the booty with you. I desire that you should have half the money you have found, but I beg you to put by the surplus, and that you will aid in repairing those places which are on the frontiers of Germany, and provide them with all necessaries, so that I may lose in nothing. If you have not occasion for this sum I entreat you send it to me. As for the wines of the Duke of Burgundy which are found in his cellars, I am content that they should be yours."

"*At Peronne, Feb.* 9, 1477."

While Louis was sailing gaily on this sea of prosperity the deserted heiress found herself in a most distressing position. She had two faithful servants who deserved all the confidence she reposed in them, and who watched carefully over her interests, while they saw with sorrow how ill her fortune promised. A solemn embassy was resolved upon to wait on the King at Péronne. It was composed of the Chancellor Hugonet, the Sieur d'Himbercourt, and several others, who bore letters written partly by Mary herself and partly by the Duchess Dowager of Burgundy and Adolphe of Clèves, Sire de Ravestein.

These letters were conceived in a humble spirit, and

the ambassadors were directed to acknowledge the right of Louis to certain domains, which were conceded to him on conditions named; at the same time Louis was bound to keep the truce of nine years made at Soleure a short time since between him and Charles of Burgundy.

The answer of Louis was couched in terms of his usual art; he professed his intention of protecting his god-daughter, whose dominions he merely took in trust for her until all should be concluded between them for her marriage with his son. He intimated that, in case she did not feel inclined to keep her engagement, he had brought with him sufficient power to enforce his wish.

The ambassadors replied that they had no instructions relative to the marriage, and could not treat on that subject. Louis used every endeavour to seduce from their allegiance the two tried servants of his god-daughter, but in vain; he represented to D'Himbercourt that he was of a noble Picard house and not a Burgundian, but he gained nothing by his attempts, although he dismissed them feigning to be satisfied and to rely on their good offices in his favour.

All he could positively obtain of them was, that by the consent of Mary—who found he could take by force what she did not grant—Arras should be yielded to the King by M. d'Esquerdes, who held it under the Princess, and who was too ready to betray her interests.

When the ambassadors returned to Ghent they found the affairs of the Princess in the worst possible condition; the town in a state of revolt, the magistrates attacked, and some of them imprisoned. It had become requisite to assemble the Three Estates of Flanders, and to promise them solemnly that nothing should be done without their sanction.

To add to the embarrassment of the young Princess,

it appeared that the old Duke of Clèves, elder brother of M. de Ravestein, was endeavouring to induce Mary to espouse Jean de Clèves, his son. Louis of Bourbon, Bishop of Liége, was also clamouring for a restoration of the rights of his town, unjustly taken away, and claimed a large sum of money due to him: to show that he had power to insist on his demand, he had attached to his suite the redoubtable William d'Aremberg, Sire de la Marck, known too well in the country which had witnessed his ravages, as the Wild Boar of Ardennes.

It was quite true that the people of Ghent had much to complain of—of rights infringed, property forcibly taken, privileges contemned, taxes imposed, and a long series of injuries committed on their liberties by the four last Dukes of Burgundy—and they were not sorry to find an opportunity now presented itself for their regaining all they had lost. The helpless and unprotected position of their young Princess was not regarded by them with pity, but with congratulation, for they felt she would be obliged to do them that justice which her father had too long refused.

Their hatred to the councillors of the late Duke knew no bounds, and they confounded, in a general detestation, even those who had always advised him for the best, and acted according to their consciences. Amongst these the chief were D'Himbercourt and Hugonet, and the mission on which they had been sent to Louis rendered them more odious than ever in the eyes of the men of Ghent, to whom the question of the French marriage for their Duchess was beyond measure obnoxious. The character of Louis was too well appreciated by them: they knew him to be cruel, base, and ungrateful: a heartless and mercenary tyrant, who only desired to gain their country to enrich himself, and whose sway would be far more burthensome

than that of their natural masters, of whom they had had sufficiently to complain.

Nevertheless, though nothing was more distasteful to them, the people of Ghent found it necessary to send deputies to Louis at Péronne, whom he thought it his interest to receive very civilly. He found them unlearned, simple, and rude, quite ignorant of politics, and perfectly unknowing of the great interests of Europe, considering only the affairs of their own town, and anxious only for their own petty concerns. The wily Prince saw that he could easily work with them to his own ends, and accordingly resolved to create discord amongst them.

"I am well assured," said he, "that you desire peace, and that if you were masters of circumstances we should be on good terms with each other; but when you tell me that Mademoiselle de Bourgogne will not do anything without your sanction, I cannot but opine that you are ill-informed. I know more on this subject, it appears, than you do, and I beg to inform you that she allows herself to be guided by persons who desire peace infinitely less than you do."

The frightened deputies, who were all unprepared for such an announcement, and were no match for the astute Louis, replied that they were sure of what they said, and could show their instructions. "That may be," said Louis, "but I can also show you letters which you will recognise as coming from Mademoiselle de Bourgogne herself."

On which he produced the letter of Mary, brought by the very men to whom they bore the most extreme hatred: he gave this letter into their hands, and in the utmost indignation and anger they returned with it to Ghent, and insisted on an audience of the Princess.

She granted the required interview, and received them with great solemnity, when they accused her

formally of desiring to govern her dominions without regard to the Three Estates. Mary interrupted the deputies with animation, assuring them that this was by no means the case, when one of the party, without ceremony, produced the letter which Louis had given them, and Mademoiselle de Bourgogne was covered with shame and confusion on finding that this confidential communication had been so publicly exposed.

Nothing could now exceed the fury of the people of Ghent, or the hatred they felt towards the Chancellor and the Sire d'Himbercourt. They believed that they were secretly working to accomplish the French marriage; for Louis had spared no insinuations to that effect, and they resolved never to yield to this policy.

They wished Mary to become the wife of a German prince, who while he would protect them, would not be so powerful as to oppress and injure the Flemish dominions. The Duke of Clèves was just the person they desired, and they were on the best terms with him, and were anxious to forward his views by every means in their power.

D'Himbercourt had a bitter enemy in De la Marck, whose outrages he had endeavoured to suppress while governor of Liége, which command he had filled with the greatest mildness and wisdom. Another enemy was the Count de St. Pol, who was eager for revenge on the man through whose means his father had suffered for his crimes.

The two destined victims of popular anger had retired to a convent without the town, where they considered themselves in security, when they were suddenly arrested and carried forcibly off to Ghent, to endure their trial, at which only their enemies were judges, and where part of the sanguinary band of the robber chief of the Ardennes presided.

With such judges, predisposed against them, it was not likely that these, the most faithful and well-meaning of the servants of the Princess, would meet with a fair trial. They were scarcely listened to, and during their six days' examination, underwent tortures the most cruel that can be conceived. The unhappy victims appealed to the Parliament of Paris, but in vain; their doom had been sealed from the first, and they were condemned to death.

The following is the affecting letter of the Chancellor to his wife, written after receiving the sacrament, and a few hours before his death:—

"*A ma sœur Louise, dame d'Epoisse et du Saillant.*

"My truest friend and sister, I heartily recommend to you my soul. My ill fortune is such that I expect to-morrow to die, and quit this world to satisfy the people, as they say. May God, of his clemency and goodness, pardon all those who are the cause, as I do. But, my beloved friend and sister, I feel the sorrow that will overwhelm you at my fate, not only on account of the separation of our happy union, but for the disgraceful death that I shall die, and the unhappy destiny of yourself and our poor children. Let me then entreat you, by all the good and perfect love that you have for me, to be comforted, and to derive consolation from two motives: the first, that death is common to all people, and to many it has come and does come in early years: the second, that the death I endure is unmerited; for they have not found, nor can they find that I have done anything worthy of death. For which reason, I praise my Creator, who permits me to die in this holy week; and on this glorious day when He was given up to the Jews to suffer all the unmerited tortures which were His portion. Thus I trust, my beloved, that my death may

not bring shame either on you or on our children. As for what concerns me, I endure it cheerfully, in the honour and by the example of our Creator, and for the remission of my sins.

"For what concerns temporal things, he who has accorded us the grace of giving existence to our children, will nourish and sustain them according to His sacred mercy.

"Therefore, my beloved, be of good cheer, the more so that I assure you that I am resolved, with the aid of Divine Grace, to meet my death without regret, in order to arrive at the glories of Paradise.

"To thee, my beloved, I recommend my soul and the discharge of my conscience; and on that as on all other things I have begged my chaplain to declare to you my intention, to whom yield your confidence as to myself.

"Adieu, my sister, my truest friend; to God and His glorious mother, I recommend you and our children, this Holy Thursday, which I believe to be my last day."

While this worthy man was thus resigning himself with so much humility to death, Mary of Burgundy had been employing every means in her power to avert the iniquitous sentence which deprived her of her most faithful servants. Distracted with anxiety, and trembling at delay, she forgot her state and dignity; and, regardless of all but the necessity of prompt interference, she left her abode covered only with a veil, and hurrying through the streets reached the Hôtel de Ville, where she appealed with streaming tears and a voice broken with emotion, to the compassion of the chief magistrate, who coldly answered that it was quite true that both her faithful servants were unjustly condemned; "but," he added, "you see all the people in a state of furious excitement, and they must be appeased."

In vain Mary continued her entreaties—she was not

attended to: the prisoners were brought out, placed in a litter, and conducted to the market-place. The Princess rushed forth again into the street, and arrived on the fatal spot—her hair dishevelled, her face pale, her eyes streaming with tears of despair—and forcing her way through the crowds of gazing and unpitying people, who were hastening to behold the spectacle.

The desolation of this heiress of a powerful house was at its height: not the lowest and poorest female in that dense multitude was so deeply sunk in sorrow and wretchedness as herself—she whose every tear had hitherto been powerful to obtain her slightest wish—she whose least word of entreaty had enlisted every hearer in her cause—there she was, struggling amongst the mob, gazing with horror on the preparations for a murder which she could not prevent, and calling in vain for pity and for justice.

But as she hurried along, haggard and affrighted, her straining eyes fixed on the ready scaffold, and her clasped hands lifted towards the executioners, she was recognised by several of the crowd, who fell back around her in astonishment and dismay, and left her a passage towards the fatal goal she sought. Presently, by a sudden revulsion of feeling, the mob began to be sensible of the justice of her appeals, and a shudder of horror ran through their ranks: her name was echoed from mouth to mouth—every eye was directed towards her as she sprang forward to the foot of the scaffold, and began to ascend the steps—and cries of affection and pity were heard from different parts of the great square.

"Let them be spared to the young Duchess!"—"Let them be saved!" were exclamations that mingled with the frightful accents of those who still clamoured for the death of the condemned.

Amidst this confusion pikes gleamed and swords

were drawn, and a general combat was on the point of taking place, when the sanguinary instigators of unjust vengeance, who were most numerous, and had the power in their own hands, gave the word that the execution should instantly take place.

Mary had already reached the scaffold, and beheld her faithful friends seized upon: she sprang forward, but only in time to have her robe covered with their blood—the axe had fallen on the heads of both.

The insulted and desolate Princess fell senseless to the ground, and was carried away from the scene of brutality which she had witnessed to her residence, where her friends rallied round her and watched over her safety, while her mother-in-law and M. de Ravestein were forced to fly as quickly as possible from the town, to avoid a similar fate to that of the Chancellor and D'Himbercourt from the infuriated citizens, who would not forgive their having signed the fatal letter, which the treacherous Louis had betrayed to the people of Ghent.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE DUCHESS A PRISONER.

ALTHOUGH for a time her life was safe, the Princess remained a close prisoner, watched on all sides, and unable to receive a letter or message without the consent of her revolted subjects of the town, who, apparently rendered yet more savage by the taste of blood, continued under arms, still clamouring for vengeance.

Meanwhile the perfidious Louis enjoyed his triumph, and looked forward with satisfaction to a complete success, as he found new towns daily declaring for him, and new partisans flocking to his standard.

Hesdin, after a valiant defence, surrendered to him, and the bold Raoul de Lannoy, who might have gained immortal glory by his valour, sullied his fame by yielding to the blandishments of his subtle foe, who, charmed with the bravery he had shown during the attack of the town, neglected nothing to gain over so valuable a servant, and unfortunately succeeded.

From Hesdin Louis marched to Boulogne-sur-Mer, which also, after a short resistance, surrendered to him; and, according to the superstitious belief of the day, was induced to do so by the Virgin herself, who appeared on the ramparts, and beckoned to the French troops to approach. In gratitude for this singular act of kindness, the pious Louis—who was always ready to acknowledge services of this kind—after his solemn entry formally made over the town to her, and afterwards received the

lordship back from her; doing her homage on his knees, without girdle or spurs, in presence of the clergy and all the magistrates. At the same time he offered, as a pledge of his vassalage, a heart of gold at her shrine, which weighed two thousand crowns, decreeing that all the Kings of France in future should pay the same homage and offer a like present.

Although N. D. de Boulogne had taken Louis so especially under her wing at this period, all the females of the country were not so devoted to his cause, for it is recorded that an old woman, in a village near, being required by some soldiers to cry "Vive le Roi!" refused resolutely to do so, till being forcibly pressed, she at length complied, adding an adjuration of her own—

"Vive le Roi!" she exclaimed, "par le Diable!"

The resistance to Louis was very determined in Hainault, where the troops of the King were commanded by the Count de Dammartin: it showed itself particularly at Arras, which had stood out to the last, till persuaded by the reasons of M. d'Esquerdes, which had been previously approved by the ambassadors of Mademoiselle de Bourgogne. They finally consented to take the required oaths to the King, and to obey his officers, till the moment when the Duchess should do homage for the county of Artois, as she was bound. In case that she refused to do so, or if she married an enemy of the King, the Estates acknowledged that Artois ought to remain attached to the crown, its liberties and privileges being always secured; the King binding himself to leave every one in his employ.

This agreed to, the Cardinal de Bourbon entered the town without guards; some taxes were reduced, the oaths were taken, and the letters of the King were publicly read. Nevertheless, no sooner was Louis at a distance—having quitted Arras with the chief of

his army to subdue other parts of the province—than the party favourable to Mary of Burgundy rose against him, and made the most vigorous preparations to prevent his re-entering. M. du Lude, who commanded a feeble garrison of French, found himself closely pressed; and the Cardinal de Bourbon, who was lodged at the abbey of St. Waast, was put in fear of his life.

The insurgents chose for their leader le Sire d'Arci, a good and zealous Burgundian, who had resisted all the artful offers of Louis, and had remained faithful to the interests of the Princess. They sent for assistance to Douai, Lille, and Orchies, towns which had received the fugitives of the battle of Nancy.

Deputies were now to be sent to the Princess, and a safe conduct was applied for and granted. Louis received the deputies civilly, and feigned to approve of their intentions,—they therefore took their way towards Ghent; but in the mean time an engagement took place between the reinforcements from Douai and the other towns and the French within the walls of Arras; the latter had issued forth, attacked the Burgundians, and gained the day.

As soon as Louis found this, he sent off orders that the deputies, to whom he had given a safe conduct to Mdlle. de Bourgogne, should be arrested.

They were supping quietly at Sens—quite unsuspicious of treachery — when they found themselves seized upon: they were carried back to Hesdin, where Louis then was, and executed without form of trial, so hastily, that the King asking the Prevôt, Tristan, the next morning, what had been done with them, was coolly told that they were dead and buried. Much amused at this promptitude, he commanded that the head of Oudait de Bussi, the chief personage amongst them, a man of high character and attainments, and

whom he had forced against his will to accept the office of Councillor in the Parliament of Arras—should be disinterred, and decorated with a scarlet cap (mortier) of state, trimmed with ermine, and that in this guise it should be exhibited on the market-place of Hesdin.

This cruel joke diverted the wretched monarch extremely, and he thus describes the transaction in a letter to the Sire de Bressuire:—

"M. de Bressuire,—I have received your letters and the two thousand francs which you sent me by the bearer, for which I thank you. Our news here is, that we have taken Hesdin, Boulogne, Fiennes, and the Château de la Montoire, which the King of England * was three weeks vainly trying for. It was taken by assault, and all within, to the number of three hundred, killed.

"The garrisons of Lille, Douai, Orchies, and Valenciennes having assembled to enter Arras, about five hundred horse and a thousand foot, the governor of Dauphiné (M. de Lude) discovering it, was beforehand with them, although our people were only a hundred and twenty lances: nevertheless, they managed them so well † that they left six hundred on the ground, and carried six hundred prisoners back into the town with them. These were all put to death: some had their heads cut off—others were hanged—except the few who escaped by flight.

"Some of the Arras people had assembled together to the tune of twenty-two or three to go on an embassy to Mdlle. de Bourgogne. They were taken, with the instructions of which they were the bearers, and had their heads cut off, for they had once taken an oath to me. One was amongst them, Oudait de Bussi, to

* Edward the Third. † "Ils vous les festoyèrent si bien."

whom I had given a lordship in Parliament, and in order that his head should not be mistaken, I took care to have him handsomely adorned with a fine furred cap. He is on the market-place of Hesdin, presiding there in great state.

"As soon as we have any more news I will send it you. Pray take good care of everything in your quarter, and be sure to let me know all that happens."

"*26 April.*"

In spite of all this cruelty, and the successes of the French, the people of Arras continued to oppose furiously, for they were not aware of the resources of Louis, and the great peril they were exposed to. Every day the most insulting cries were heard from the walls, which they still held. Over one of the gates they had written—

"Quand les souris mangeront les chats,
Le roi sera seigneur d'Arras;
Quand le mer qui est grande et lee (large)
Sera, à la Saint Jean, geleé,
On verra pardessus la glace
Sortir ceux d'Arras de la place."

Louis found it necessary to bring his heavy artillery against this obstinate town, and advanced with so much zeal himself that he was, at one time, in imminent danger of perishing; having exposed himself to a strong fire, he was struck by an arrow, but it missed injuring him, one of his favourite Virgins, no doubt, having invisibly cast a shield over her son.

After a brave, but vain, resistance, the men of Arras gave way, and Louis entered the city triumphantly, not by a gate, but by the large breach which his artillery had made. When he rode through the little market he paused, and said to the people—

"You have shown yourselves very rude, but I for-

give you, and if you prove good subjects to me I will turn out a good master to you."

Notwithstanding this appearance of lenity, and a proclamation by which he engaged to pardon all the past, he ordered a great many executions, and in particular that of the bowman who had aimed at him from the walls, and had, unfortunately, missed him, for his aim was turned away by the hand of a butcher who stood by and, recognising the king, prevented the catastrophe. No mention is made in the chronicles of any reward to the butcher who saved his life; but probably an act of gratitude would not have afforded the gentle Louis so much amusement as the sight of the agonies and death of an enemy.

Nothing could equal the extortions, the cruelty, the injustice that followed this conquest, till the unhappy people of Arras were almost driven to despair, and ceaseless plots and conspiracies were entered into in order to give themselves a chance of escaping from the hateful thraldom of the detested French.

Amongst those who openly boasted of his advantages gained at the expense of the town, was Du Lude, the great favourite of Louis, who heard with laughter his assurances of having got at least twenty thousand crowns as his share of booty, and a large quantity of fine sable furs.

The Cardinal de Bourbon lived gaily at the abbey of Saint Waast, and shocked the monks of whom he had named himself head, by his dissolute life. They endeavoured to amend his way of going on, and remonstrated on the improprieties in which he indulged; the consequence was, that he represented them as seditious, and one after the other he caused them to be exiled, and replaced by creatures of his own.

For two years the unfortunate people of Arras had to endure this tyranny, and Louis to bear their con-

tinual revolts as he might. At length, wearied out, he took a violent and strange resolution, and in the month of July, 1479, he caused the walls and fortifications to be razed, and drove from the town all the citizens—men, women, children, priests, and monks.

He even abolished the old name of Arras, and proposed, by his single will, to create a new city, and people it with new inhabitants. In order to attract people to it, he accorded many privileges of great advantage, and offered unbounded liberties, and, as a token of the favours he meant to grant, he called the city Franchise.

But in spite of these lures, merchants and citizens hesitated to trust themselves in the midst of war and confusion, and cared little to occupy confiscated houses. Louis was determined, however, on his point, and gave orders that in every good town of the kingdom a certain number of citizens and artisans should be chosen, who should be forced, whether they wished it or not, to betake themselves to the new city of Franchise.

Paris, Rouen, Orleans, Lyons, Tours, the cities of Auvergne, of Limousin, and Languedoc, were called upon to furnish inhabitants for this new place. The expenses of their journey were to be defrayed; the payment of debts was to be delayed, and a variety of immunities granted. Louis strove hard to revive in the new town the once celebrated tapestry called Arras, from its having been manufactured there; but all would not do—he found that for once his tyrannical will was thwarted, and his favourite project set at naught.

The king was taught by the event, that the conquest of all the possessions of Mary of Burgundy was not quite so easy as he had imagined, and he began to lower the ambitious hopes he had formed.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

It happened that a quarrel between the Prince of Orange to whom Louis was indebted for the prompt submission of the province and county, with the Sire de Craon, caused the former prince to go over to the Burgundian side, and to unite himself with Jean de Clèves and the Sires de Naudrei, who had always held for the young Duchess.

The Emperor Frederick the Second had also come forward and represented his claims on the States, at the same time that he announced his confident expectations of his son, Maximilian, being united to the heiress of Burgundy.

Louis was so enraged when he heard of the defection of the Prince of Orange, that he ordered him to be hung by the feet in effigy in every Burgundian town he possessed; and he wrote to the mercenary and cruel De Craon, his worthy friend—"If you can take him, let him be burnt, or hung and burnt afterwards."

All now went wrong with Louis, and he saw himself obliged to recommence negociations, which he had of late disdained, relative to the marriage of his son with the Princess Mary; but he was much embarrassed how to proceed, for he had in the meantime proposed a marriage with the Dauphin and the daughter of the King of England, and it was necessary to keep on good terms with that country.

Edward the Fourth had become quite careless of anything but his pleasures, and only desired repose at any cost; provided the King of France continued to pay him regularly, to send him rich presents, and above all, to give him the best wines of France, he was content, and the envoys of Louis always met with the most honourable treatment.

Louis, since the treaty of Pecquigny, had been careful, most scrupulously, to pay all the bribes which he then saw fit to offer to the "honourable men" who composed the ministry of Edward; these he knew to be his fast friends, and he felt that he was safe as long as he could secure their services, in spite of the clamours of the people of England, who desired nothing better than a war with France, and a chance of regaining their lost possessions in that country.

There were, however, troublesome divisions in the royal family. Edward and his brother, the Duke of Clarence, were at variance; Clarence had married the daughter of the King-maker, Warwick, but was now a widower, and Louis knew that negociations were on foot through the Duchess Dowager of Burgundy, the near relative of the English royal family, to procure the marriage of the Duke with the Princess Mary of Burgundy.

On the other hand, the English Queen was violently opposed to this plan, as she had fixed her mind on obtaining the heiress for her brother.

Lord Rivers was one of the handsomest and most attractive cavaliers of his time; he disputed the palm of beauty with his brother-in-law, Edward the Fourth, and was a fitting brother for the beautiful Queen, whose marriage had caused so much dissension in England.

He possessed, besides, a cultivated mind and an amiable disposition, and, although his birth was not

equal to that of the fair prize so much sought for, yet his qualities might have gone far to make her forget the disparity in their positions, had they met in time.

Elizabeth, his sister, was strenuous in advancing this marriage, and through her advice it was represented to the Council of Burgundy that, in case of their consenting to sign a promise of marriage, England would at once break with France, and sign a league, offensive and defensive, with the Low Countries. The Earl of Rivers would immediately cross the sea with a powerful army, would join the Flemings, aid them to recover what had been taken from them by Louis the Eleventh, in Picardy, Artois, and Flanders, and would not lay down his arms till Mary should be re-established in possession of the two Burgundies.

All this was not only tempting but feasible, and the Flemings might have done right to close with the offer, but an obstacle existed in the mind of the Princess herself, who not only considered the Earl as unequal to her in position, but had already made her election, and although her intentions were not avowed, she was resolved on accepting a husband who was every way her equal, and to whom her wishes had long inclined.

One of the reasons of the Dowager Duchess of Burgundy for not entering fully into the proposition for the marriage of her daughter-in-law, either with Clarence or Lord Rivers was, that she foresaw, in case of either becoming master of the Low Countries, she would probably be obliged to return to England, where she doubted not that civil war would soon be re-illumed, and in the confusion she would no doubt become a victim. She thought, therefore, that her interest was more secure in trusting a stranger than one of her own countrymen.

The messengers of Maximilian had assured her that, in case of his suit being successful, she should preserve

her rank, her dower should be augmented, she should possess the first place in the Council of Flanders, and she should be allowed to live with her daughter-in-law and the Countess of Ravestein, as intimately as before.

Louis left no cunning means untried to secure his own interest in England, and offered to Edward, if he would assist him, part of his conquests in Burgundy. Holland, Brabant, and Flanders he declared should be his in return for aid of men and artillery; but Edward was too indolent to be caught by the bait, he answered that it was more to the interests of England to be friends with Flanders, with which country the merchants traded, and that he should prefer possessing part of Artois and Picardy, particularly Boulogne and the country near Calais. To this Louis turned a deaf ear, and nothing could be concluded between these monarchs against Burgundy.

It was thought, at this juncture safe on the part of England to add to the fortifications of Calais, and Lord Hastings was despatched with a large force to the spot. This was almost the only nobleman who, since the interview at Pecquigny, had not accepted bribes from Louis, nor listened to the wily tongue of Comines. He continued constant to his friendship for the late Duke Charles, and received the money paid him from Burgundy loyally. He ardently desired war with France, and advised it strongly.

Louis was terrified when he found that he was about to cross to Calais, and spread about immediately reports that his intention was to carry off Mdlle. de Bourgogne to England, at the same time he lost no time in sending secret messages to Hastings, offering him double the sum he received from Burgundy, if he would come over to his interest.

Torn by these contending interests, Louis did not dare openly send ambassadors to demand the hand of Mary,

for Edward dwelt greatly on the French marriage of his daughter, and this was the cause of an action which has always appeared singularly impolitic on the part of so astute a monarch as Louis.

It was to the wretched upstart, Olivier le Dain, his barber, that he intrusted the embassy which involved such important interests, and such an insult to the Princess was not one likely to be forgiven. Olivier had but too well succeeded in exciting the citizens of Ghent to revolt, they had murdered the dearest and best friends of the Princess, had outraged her feelings, and kept her a prisoner, dictating her actions and watching all her proceedings. But it was to the right source that she traced this conduct of her subjects, and now her own determination was added to the hatred of the Gantois, and she had resolved never to listen to any proposal relative to her union with the son of her worst and most subtle enemy.

The day on which the ambassador of Louis the Eleventh was to make his appearance before the heiress of Burgundy, being fixed, the barber, Count de Meulan, chose the most splendid habit he could find in his well-supplied wardrobe, and, thinking that his peacock's plumes would effectually conceal his jay's feathers beneath, he prepared to dazzle the Princess and her court by the glory of his tinsel apparel.

No sooner, however, did he make his appearance in the streets of Ghent than he was followed by shouts of laughter, and it was amidst cries of contempt and derision that he entered the hall where the Princess sat in state on a raised throne, surrounded by a numerous body of counsellors, and her chief ministers and friends, the bishop of Liége, and the old Duke de Clèves being amongst them.

Olivier advanced and presented his letters, then, instead of explaining publicly their import, he informed

the court that he was charged to do so only in a private interview with the young Duchess.

Nothing could equal the indignation caused by this insolent announcement. He was gravely answered that it was a thing perfectly out of the question that Mdlle. de Burgogne should grant private audiences with any one, and that he must speak his messages in that presence. He replied that he should keep to his instructions, on which he was contemptuously commanded to deliver the message he was charged with at once, or means would be taken to force him to do so.

This he did not dare to do and what he was particularly desired to avoid, and he therefore insisted on his right to speak to the Princess alone.

Mary on this remarked in a tone of disdain: "It appears that the King, my cousin, thinks me ill, since he sends his surgeon to me. Thanks be to Heaven I am in perfect health, and I have nothing to say to this man."

The project of the marriage of the Dauphin with the heiress of Burgundy was ridiculous enough, when the age of the proposed bridegroom is considered. At one time Louis had formed the more reasonable plan of marrying her to Charles Duke of Angoulême, grandson of the former Duke of Orleans, who was nineteen; and this union would have been politic for many reasons, but the project was abandoned by Louis, as he thought his interest more consulted by the other. In fact, he had confused himself by his continued double dealing, and at length scarcely knew to what end to direct his views, taking up and putting down certain plans without any positive motive, except what was suggested by his apparent interest. He was trusted by no one, and lived in fear as well as in doubt, both of friends and foes.

The successes which followed his first attempts on the rights of the heiress of Burgundy had bewildered his mind, and he had allowed himself to hold her power in too much contempt, not foreseeing that which was sufficiently obvious, that Mary would aid herself by means of a marriage which should give her real protection.

The last stroke of policy which Louis had tried was indeed a signal failure. Both the court and the people of Ghent were indignant at the insult offered to their Duchess, and ridicule and contempt were showered upon the wretched barber "travestie en Comte de Meulan," as they termed it. There became even a question whether the impostor should not be thrown into the river, and it was only by secretly removing himself with all speed from the town that this unworthy ambassador escaped their vengeance. The excited citizens armed themselves, and manifested every inclination to declare war against the detested King of France.

Olivier made all the haste he could to Tournai, which was a neutral town, possessed of numerous privileges; as he had failed in his chief mission, he rightly thought that he could not with impunity present himself before his unreasonable master without having performed some feat worthy of commendation. By treachery and bribery Olivier contrived, therefore, to gain over some of the principal citizens, and succeeded in introducing troops, who took possession of the town, and made the mayor and sheriffs and the chief inhabitants prisoners. These he sent to Paris, and the unfortunate men were detained captive during the rest of the life of Louis.*

Olivier le Dain was originally a peasant of the village of Odenfort, near Ghent. How he became barber to Louis the Eleventh is not known; but the King's fondness for low people, and his mistrust of

* Hist. de Tournai, par Cousin.

everyone, which caused him frequently to change his attendants, particularly his barbers, makes it by no means singular that he should have entered his service. By his cleverness Olivier contrived to retain the favour of Louis, and, at length, to obtain so great an influence, that only that of the Provost Tristan could vie with it.

Twice his name was altered; it signified the Devil in its original, which was sufficiently appropriate, but by no means agreeable in the ears of those who heard it. Nor was that by which he was also known, of the Bad, calculated to convey more pleasant impressions; that of Le Dain was at length given him, which offended no one.

Perhaps it was a mere whim of the King's, or done with a view of insulting the Gantois, or the vanity of Olivier made him desire to distinguish himself amongst those who had known him in a mean estate; and the King, who rejoiced in coarse jests, would not refuse himself such an amusement; and for this reason had fixed on this man to be his envoy on the delicate mission of demanding the hand of one of the first heiresses of Europe.

Varillas asserts that he assumed the title and liveries of the Count de Melun to carry him through this embassy; but other historians say that Louis bestowed on him a title, which resembled in sound that of the distinguished nobleman whose name would have been thus disgraced, and that Olivier was really the Count de Meulan.

There is indeed no doubt that Louis the Eleventh made Olivier le Dain Count *de Meulant*, by letters patent given at Paris, November 19, 1477. It is, therefore, a mistake of Varillas, when he says that he assumed the title and arms of another. In the "Preuves et Observations sur les Memoires de Comines"—occurs the following note, which might have prevented his

error if he had taken the trouble of making the research.

"Le roy Louis donne a Maistre Olivier le Dain, son valet de Chambre et premier Barbier ordinaire, pour lui et ses hoirs descendans en loyal mariage les Estangs de Meulant, et pareillement le Bergerie estant au boulevant devant l'Hostel de la Sangle d'icelui lieu de Meulant pour le tout unir et joindre a l'Hotel du sejour de Meulant donc pieça il lui avait fait don, en payant au jour Sainct Jean Baptiste à la recepte ordinaire dudit Meulant un maille d'or de franc devoir du prix de vingt-quatre sols."

It appears that Olivier's name was actually Le Diable, which Louis changed to Le Malin, and afterwards to Le Dain.

He had undertaken to enclose Le Fort de Meulant with brick walls, and did so in part, as they are, says Dupleix, at present, and the arms still remain—"Elles sont d'un chévron accompagné en pointe d'un Dain passant, l'escusson accosté au costé d'un are d'olive et au senestre d'une corne de Dain, cette escusson couronné d'une couronne comtale."

Louis, in his letters patent of October, 1474, dated from Chartres, particularly commands that he be in future called Le Dain, and that it should be considered improper henceforth to address him as Le Mauvais, which name, he adds, "we have taken away and abolished."

He was made captain of the castle of Loches and governor of St. Quentin, in Picardy, besides being gentleman of the King's chamber, and being loaded with honours and riches by his master.

His end was doubtless well deserved, but whether the story is true of the conduct which caused his final punishment, there may be a doubt, as the same sort of story is told of several unworthy personages, and is

not likely to apply to him at all. It has rather a "Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles" effect, and is probably a good old piece of scandal always ready for use. It is affirmed by Boitel and often repeated, but it matters little what particular crime led to his end, so well deserved, and the story is better suppressed.

His epitaph is given by Bouchet as follows:—

Epitaphe d'Olivier, Barbier du Roy Louis XI. qui fut pendu à Montfaulcon à Paris.

Je, Olivier, qui fus Barbier du Roy
Loys onziesme et de luy toujours proche
Par mon orgueil fus mis en des arroy
A ce gibet tout remply de reproche,
En hault parler, en estat et approche
Je me faisois aux grans Princes pareil,
Mais de malheur on m'a rompu la broche
Par ce piteux et horrible appareil.

Jean Molinet, in his "Recollections of the Wonders of his Time," thus names him:—

J'ay veu oyseau ramage
Nommé Maistre Olivier
Volant par son plumage
Haut comme un Epervier
Fort bien scavait complaire
Au Roy, mai je vis qu'on
Le fit pour son salaire
Percher au Montfaulcon

CHAPTER XXXI.

MARY AND MAXIMILIAN.

In despite of facts, it is not a little amusing to read what Varillas declares in his preface to the Life of Louis the Eleventh, that Mary of Burgundy was so extremely anxious to ally herself with the enemy of her father, that although all the monarchs of Europe sought her hand with the greatest eagerness, so great was her wish "*to please Louis*, that, although the Dauphin was only seven years old, and she was eleven years his senior, although he was humpbacked, infirm, and delicate, she professed her willingness to wait any number of years for a bridegroom from France, rather than lose the opportunity of so desirable a connexion." If, however, Louis objected to this singular wish of her's, the historian goes on to say that she was quite content to marry any one of the princes of the blood of France that might be indicated by the King, "without even examining whether the husband fixed on by him was suitable or not."

But this obedient disposition of the young lady was, according to the account of Varillas, altogether condemned by Louis, owing to the hatred he entertained towards her late father, which caused him to regard her with no less unfavourable eyes and to reject her advances, considering that without the disagreeable necessity of becoming her father-in-law, he could still take possession of her estates and annex them to the crown of France.

In consequence of this decision on his part, the desolate heiress, he asserts, was constrained to throw herself into the arms of Maximilian of Austria.

This account is considerably altered from the truth, it must be confessed, and agrees but little with the pretty romance of her preference for the powerful and agreeable prince whom she espoused, which was nevertheless the case.

As for the Dauphin, for whom she is supposed to have held so great a *penchant,* the same historian tells us that he was so little known in France that it was even uncertain whether he existed or not. His father was so fearful of his plotting against him that he had him brought up in extreme retirement at the castle of Amboise, where he was not permitted even to see his mother, Charlotte of Savoy, for fear she should encourage him to enter into some conspiracy; his attendants and companions were some insignificant women, whose characters were such as to give no sort of uneasiness to the suspicious king. He permitted Charles to learn nothing except the precept that in order to reign well it was necessary to live in the practice of continued dissimulation.

It is not very probable that Mary of Burgundy should have been charmed with the accounts given her of this uninteresting child, or that she should feel any inclination to share the prison allotted to him by his father.

Another pretender to her hand who, being on the spot and having his father continually ready, as the adviser of the princess, to urge his cause, was Jean of Clèves, whom Charles of Burgundy had encouraged in his hopes, as he had done so many others, in order to secure their alliance.

The Prince of Clèves was handsome in his person, but of so mean an intellect that all the care which had

been taken of his education had been unable to counteract its influence. So remarkable were his defects that it required to be but a moment with him to observe them; it was, therefore, scarcely to be supposed that the penetration of the young heiress would have slept, and that they would have escaped her. She too well knew herself the object of research to numerous suitors to permit any defect to pass in those who pretended to her alliance, and the familiarity in which she had lived with the Prince of Clèves contributed little to remove the contempt and aversion with which he had inspired her.

All the care which the Duke of Clèves, his father, had expended to render his son worthy of, and agreeable to her, was of no avail; and although she knew of how much importance to her interest it was to secure such an ally, yet she declared that she could not resolve on so great a sacrifice as becoming his wife. Although her father's commands might have forced, or his entreaties induced her to agree to such a match, now that she was free she resolved at once to get rid of a suitor so distasteful to her.

The Duke of Clèves was extremely mortified when he found how matters stood, and fearing that he had been scarcely politic in making his son so well known to the princess, withdrew him from her court, and carried him to his estates.

History has recorded nothing respecting this worthless prince, but that he was the father of no less than sixty-three illegitimate children!

After the failure of the embassy of Maitre Olivier, Louis was the more resolved to obtain as many of the possessions of the heiress as he could, and that without delay. He attacked Cambray, however, which was a free town of the empire, under the authority of a bishop, and had not belonged to Burgundy, although border-

ing so close on that Dukedom. Louis thought it well to assure himself of this important town for that very reason, and under the pretence that it had formerly belonged to the crown, he made himself, by bribery and intrigue master of it, and then proceeded to join the Count de Dammartin, who had not made as much progress as he desired in his conquests in Hainault.

He attacked several places in his route, and at Bouchan, which he besieged, was unlucky enough to lose his famous captain, Tanneguy Duchatel, one of the most celebrated warriors of his time, a man of great valour, turbulent, and unstable, like most of those of his age, but generous and noble in many particulars, as, for instance, in that of his having himself defrayed the expenses of the funeral of Charles the Seventh, when he found that the dead King was about to be neglected and treated with scanty ceremony.

Louis was standing, leaning on the shoulder of Tanneguy, when an arquebusier of the town aimed at him from the walls; the aim was untrue as regarded the King, but it reached the heart of the warrior, and Tanneguy fell mortally wounded at the feet of his master.

He died next day, after having dictated a will, by which he appears to have left only requests; one, that the King would pay his debts and protect his second daughter, and see her disposed of in marriage; the elder he left to the care of his friends, and the third to his wife.

He entreated forgiveness of Louis for different offences he had been guilty of towards him, and begged him to attribute his occasional disobedience more to madness than wickedness.

Louis was exceedingly affected at his death, or at least, was much annoyed at the loss he was aware his interest sustained; he ordered him a magnificent

service in the Abbey of La Victoire, and had him buried at Notre Dame De Cléry, where he had fixed on his own tomb being placed.

From Bouchan Louis came to Quesnoi, where great valour and perseverance were exhibited by the besieging French; and Raoul de Lannoy, who had ranged himself on the side of Louis, after the taking of Hesdin, fought in the most desperate manner.

The King encouraged his *franc-archers*, who particularly distinguished themselves; and when they were one day beaten back, he cheered, and promised them better fortune the next; at the same time he detached a gold chain from his neck, and passed it over that of Raoul de Lannoy, saying, with a gracious manner which he knew well to assume:

"Pâque Dieu! my good friend, you are too furious in the fight; you must be chained, or I shall certainly lose you, and I shall want you for another time." *

By the help of such encouragement, the French besiegers continued the assault, and the aid of St. Barbe, who miraculously interceded in Heaven for the people,† was found unavailing, the virtuous and humane King having, no doubt, a favourite Virgin who was resolved that her zealous votary should not be disappointed of his booty.

The devoted town surrendered to him, and he made a solemn entry; and, having assembled the clergy and chief citizens in the church, he made them a long, hypocritical harangue, setting forth his tender desire to preserve the territories of Burgundy for his god-daughter, the Duchess Mary, whom interested persons wished to injure. "No one," said he, "wishes her good more than I do; and she is greatly deceived in not placing her whole confidence in me. Amongst her

* St. Palaye. † Mathieu.

bad advisers, there are those who recommend her marrying the son of the Duke of Clèves, who is a prince too insignificant and too little known for so great a princess. He has, besides, I know, a disease in his leg; and besides that, he is a drunkard, as all the Germans are; and after drinking, depend on it he would break his glass over the head of his wife, and beat her into the bargain. As for the English, to which nation they talk of allying her, they are all people of bad life and manners, and ancient enemies of her country. Some talk of the son of the Emperor for her, but those princes are the most avaricious in the world; they would carry her to Germany, a rude foreign country, where she would be far from all consolation and assistance, and your country of Hainault would be left without a governor to defend it.

"If my cousin were well advised, she would not hesitate to marry the Dauphin, which would be indeed a blessing to you all. You Walloons speak French, and you require a French not a German prince; for, my own part, I esteem the men of Hainault above those of all other nations of the world. There are none more noble; and, according to my notions, a shepherd of Hainault is better than the best gentleman of any other country."

He went on in the same strain to praise the good Duke Philippe, his wise government, his goodness, his glorious deeds, and the hospitality he had shown to him. Every time he spoke of him, he lifted his hat, for he knew the adoration and respect in which the Flemings held his memory.

"As for Duke Charles," said he, "he lost all by his pride, and would not listen to good counsel; thus was he taken and destroyed by the smallest Duke in my kingdom."

But, this time, the flatteries of the fox were useless;

and the crow, although her cheese was gone, refused to credit his wily talk. The King found, as he proceeded, much more resistance than he had anticipated, for his unpopularity, much more than their loyalty to the Duchess Mary, induced the citizens of Hainault to withstand him. Louis, therefore, began again to use his energies to persuade Mary into a marriage with the Dauphin, and at once give up to France, as her future Queen, all her possessions.

To show his tenderness to his godchild, and his indignation at the cruelty and disloyalty of her subjects of Ghent, he had taken the family of the late unfortunate minister, Hugonet, under his protection, and had issued letters patent empowering them to take possession of their inheritance, and publicly proclaiming his anger and detestation of the conduct of the Gantois. He pretended to feel great horror at the insult the young Duchess had received, and professed his resolution to punish the murderous offenders.

This he hoped would propitiate Mary in favour of his alliance; but she was too well aware of his deceitful character, and the hollowness of his professions, and remained firm in her resolution to reject the marriage. None of her advisers could recommend it, and Louis had but one advocate at her court; this was the Sire de Lannoi. He employed in a secret negotiation with this noblemen, M. de Moui, captain of Tournai, to whom the written instructions ran as follows:

"You must say to M. de Lannoi that the King is well advised of the good will he has in his service, and thanks him for the same; he begs him to continue his endeavours, as much as possible, in the way he knows of. The Sire de Lannoi, and those he employs, may rest assured that the King will consider most gratefully the services they may have shown him, and will reward

them with whatever places and posts they desire, besides a good large * pension.

"Let him know that the desire of the King has always been to make the alliance of Monsieur le Dauphin and Mademoiselle de Bourgogne, and by this means to protect her and all her lordships as if they were his own kingdom, for he has *always loved the House of Burgundy more than any others,* and the greatest service that can be rendered him would be to conclude this marriage.

"If this marriage cannot be arranged without, it will be necessary to see if the Flemings, who hold Mademoiselle de Bourgogne in their hands, and particularly those who belong to the kingdom of France, will undertake to accomplish this marriage. In this case the King will show his sense of their services by his kind treatment of them, in preserving their privileges, granting them more ample and so advantageous to their country that they shall be fully content.

"If the Flemings will not consent to this marriage, the king will reclaim all that belongs to his kingdom; but he trusts that the husband Mademoiselle de Bourgogne shall choose will be one who will be on good terms of friendship and alliance with him."

A personage mentioned in these instructions, and who is indicated by Commines, was Madame d'Anthoing, a great lady at the court of Burgundy, through whom several negociations had formerly passed to the advantage of Louis. She was the wife of Jean de Melun, Seigneur d'Anthoing, and a daughter of the house of Saarbruck; by her mother's side being also connected with the house of Luxemburg. Louis hoped by her means to gain several men in high power, and spared neither promises, nor bribes to accomplish the desired object.

* *Bonne et grosse.*

Another personage whose alliance he wished to make, for the purpose of this marriage was one whose own interests, nevertheless, were directly contrary to his success. This was the infamous Duke de Gueldres, who was expiating his cruelty to his father in a prison to which he had been consigned by Duke Charles. The rebellious Gantois, having raised a powerful army, and begun a furious war in the side of Tournai, had imagined that this prince, who had injuries to revenge, would be a good commander for them; they accordingly released him from his prison at Courtrai, and put him at the head of their troops.

A terrible design had suggested itself to their minds, and one, the bare whisper of which was sufficient to cause the utmost dismay and agony in the heart of the oppressed princess, who turned from all the alliances proposed to her with so much dislike. The inhuman and tyrannical people of Ghent actually resolved to force her into a marriage with this parricide, because they considered they should be sure of his good offices, if he owed so good a fortune entirely to them.

When Mary of Burgundy heard of this preposterous proposal, her grief and indignation knew no bounds, and she looked upon this as the most cruel and unfeeling of all the outrages that had been offered her since her orphan state had placed her in the power of these unworthy subjects. She knew the violence and unpitying obstinacy of these men, and she shuddered to think that she, the greatest heiress, for her misfortune, in Europe, should perhaps be dragged as a victim to the altar with one of the most detestable and wicked princes that the age had known, altogether brutal and degenerate, and possessing no one quality of a knight but the mere attribute of courage. The children of this prince were brought up with care and tenderness at her court, and were both of great promise; but, however good she

and the dowager Duchess Margaret had shown themselves to these innocent beings, she had no inclination to ally herself to them by any closer tie than that of friend.

While she was weeping in unspeakable distress at the frightful prospect of such a marriage, deprived of the consolation of her kind mother-in-law's society, who was still prohibited from visiting her; and while she turned her thoughts continually in the only direction where she hoped for succour—there where her promise was given, there where the ring she gave was preserved, there where her heart pointed—namely, to the court of the Emperor Frederic, and almost despaired of her complaints being heard by him whom alone she considered worthy to call her his bride—an event occurred which unexpectedly delivered her from the greatest peril she had yet known.

On the 27th June, 1477, Duke Adolphus of Gueldres, at the head of the people of Ghent and Bruges, had advanced to the faubourg of Tournai, burning and destroying all that opposed them.

When night had closed in, the Sire de Moui issued forth from the town with a thousand lances and two thousand foot, and placed himself in the way that the Flemings must take on their return. Meantime great discord had arisen in the army of the Duke de Gueldres, old animosities had been revived between the people of the two rival towns, and nothing but disputes ensued; so that before morning the Duke found himself supported only by the people of Ghent, when he was set upon by the enemy. A combat of great resolution followed, in which the Duke showed that valour on which he rested all his reputation, and was cut down at the moment when uttering his war-cry of "Gueldres!" as he fought with an overwhelming number.

His death decided the victory in favour of the French, who carried off prisoners in troops to Tournai, and

became possessors, without resistance, of all the baggage and artillery of the Flemings.

These tidings spread consternation in the city of Ghent, but were hailed with thanksgiving by the young Duchess, who saw herself delivered from the monster to whom she was about to be offered a sacrifice.

The vision of the triumphant king, profiting by his successes and their unprovided state, and marching upon Ghent, Bruges, and all the towns of Flanders and Brabant, terrified the late insolent subjects of Mary, and they trembled to think what their fate might be.

But it was not the policy of Louis to push his conquests further in that quarter, for he was not actuated by a mere desire of glory, like Charles the Bold, and he contented himself with reducing those towns which originally belonged to the French sway, and to keep a watchful eye on his own interests connected with Brittany and England.

The vexation of Louis at the opposition of the young Duchess to his scheme of the Dauphin's marriage, now his first passion, had of late caused him to become more than usually morose and cruel in his projects, and he resolved by severity to show the people of Burgundy how great and terrible was his power. He was in this mood when he wrote the following savage letter to Dammartin:—

"Monsieur le Grand Maître, I send you three or four hundred *mowers* for the work of havoc which we have agreed on. I beg you will set them to work without loss of time, and don't lament the loss of five or six hundred casks of wine to make them thoroughly drunk; after which, let them begin their task, you know what I mean. Monsieur le Grand Maître, my good friend, I assure you this will be the thing of all

others to bring the people of Valenciennes to reason; and adieu."

"*Written at St. Quentin, 25th June*, 1477."

Not content with this, he sent off another letter the same day.

"Keep with you, as long as you can, the two hundred lances which are at Tournai. A thousand or twelve hundred horse are not in a condition to attack you with the company you have. But let me entreat that there shall be no occasion for returning again to complete the havoc, for you are as good an officer of the crown as I am, for if I am King, you are Grand Master; and adieu."

The character of Maximilian, who now comes prominently forward, was in all respects different to that of his father, for he was liberal even to prodigality, and extremely fond of war, for its own sake, as he proved in after times. The accounts given of the Emperor Frederic by many contemporary authors are anything but pleasing: Commines represents him as of a very grovelling spirit, and content to endure any disgrace rather than spend money.

St. Gelais, in his History of Louis the Twelfth, says that Maximilian was always at a loss for two things required by a warlike prince—money and prudence, neither of which he had. If his judgment had been equal to his ambition, the Republic of Venice would have been at an end, for after the League of Cambray, which deprived the Venetians of all their possessions on terra firma, if the Emperor had not imprudently given them time to recover from their reverses, their power would have been altogether annihilated.

Machiavel relates that a certain priest, in the service of Maximilian, was accustomed to say of him that he never asked advice of any one, and yet never did

anything according to his own fancy. He was, however, in the beginning of his career very ready to listen to the advice of experienced men.

Dom. Juan Vitrian, comparing the father and son, remarks: "Frederic would not resign the Empire to his son Maximilian, although he was aged and decrepit, because he considered the public good more than his private interests, and he knew his son to be extremely profuse."

He was, himself, wise, virtuous, and prudent, more philosophic than valiant or active, and more modest than altogether became a sovereign; but with regard to the reputation he had, of being avaricious and niggardly, it came more from his fortune than inclination, for having succeeded such Emperors as Sigismond of Luxemburg and Albert of Austria, who were wealthy and magnificent, because they possessed the kingdoms of Hungary and Bohemia, he had it not in his power to spend money as they had done, for his revenue was small, and his imperial rights confined; he could not but suffer in comparison with those Emperors, but who, after all, were perhaps more prodigal than liberal.

He showed great prudence and good policy in keeping on terms with the Duke of Burgundy and the King of France, and avoiding war with either, and his obtaining for his son the hand of the heiress of Burgundy was a proof of his wisdom and foresight.

The excessive cruelty shown by Louis at this time was by no means politic, for, instead of terrifying the people to submission, it caused them to turn from his oppression to some chance of escape from his rule, and was the chief reason why all parties were induced to forget their private feuds, and to unite together in one general hope that their Duchess would form an alliance with some prince so powerful that he should be able to

hold the might of France in check. The wishes, therefore, of her people, as well as the inclinations of the Duchess, were now directed to Maximilian of Austria.

The Duchess Dowager, who was now at Malines, finding that her brother, King Edward, guided by his wife's desire, favoured the suit of Lord Rivers rather than that of the Duke of Clarence, altogether abandoned that party, and at once threw her influence into the scale in furtherance of the Austrian alliance; and it was chiefly by her means that negotiations were carried on to that effect without the knowledge of the Duke of Clèves, who was always at Margaret's Court watching the interests of his son, who, however distasteful to the young Duchess, he still hoped her interest might induce her to decide on at last.

Mary and her mother-in-law acted entirely in concert in this particular, and the former gave her full sanction to any steps that Margaret might see fit to make; she knew how full of intelligence and talent was her mother-in-law, and she knew also that her regard for her would make her anxious to secure her happiness. Together, therefore, they had secretly arranged the messages sent to the Austrian Court, and were quite aware of the state of affairs tending to their wishes, while the Duke of Clèves was unsuspicious of the female plot which was to set his son's hopes aside.

Accordingly, when all was prepared, the Bishop of Metz and other lords of Germany, arrived in a solemn embassy to propose the marriage of Maximilian and the Duchess.

They had reached Brussels when the Duke of Clèves, in the name of the Council, sent to direct that they should proceed no further on their journey till further communications were forwarded to them; but the

Duchess Dowager had taken care to warn them to take no heed of this prohibition, but to proceed without delay to Ghent.

It is somewhat singular, that in spite of her dislike of Adolphe, one of the chroniclers of the time represents Mary, at this time, as lamenting her ill fortune in having lost so good a captain and friend as the Duke of Gueldres. If he had not been proposed as her husband her regret might perhaps have been sincere, but at the very moment he was fighting at such a disadvantage, she was aware that three deputies from Louvain were on their way to entreat the Emperor Frederic to conclude the negotiations for his son's marriage with the Duchess, and to delay no longer to come to her assistance.

As concealment of the real sentiments was the great art at court at that time, Mary probably thought it good policy to bewail the loss of the commander set up by the fierce Gantois. When a deputation sent by the Emperor, which she of course expected, arrived, she was found lamenting her late losses.

"Oh, Lord of Ravestein!" said she, "what shall we now do! We have lost the brave Duke of Gueldres, all the artillery, and a host of our soldiers, whom those accursed Tournaisians have probably massacred in cold blood. Noble Count of Romont, and you, lords, what are we now to do?"

The answers to this question were far from satisfactory, when suddenly the announcement of good news changed the feeling of the assembly addressed by the disconsolate princess. The envoys of the Emperor Frederic had arrived.

Overjoyed at this prospect of deliverance, the Duchess ordered that they should be received with the highest honour; and instantly mounting her horse, with her falcon on her wrist, and splendidly dressed, she set out

to the Church of St. Bavon, where she proposed to give them audience.

Mary was particularly distinguished as a graceful horsewoman, and the ambassadors who saw her arrive were much struck with the elegance and ease with which she managed her horse, an accomplishment which none who then looked upon her dreamed would one day be fatal to her existence.

The ladies formed a brilliant suite, all mounted like herself, and full of majesty and beauty; an old chronicler observes that they were "more like goddesses than mortals, so rich were their costumes."

Mary welcomed the four envoys with marks of great esteem, saluting each of them on the cheek, while tears flowed which she could not control, although in a general way she was remarkable for the gaiety and liveliness, rather than the sadness of her demeanour.

A splendid banquet was prepared, and, though at first the question nearest the hearts of all was not proposed, the knowledge of an understanding between all parties rendered the festivities doubly enjoyable.

The arrival of the ambassadors was a surprise to M. de Clèves, who could not, however, refuse to do them honour.

They presented their letters of credence in due course, and then set forth that this marriage had been already agreed upon by the late Duke of Burgundy, with the avowed consent of his daughter. They forthwith produced the letters written by her own hand, and the ring which she had sent as a token on her part to Duke Maximilian; after which they, in the most respectful manner, begged to know if she acknowledged the signature, and intended to fulfil the former promises of her father and her own.

The Princess then, for the first time taking upon herself to act without reference to her lords or

servants, replied, without the slightest embarrassment or hesitation,

"I most assuredly acknowledge that my late dear father, to whom God be merciful, consented and accorded the marriage of the Emperor's son and myself. It was by his command and his wish that I sent that diamond, and wrote those letters which you show me. I avow their contents; and I am resolved to accept no other husband than the son of the Emperor."

In these few words the fate of many nations was concluded.

The effect they produced on the Duke of Clèves was electric; all his hopes were at once destroyed, and he saw that the Duchess had acted altogether without him: the firmness of her tone and the resolution of her manner were not to be mistaken, and he was aware that nothing could shake the determination she had announced. He knew, too, that all Flanders would hear of her decision with pleasure, and he felt that he must submit.

After venturing a remonstrance on the reply of the young Duchess, without allowing her council to have a voice in the matter, and hinting that he had been deceived and betrayed into allowing her to answer thus promptly, he found it necessary to obey, and, not without extreme vexation, gave up.

In vain were the representations of the French ambassador that the same promises had been given to the Duchess of Savoy in favour of Duke Phillibert; the Duchess would allow of no interference, and now boldly confessed that she had definitively chosen Maximilian as the prince most able to defend her and her dominions from the dangerous power of France.

All that was left to Louis, therefore, was to

endeavour to throw obstacles in the way of this alliance, and his brain began immediately to work to do as much injury as he could. He was always in the habit of employing low people as his agents, and, on the present occasion, fixed on one of his servants, a young man, a native of Cologne, whom he sent privately to Strasbourg, to discover what was going on, and to give information of the proceedings of the Emperor. He soon learnt that Frederic and Maximilian would shortly arrive at Francfort, to confer with the ambassadors of Burgundy on the subject of the marriage, for, on both sides, it was desired that all delay should be avoided.

The King, therefore, hastened to send off M. Robert Gaguin, General des Mathurins, who was the bearer of letters as ambassador, and was instructed to present himself at Francfort, if possible, before the electors, in order to deliver a remonstrance, founded on the existence of ancient alliances between the Emperor and the kingdom of France, and to represent the danger of such a marriage as that of the young Duke and the heiress of Burgundy; for she, being of French blood, could not choose a husband without the consent of the chief of her race and her sovereign lord; nor could the Emperor nor his son, without offending justice and the laws of the kingdom, contract such a marriage.

But Louis, with all his cunning and promptitude, had not been quick enough to get the start of the Duchess Dowager and the young bride elect, who had taken advantage of the anxious wish of the Flemings that the marriage should be instantly brought about, and had agreed that no assembly should take place at all at Francfort. The Emperor and his son did not even stop there, but descended the Rhine at once, as far as Cologne.

Notwithstanding the great importance of this match, the prudent or avaricious Emperor did not attempt to defray any of the expenses of his journey, but left them entirely to the care of the bride's subjects, who gladly undertook all, that no sort of delay might occur in securing a protector for themselves and their young Duchess. It is even said that all the habiliments necessary for the splendid appearance of the bride-groom were sent to him, and that nothing was forgotten to furnish his toilet.

At Cologne the illustrious strangers were met by Pierre du Fay and Olivier de la Marche, two officers despatched by the Duchess Dowager to welcome them, and to guard against any interviews with the emissaries of France; so that, although M. Gaguin was already on the spot, he had no opportunity of delivering his remonstrance. The Germans were just as willing to avoid the interview, and quite as anxious that nothing should intervene to prevent the marriage, which they considered would be a powerful check to the pride and tyranny of France.

After many attempts, Gaguin at length obtained an audience of the Duke de Juliers, ambassador of Burgundy, but was very ill received.

"How comes it," said the Duke, "that the King your master is so anxious, at this late period, for the marriage of the Dauphin, since he would have found it easy to conclude some time ago? Now, the opportunity is quite gone. I have entered into an engagement with the Emperor and his son, and my honour will not permit me to evade it. Let me advise you, on the contrary, to quit the town as quickly as you may, for your safety will be best consulted by doing so, although you may rely on me to protect you from all violence as much as lies in my power."

The discomfited envoy withdrew, and Duke Max-

imilian, without appearing to be cognisant of the messages of France, quitted Cologne for Flanders. The Electors of Mayence and Trèves, the Margraves of Brandenburg and Baden, the Dukes of Saxony and Bavaria, accompanying him: his train in other respects was extremely simple, and he had not more than eight hundred lances with him. As for money, he had absolutely none, and it was necessary that supplies should be furnished him by the Flemings. His people were rough and coarse in their manners and appearance, and strangely contrasted with the rich and luxurious Flemings and Burgundians. But nothing was observed or commented on: the joy and exultation were general. He was looked upon as a liberator and saviour sent from Heaven for the succour of the oppressed country and the persecuted young Princess. Wherever he appeared the warmest welcome greeted him; and one town, as he passed through, vied with the other in showing their delight and satisfaction.

When he reached Louvain the magistrates went out for several miles to meet him, and were much struck with his noble and gallant appearance. The mounted troops that accompanied him advanced in squadrons of five men in front, the infantry following in the same order; then came the Duke and his staff, bareheaded, but wearing bands enriched with pearls and precious stones. Two bishops rode before him, with the Duke of Saxony. The Margrave of Hesse rode by his side, and a singular feature in the procession was, that Conrad, his jester, never left him, moving first on one side and then on the other as he advanced. This Conrad was one of the most attached and faithful of Maximilian's servants, and on more than one occasion served him greatly, particularly when, in after times, he became a prisoner to his revolted subjects of Bruges.

Maximilian wore silver armour, bound with a black

scarf, on which the cross of Burgundy was embroidered.

Each of the knights in his suite were decorated with a similar scarf over their cuirasses. At the end of their lances they carried a fox's brush. The great standard was of black damask, and the smaller ones of the same hue, except one which was of red, white, and black.

The *cortège* advanced with great dignity through the gates of Louvain, and the Duke took up his abode at the Mayor's house, while the rest of the lords and followers were hospitably received by the dignitaries and citizens of the town.

A messenger was instantly sent off to Ghent to let the Duchess Mary know that her affianced husband was arrived at Louvain. He rode till two o'clock in the morning without pausing, so anxious was he to deliver his agreeable message. All travel-stained as he was, he hurried to the palace and demanded an audience, crying in a loud voice to the sentinels to admit the bearer of good news.

He was instantly admitted, and falling on his knees before the expectant Princess, he proclaimed the near approach of Maximilian.

Mary was transported with joy, and called out—"Is it really true, my good friend?—did you see it with your own eyes?"

"True indeed, Princess," replied the messenger, "I saw the whole brilliant assembly, amongst which Prince Maximilian surpasses all by his grace and beauty, and his noble countenance."

The messenger was rewarded with a present of *fifty lions*, with which he was well content, and a general joy was diffused in the Court of Mary of Burgundy.

At Brussels the future husband of the Duchess was received with acclamation, and he felt that his coming was most sincerely welcomed.

All these demonstrations could not fail to be extremely gratifying to the Duke, who was generous, gay, full of energy, spirit, and hope; alive with expectation, and excited with the novelty and happiness which he saw around him, about to behold her to whom his wishes had long been directed, and the fame of whose beauty and excellence had long since made an impression on his mind, strangers as they were to each other. Maximilian was young, enthusiastic, and a poet; and, although his father's penurious habits had deprived him of the opportunities of a brilliant education, Nature had done much for him, as well in mind as in person, and he was by no means unworthy of the gentle prize which he was about to claim as his own.

He arrived at Ghent on the 18th of August, 1477, and in the evening of that same day he was admitted to pay his respects to the Duchess Mary.

Their first interview must have been very singular, for the Duke could speak no French, and German was unknown to the Duchess. Mary, however, saw in him a saviour and protector; was struck with his noble countenance and gentle and amiable manners, while he was at once charmed with her innocent beauty and interesting appearance, her youth, her grace, and the frank confiding air with which she received him.

Nothing could be more complete than their good understanding, although words were wanting to each to express their mutual satisfaction.

The betrothal took place instantly, and the next morning the heiress of Burgundy repaired to the church, accompanied by the Sire de Grutheuse, and Count de Chimay, who had returned with Maximilian from Germany, where they had been prisoners since the fatal battle of Nancy. Before the Duchess, walked the two beautiful orphan children of the Duke de Gueldres,

each carrying a taper; the suite which followed was very small, and each person dressed in mourning, in consequence of the recent death of her father; and it was in this simple manner that the greatest heiress of Europe espoused the son of the Emperor of Germany.

There is something extremely touching in this circumstance; and the marriage thus concluded, after so many struggles, is more interesting than if it had been surrounded by all the pomp and splendour which naturally might have been expected to attend a ceremony so important between two persons of such high rank and power.

Mary, still in tears for her father; her sorrows revived by meeting with two of his warrior friends, who had shared the last day of battle with him, and had suffered in his cause; her mourning weeds not yet cast aside, and the chief attendants upon her state, two little children, who had become orphans through the hostility of their father to herself, and by whose death she had escaped a terrible fate.

If the absence of gaiety or magnificence at her marriage, and the presence of mourning, might be a presage of the premature fate which awaited the amiable bride, its simplicity might be equally so of the quiet and contented happiness she experienced in her union with a man who adored her, and whose sorrow for her early loss never quitted him through all the vicissitudes and stirring events which distinguished his long career.

In a curious MS. in the Library at Boulogne-sur-Mer, entitled "Histoire Abregée du Pays et Comté d'Artois, composée par François Baulduin, Jurisconsulte, natif de la Ville d'Arras," occurs a chapter on the marriage of Maximilian and Mary of Burgundy, conceived in a spirit of pomp and grandeur suitable to the importance of the subject. It opens by a parallel

between Divine and human government, and the author does not hesitate to place his hero in a position of equal glory with the Eternal Ruler to whom he compares him.

The Emperor Frederic is represented as the most powerful of all the princes of the earth, and endowed with every quality suitable to his power. "The French nation," says the author, "called by custom Franchois, should properly be designated *Ferochois, comme cruaux et plains de mortelle ferocité.*"

"These," exclaims the indignant chronicler, "are the enemies who attack, who distrust, who injure us, and who would fain displace the imperial image from its high place, to substitute their Babylonish idol; and, as the people of God formerly fell into the hands of Pharaoh, and were carried into captivity under *Nebugodonozer*, so the poor subjects of the house of Burgundy, once so honoured, are now piteously torn, distressed, harassed, and kept in miserable servitude. The laws are subverted, the temples polluted, the holy vessels pillaged, and the altars thrown down, but the clamours of the wretched sufferers treated with such cruelty have reached the throne of God, and the lamentations of the poor, desolate Marie are heard, who in the bitterness of heart represents the destruction of her house, and the ruin of her people, through the conduct of the followers of the god Mars, lord of battles. She raises her voice and applies for succour to the redresser of the wrongs of orphans, and enemy of all oppression, the Eternal Ruler, who, listening with benignity to the complaints of this pious and humble virgin, takes compassion on her unprotected innocence, and determines to restore the throne of Burgundy, so violently oppressed; but as this pitiable case concerns temporal affairs, He directs her to apply to His secular vicar, the glorious Emperor Frederic, always Augustus. When the sad complaints of the

oppressed damsel come before the throne of the lieutenant of God, the humility of her appeal causes him to determine to adopt her part; and, as the human race was once redeemed from the captivity of an infernal prison by the means of an humble virgin, descended from a royal line, so should an oppressed people be redeemed from a cruel durance, by means of a noble virgin, also named Mary, and also of a royal descent."

Still carrying the similitude until it more than borders on the profane, Frederic is made to resolve to send not his marquises or counts or generals to the rescue, but his own son, who is to redress the grievances of this ill-used damsel and her subjects; or, as Messire Baulduin expresses it, "That the Sybil's prophecy should be accomplished, and the young eaglet should match with the young lioness;" four necessary qualities of marriage being provided amongst them, viz.: sapience, riches, beauty, and generosity. The sapience is attributed to the Emperor, to whom certainly the praise of generosity could scarcely be given. Every description of virtue is recorded as belonging to the distressed princess; every beauty seems concentrated in the prince, who borrows from Pygmalion his grace, from Narcissus his countenance, from Absalom his beautiful hair, on the perfection of which the author dwells with great complacency, describing it as golden and shining, in great profusion, and worn in the German fashion. The description of Mary deserves to appear in the original, from its *naïveté*. After saying that Maximilian was so handsome that every young girl in the country would be delighted with such a husband, he goes on to say, that though the princess was not of so very striking an appearance, "toutefois est elle propre, gracieuse, gente, et mignonne, de doulx maintien et de très belle taille;" adding, "du surplus

je me rapport aux dames." But becoming apparently animated with his subject, he continues, "Mais son vif sens, et sa très humble contenance valoit bien ung *brinct* * *exquis* ou ung chef d'œuvre de beauté."

What is said by the courtly chronicler of the possessions of the young bridegroom is sufficiently amusing, his extreme poverty considered.

"De la richesse de ce jeune Duc je ne me sens encore au vif informé, sinon que son expectation est grand et que sa paternelle succession sera d'incomparable estimation." Of the wealth of the lady he has no doubt, and, provided justice is done to her, he proclaims her the richest of reigning sovereigns.

Judging from the excellent qualities of her mother, he pronounces that Mary cannot fail to be amiable; and he dwells still more upon the good fortune of her possessing the name of Mary, that of the mother of all virtues, and goodness, and *good manners*. He appears to "have a passion for the name of Mary."

"This name," he exclaims, "is pronounced by angels, and so much honoured that nothing can equal it; none more salubrious to a good lady, none more loved and honoured. The soul that meditates it is sanctified, the voice that utters it is clarified, the person who hears it is fortunate, and she who bears it is assured of all things. Thus, the name of our future lady and princess is sweet and salutary. The name of the bridegroom, also, begins with M., and very holy and terrible is the admirable name of Maximilian."

The chronicler concludes with the following ingenious remark:—

* This word, "*brinct*," is still used in Picardy to express a graceful and elegant figure. I am indebted for this explanation to the obliging attention of M. A. Gérard, bibliothécaire at Boulogne-sur-Mer, where this curious manuscript is preserved.

"Ainsi doncques tant pour la convénience de ces deux excellens noms, que pour les quattres conditions requises du contract matrimonial également proportionées, sont ces deux jouvenceaux vertueux bien en point de remplir la terre de glorieux personages," &c.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MORTIFICATION OF LOUIS THE ELEVENTH ON HEARING OF THE MARRIAGE OF MARY OF BURGUNDY.

When Louis the Eleventh was assured that the marriage of Mary with Maximilian had really taken place, his mortification was extreme, and he saw at once that all his dreams of dominion in Burgundy were at an end. Since the death of Duke Charles he had pleased his imagination with the thought that the whole of the possessions of Mary would become his; but the veil had now fallen from his eyes, and he saw his fault, says Varillas, his historian, in all its extent.

His genius was always more bent to repair mistakes than to avoid them, and his passion for intrigue often led him to commit new faults when he imagined that he was doing away with former errors. On the present occasion this was the case. In order to controvert the policy which he was certain that the Germans would adopt, to regain the Low Countries for themselves, he conceived the project of inviting Edward the Fourth from England, and offering him Flanders and Brabant as a bait.

This was re-entering the labyrinth out of which his father, Charles the Seventh, had escaped by miracle, and bringing back on his country all the evils which it had taken centuries to obviate,—a step, too, which he had long so carefully avoided, and an event he had spent such large sums to avert.

Thanks to the indolence of Edward, this notable

plan failed; but Louis was not the less culpable in having imagined it. Seldom were there more lures and bribes held out to a sovereign to induce him to

"do a peculiar benefit
To his own person."

"I have no money," said Edward, "and my subjects are not anxious for this war with Flanders; they would be more ready if it were against France."

"Never mind," replied Louis, "I will furnish you with money to pay ten thousand archers for four months."

"But," returned the English King, "I shall require a strong diversion to turn away the forces which the Brabançons and the Flemings will bring for their defence."

"I will," said Louis, "enter Hainault with a French army the moment the English have set foot in Flanders."

"I have no artillery," exclaimed Edward.

"You shall have plenty awaiting your arrival at Calais, and it shall cost you nothing: ask what you please, I will furnish all," said Louis.

"But," hesitated the English King, "there are too many strong places in Flanders and Brabant, and it will take me too long a time to reduce them."

"I will go myself," was the reply, "to Brabant with another army, while you are occupied with Flanders. I will attack the four most important cities of the country; I will never raise the sieges till all are taken, and, as I take them, they shall be yours."

Never had Louis offered so much before; whether he intended to keep his promises, time would have proved, but it was not distrust of his faith which caused Edward to resist such tempting offers. He was not fond of war; he had, with little difficulty, gained all he sought in England, and he hated trouble. He had resigned himself to indulgence, and had become

immensely fat, which impaired his beauty, but even yet he was thought the handsomest man of his time; and, content with that reputation, he thought himself born for enjoyment, and cared little to place himself in a position which would disturb the pleasures he was now enjoying.

His Queen, who might formerly have counselled him to exertion, was indifferent to the fate of Burgundy and her allies, now that the heiress, whom she sought for her brother, had married another; and Louis saw with vexation that Edward was more content to drink the fine wines he sent him in presents than to further his interests as regarded the country he so much coveted, and on whose rulers he desired to be revenged.

Maximilian had only been a week married, when he wrote to the King of France, complaining that the treaty of Soleure, concluded by the late Duke of Burgundy, had been neglected, and that a portion of the estates of his wife had been taken from her against all law and justice. He expressed himself ready to listen to any adjustment, but if that could not be effected, he proclaimed his intention of appealing to the princes his friends, and to defend the rights of the Duchess in arms.

Louis was extremely annoyed at this promptitude, and turned his hopes towards the Swiss league to revenge and assist him; but the Swiss, who had made themselves a warlike name in battle against Charles the Bold, were not willing to relinquish their arms, and a great many had sold their services to the Prince of Orange against France. Their rulers had no ambition, and did not desire conquest; all they wished was to keep peace and defend their own mountains. They found it impossible to restrain the awakened impetuosity of their youth, although very severe decrees were issued against their taking service with the enemies

of France; but they disapproved of the extreme cruelties practised by the French in the county and Duchy of Burgundy. When they made a deputation, however, to remonstrate with the Sire de Craon, who governed for the King, they were received with such extreme rudeness and contempt by him, that Adrien de Bubenberg, their chief, so famous at all the late battles, lost patience; and Waldmann, another celebrated captain, exclaimed: "Mort Dieu! if we are held so cheap, we will be found before we are sought for."

Louis was himself in such an ill-humour, that his reception of the Swiss ambassadors was little better: he continued to detain them without audience, while he waited for news which would prevent his granting too much, expecting to hear from De Craon of the reduction of several revolted towns which were striving to throw off his yoke, now that a new star had appeared in Maximilian to guide them; till at last Bubenberg resolved to wait no longer, and disguising himself in the unwarlike garb of a minstrel, he took his guitar, and, undiscovered, made his way back to Switzerland, where his account of the King's incivilities made a lively effect on the minds of his countrymen, as much so as the kind and friendly reception of other ambassadors at the Court of Mary and Maximilian had disposed them to amity in that quarter.

The deputation to Burgundy had gone with much hesitation, expecting to be received with hostility and coldness; they feared that the recollection of Nancy was too recent for their interests, and were prepared for a far different treatment from that which awaited them.

The Duke and Duchess showed them the utmost honour, and made them presents far richer than those Louis had sent their ambassadors, and everything that could re-assure them was said by persons in high places;

they were entreated to be at ease, for there was no rancour in the hearts of any against their nation; the fatal events which had occurred would be attributed to the evil influence of war, and not to individuals. Nothing, in fact, was brought forward against them, and they were dismissed with friendly expressions.

A truce with Burgundy was, consequently, renewed and prolonged, and it was evident that the first acts of the bride and bridegroom had obtained them friends.

Every day the King was losing ground in Burgundy, where his troops had been everywhere repulsed; and, discontented with the government of De Craon, Louis recalled him, with all his ill-gotten wealth, which was enormous, and which he had wrung from the oppressed people over whom he was set to rule. Nothing was taken from him, for the King knew too well that he had acted with such horrible severity as made both their names execrated, by his especial directions.

One of the cruelties which has left the greatest stain upon the memory of Louis the Eleventh, is his severity towards the unfortunate Duke de Nemours, against whom he had treasured his hatred for many years, and whom at this time, when his temper seems to have become uncontrollable, he chose for his victim.

The Duke was the second son of the famous Constable D'Armagnac, who was governor of Louis in his youth. At that age Jacques d'Armagnac was the companion of his amusements and his dearest friend, and for a long time their friendship was unaltered; but it seemed as if Louis, in his advanced years, singled out those in whom his early confidence had been placed, to injure and ill-treat.

After he was king, however, Jacques was still in his favour, and he it was who brought about his marriage with Louise d'Anjou, niece of the good King René; he was allied to the blood royal by Eleonore de Bourbon,

his mother, and was looked upon as the King's near relation.

At the time of the war for the Bien Publique, some differences had arisen between them, and Jacques joined the Count de Charolois and the Princes before Paris. This was never to be forgiven, and Louis only waited his time to be revenged. He was, however, like the rest of the princes, comprised in the treaty of Conflans, and obtained the government of Paris and the Isle de France, was reconciled with the King, and swore fealty to him.

The King's constant mistrust, treachery, caprice, and cruelty, his continued dissembling, his fawning and tyranny, his professions and deceptions, alienated every honest man from him, and it was difficult to say who were, in fact, his friends. In this respect, although the causes were different in a degree, he resembled Charles the Bold, who daily disgusted his friends by his violence and harshness, and was at last as unfurnished with attached followers as himself.

It was generally known that Louis had never thoroughly forgiven any who had been concerned in the war for the Bien Publique, consequently there was a sort of fraternity established amongst the different chiefs, and in whatever service they were engaged they ceased not to have secret communications with one another.

Jacques de Nemours had, however, kept as much as possible out of all intrigues, and for some years had lived a peaceable and retired life on his estates, where he was extremely beloved for the rare qualities of mildness, justice, and humanity. Louis, nevertheless, encouraged a secret rancour against him, perhaps in envy of his popularity, and at length resolved to attach him of high treason and bring him to trial.

He was accordingly seized and cast into prison, and

in spite of his entreaties the King refused either to see him or hear his appeals. The terror and surprise his arrest caused to his wife, Louise de Bourbon, was such, that, finding Louis deaf to every entreaty, and foreseeing her husband's fate, she died of grief. The news of this calamity and his own unjust imprisonment so affected the Duke de Nemours that his hair became white in the course of a few days.

When Louis was in the height of exultation at the defeat of Charles of Burgundy, at Granson and Morat, and he descended the beautiful river Loire to return to his horrible abode which disfigured its banks at Plessis les Tours, he pleased his imagination with the thought of inflicting new miseries on his captive, for he was always most cruel when most contented; and had the Duke taken from his dungeon in the tower of Pierre Scise, and placed in the Bastille.

Louis then wrote one of those savage letters of his which are preserved, commanding that every sort of torture should be applied to him to make him confess his treason with the Constable de St. Pol and the Duke of Burgundy, tending to make the latter Regent, to put the King to death, and to take possession of the Dauphin.

"M. de St. Pierre," writes he to the jailer of the Duke, "I am not content with what has been reported to me, that his irons have been taken from his legs, that he is allowed to go into another room when he is examined, that he is taken *out of his cage*, and allowed to go to mass where women appear, and that guards have been left about him who complain of not being paid. Now, whatever the Chancellor may say on the subject to you, *take care that he does not stir from his cage*, and that those who require to see him, should come and see him in it; nor must he ever be

removed therefrom, except to have *the torture applied—and let him be tortured in his chamber.* I beg of you, if you ever wish to do me a service, let me hear that this is strictly performed.

"*Plessis-du-Parc*, 1*st Oct.* 1476." (*i. e.* 1477.)

His orders were well executed, and never did he show himself so entirely pitiless to any of those whom he considered his enemies. The Duke de Nemours vainly imagined that, by the fullest confession, he should obtain his mercy. He was induced to say more than was actually the fact, in the hope of pardon, and, even then, his crimes against the King did not constitute that of high treason, particularly since he had already been pardoned with the rest of the princes for known conspiracies.

He addressed the most heart-rending letters to his inexorable master, dated *from his cage in the Bastille,* imploring him, by all the King professed to hold sacred, to extend his compassion to his innocent children; and, recalling to his mind their former familiar friendship, and the recollections of their youth, he signed himself his servant and subject, "Le pauvre Jacques."

But Louis read these touching appeals only with a bitter smile of triumph and exultation, and "Pauvre Jacques" had trusted in vain :—

> "O momentary grace of mortal men,
> Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
> Who builds his hope in air of your fine looks
> Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
> Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
> Into the fatal bowels of the deep!"

To the credit of the parliament and its servants, there was some stir in favour of this unhappy Prince, and an attempt was made to secure justice for him; but the malignant power of Louis prevailed, and after some

months' lingering agony and suspense; the Duke de Nemours was brought to the block, amidst the tears and lamentations of all who were witnesses of this iniquitous execution.

Mezerai relates a tradition which obtained credence, that Louis had imagined a piece of refined cruelty which is difficult to be believed; this was, that he ordered the children of the Duke to be placed under the scaffold of their father, dressed in white, in order that his blood should flow down on their heads, and the evidence of it be visible to all!

If this story be not true, it proves of what Louis the butcher was thought capable.

> "That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
> That foul defacer of God's handywork!"

Even if this scene of the tragedy may have been suppressed, it is quite certain that Louis showed no pity towards the ill-fated children of his victim. Their possessions were at once divided amongst the King's servants and favourites. To one, who had a large share, he gave the charge of the eldest child, the destitute heir, who was carried off and confined in the citadel of Perpignan, where he was attacked by a contagious disease, and being neither taken from his dungeon nor attended to by any one, the little outcast orphan perished miserably.

At the time when Louis the Eleventh was dying slowly in his horrible dungeon-castle of Plessis; when he wearied his mind with searching for some new saint, to whom he could address himself at his last extremity; when he feared to look upon every new face, and dreaded every sound; never did it occur to him to repent, or to expiate in any one way the deeds of blood that he had committed. Yet he remarked, on hearing that Richard the Third was King of England, that he was a man whose crimes should have barred him from

the throne; while, at the same time, he gave fresh orders for fresh imprisonments and executions, in order that it should not be said in France—"The King is dead or imbecile, for he does nothing in his old way."

The prisons groaned with victims, who were writhing in their chains or *in their cages*. The Sire de Grutheuse, a prisoner at Guingatte; the Sire de Thoise, taken at Dole; the lord of Rocca-Berli, formerly governor of Roussillon; Charles d'Armagnac, kept in the Bastille, and tortured daily; the Count de Perche; and many more of less note, were praying fervently every hour for the death of the tyrant, who had invented manacles for them called *Les fillettes du Roi*, and gloried in the details of their sufferings in the iron cages to which he had condemned them.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

GALEAZZO SFORZA.

THE vengence of the King seemed accomplished upon all his enemies, but never had he been before so uneasy or discontented. Charles, the great stumbling-block in his path of life, had been removed—he too well knew by what means—and all Europe held him in awe: but a new star had suddenly appeared, and rose to cast its bright rays on the head of the orphan daughter of his dead foe, whose destruction he had vowed, and whom he would fain have made to share the dungeon or the cage of his late victims. Maximilian—young, ardent, brave, and admired—now attracted the attention of all Europe; and his interesting wife, the youthful Duchess Mary, was placed by her judicious marriage with him in a better position than even the life of her father could have assured to her.

The assassination of Galeazzo Sforza, the tyrant Duke of Milan, the friend, ally, and brother-in-law of Louis, had more affected him and filled his mind with more gloomy forebodings than any event which had hitherto occurred. From the moment that the startling news of this tragedy was brought to him, he was observed to have sensibly changed, and to become a prey to still increasing terrors and uneasiness. But the consequences of this merely tended to render him still more moody, ferocious, hard, and mistrustful, until there was not a person who approached who did not

shudder and tremble in his presence. His health, too, was daily declining, and the weakness and pain to which he was subject occasioned him to be even more the prey of his mental sufferings: he had none but unpleasant reflections, he trusted no one, believed that treason lurked in every bosom, and had nearly arrived at that state of nervous fear which caused his father, Charles the Seventh, to refuse himself nourishment, in which he expected to find concealed poison.

Mary of Burgundy, when she first came into possession of her estates, was not aware of the necessity of cultivating the good-will of Spain; and had allowed the ambassadors from that country, then in much confusion, owing to the contentions which ended in placing Ferdinand and Isabella firmly on the throne, to be treated with indifference. Now that her affairs were better directed, she took care that that power should be propitiated, and did all in her power to engage Spain to declare against the King of France; and Louis soon became aware that negotiations were secretly going on against his interests both with Spain and England.

The Emperor Frederic also, at this time, sent him a remonstrance on his attacks on the dominions of the Duchess of Burgundy, which shewed that he was ready in case of need, notwithstanding his proverbial parsimony, to come forward to defend the rights of his son.

Louis therefore found that infinite vigilance was necessary, and that he must not cease to stir up the enemies of the young bride and bridegroom as much as in him lay. Above all things, it was important that he should secure the friendship of Edward of England; and he learnt with no little vexation that Margaret of York, his sister, had been appealing to him against the innovations and extortions of Louis, who, careless of all interests but his own, had without the least reserve

seized and devastated, wherever he pleased, the estates she possessed at Cassel and elsewhere. Annoyed and distressed at his conduct, Margaret addressed her brother, entreating him to espouse her cause: her letter to King Edward ran thus:—

"I send to your grace for aid and succour, as to one in whom alone is all my consolation. I pray you to have pity upon your poor servant. There where you made me one of the greatest ladies in the world, I am reduced to the estate of a poor widow, far removed from all my lineage and my friends, especially from you, who are my only lord, my father, husband, and brother.

"I rely entirely on you not to let me be miserably oppressed as I daily am by the King Louis of France, who is doing all in his power that I may become a beggar for the rest of my days, which, God knows, would be a strange fate for me. Alas! sire, I entreat your grace have pity on me. Let it not be by your permission that I am left poor and desolate here, but let me immediately have at my need fifteen hundred or a thousand English archers; or if I had more wealth, Heaven can tell, that I would beg greater number of you, as my faithful secretary, Fernando de Lisbon, will inform you more at length.

"Your very humble and obedient sister and servant,

"MARGUERITE."

"*Written at Malines, 29th March*, 1478."

King Edward was much touched by this letter, and instantly sent a remonstrance to Louis on his conduct relative to the Duchess. His messenger was received with fine words and promises, but his answer to the King was delayed for six weeks, and the embassy he professed to be about to send to Edward was delayed

longer still. At length the artful prince employed a personage who was directed to use as many fine speeches and professions as possible, but to put on one side the complaints of Margaret, by alleging that his motives for taking certain towns were merely precautionary measures, such as he had been obliged to take to secure his own possessions attacked by Mademoiselle de Bourgogne unjustly; that Cassel and the other places did not in fact form part of the Dowager's land; and other pretensions equally absurd. He directed his ambassador to say, if much pressed, that the towns he had taken were merely to secure his own right, but that their revenues should still be the Duchess's. He agreed at last to give her an equivalent pension, in case Edward would not be otherwise pacified.

Louis's anxiety to keep peace with England induced this concession, and the necessity in which Edward found himself, owing to the dissensions in his family, caused him to listen with more readiness to what Louis proposed. It was just at this time that Sir Thomas Burdett, the friend of the Duke of Clarence, had been so cruelly put to death for a dispute about a favourite white deer which the King had killed, and the indignation of the Duke of Clarence had burst forth in impolitic assertions of the illegitimacy of Edward and other injurious speeches.

The death of the Duke soon followed these events—furthered, it was thought, by the approbation expressed by Louis in the Latin line * he sent, expressive of the danger of not finishing an act begun, when Edward wrote to him to ask his advice relative to his brother's conduct.

It has been related that Charles le Hardi, when most irritated at the Liégeois, had besieged and destroyed their capital, and to show his contempt and anger had

* "Tolle moras, sæpe nocuit differe paratum."

deprived them of their Perron,* a mark of the episcopal jurisdiction highly prized by them. This monument he had sent off to Bruges, much to the mortification of the citizens, who ardently desired to see it once more amongst them.

They bore this humiliation with continual murmurs, and were afflicted beyond measure at the loss of what they held so dear. Maximilian, understanding their cause of sorrow, was very ready to agree to the wishes of Mary, that this, their Paladium, should be restored to her subjects; and nothing could exceed the joy and exultation the Liégeois experienced, when at length they hailed the restoration of this cherished pledge.

The act was as politic as it was considerate, for it at once made fast friends of the men of Liége, who now felt that they obeyed a prince, who, though of a foreign house, was more lenient and generous to them than he, who, though their natural protector, had governed them so severely.

Meantime, Flanders continued to be the seat of war; the Count de Dammartin commanded the French troops, and pillage and ruin reigned in the estates of Mary; but the young Duke Maximilian, full of fire and spirit, courage and enterprise, was now amongst them, and the hopes of the Flemings began to revive. Maximilian had none of the obstinacy of Charles the Bold; he was content to attend to advice of those more experienced than himself, and his conduct was both politic and valiant. He went from town to town, encouraging and protecting, promising and assisting, restoring lost rights, and giving strong hopes for the future.

Maximilian visited all the provinces now under his

* A description and drawing of the Perron de Liége may be found in Mr. Dudley Costello's work on the "Valley of the Meuse."

sway, and introduced himself to his new subjects, who, in general, all received him with confidence; nor did he delay long to attend to the advice of those who recommended him to hold a chapter of the Order of the Golden Fleece, lest Louis should declare himself its chief, as he was so ready to usurp every right belonging to Burgundy.

Bruges, therefore, became the scene of great preparations under the conduct of Olivier de la Marche, when, on the 30th of April, 1478, Maximilian came there to hold the meeting; and, in the church of St. Sauveur, Maximilian was received as Grand Master, and knighted accordingly by M. de Ravestein, amidst universal acclamation.

But at the same moment that Maximilian was thus occupied, Louis was busily engaged in attacking the little town of Condé, which, though of small extent, had yet given him as much trouble as if it had been of extreme importance. The Germans and Flemings who held it were of superior valour and dauntless resolution, and held out most gloriously. The Lady of Condé, her two sons, and Le Bâtard de Condé, a valiant knight, were shut up within the walls. The whole winter had this place been assailed in vain; threats and bribes were alike unavailing, and even the treachery of some within had been useless.

Louis resolved at length to take it by main force, and began by attacking and becoming master of several strong castles, which surrounded it, and then laying formal siege to the town itself. Nothing, however, daunted the citizens and their commanders: the very evening on which the French army sat down before it, Baldwin Bâtard de Condé descended by a ladder from the walls with a few men-at-arms belonging to the Count de Romont, and threw themselves so furiously and unexpectedly on the French that they

put the whole camp to confusion, destroying their baggage, taking their ammunition, and, under cover of the tumult they had created, retreating triumphantly as they had arrived.

Louis placed before one of the gates fourteen large pieces of artillery, amongst which were two famous cannons, which had done service before Arras; these were called, "Le Chien d'Orleans" and "Le Doyen des Pairs," and furious were the attacks made by these redoubtable foes on the devoted walls.

After a desperate resistance the town was compelled to yield, and Louis allowed the governor, Mérigoval, to retire with his garrison unmolested; and he thought it more to his interests to take no revenge on the brave inhabitants, whom he permitted to remain peaceably, and entered the town, of which he took possession, attending mass in the principal church, and distributing money to those who assisted at it, commanding a mass to be repeated every day.

The exploits of Louis were, however, now drawn to a close. Maximilian had provided himself with a powerful army, and he gained to his views almost all the great men of Flanders and Hainault, who resolved to co-operate with him with zeal and vigour.

Louis had returned to Arras, and was then carrying on a plan on which he had resolved with a certain obstinacy of purpose which is almost inexplicable in him; except that it formed a part of the hatred of the house of Burgundy, which was a mania with him. When he had resolved to take possession of the domains of Duke Charles, he had publicly declared that he was merely exercising the right of a sovereign towards the confiscated estates of a subject guilty of léze-majesté. He continued still to proclaim this without being able to show when the alleged crime had been committed.

He, nevertheless, resolved to bring to trial the young

heiress, as well as to continue the charges he brought against her father, and issued letters patent to parliament to this effect, commanding the princess to appear to answer the charges in the course of six weeks.

The charges were as follow :—

That the Duke of Burgundy had made a public war against the King and the kingdom.

That he had besieged Beauvais and other towns.

That he had named himself sovereign lord in places which belonged to the crown.

That he had erected parliaments at Malines and at Beaune in order to detach provinces which belonged to the kingdom.

That he had committed great cruelties at Nesle.

That he had spread fire and destruction throughout the Pays de Caux.

That he had, with the Constable and others, contracted and sealed engagements against the King, as had been proved by divers witnesses in the trials of the Constable and the Duke de Nemours, amongst others, by the Duke de Bourbon.

But that on which the King principally insisted was his imprisonment at Péronne; and he produced a letter stated to have been written by Charles to the King, in which Louis was assured of safe conduct. This letter, though sworn to by several witnesses, is supposed to have been forged, for there still exists another, certainly to the same purpose, but less strong in its import, which invalidates the former.

To this letter Louis added two, written by the hand of Mary of Burgundy—one to the Estates of the Duchy, the other to the Swiss, entreating succour from them.

But by the time all these notable preparations were concluded, circumstances occurred which rendered them of no avail.

The twenty thousand warriors of Maximilian were

advancing upon the King, and it was necessary that he should bestir himself for his own safety. It was true that the army of Louis was superior, and that his means were great; but he knew his own unpopularity, and he felt that to risk a battle was dangerous. The Flemings knew that he would, according to his usual saying, "rather lose ten thousand crowns than a single archer," and they felt secure that he would not willingly encounter danger.

But the reason given by Louis for declining the offered combat was very characteristic—a great miracle had been performed in the Cathedral of Cambray. While mass was being chanted on the day of the Fête Dieu, at the moment that the hymn of "O salutaris hostia" was sung, the door of the tabernacle suddenly opened, and the sacred *ciboire* descended of itself on the altar, without the aid of a priest!

Before Louis left that part of the country, however, he exhibited another proof of his bad faith, for in spite of his promises to the citizens of Condé, he introduced his soldiers into the town under a pretext that he had gained a battle over the Burgundians, and that it was expected from the townspeople that "Te Deum" should be sung in the principal church. While they were thus obediently employed, the garrison entered their houses, pillaged them of all they found there, placed the booty in boats after having set fire to the town in several places, and destroyed the defences which, at great expense, had just been re-established.

It was soon after this that Louis found himself obliged to sign a truce, and restore the town of Quesnoy to the Duke, which he had sentenced to be burnt.

He was even obliged to withdraw his troops from Tournay, which belonged to the kingdom, but was in the centre of Flanders, and was ordered to remain

neuter in future, in consequence of the Flemings insisting that the constant pillaging and disorder which emanated from thence should cease.

Louis came himself in person to restore Cambray to the Empire. The Sire de Marafin, who for a twelvemonth had been left governor of this town, had almost ruined it by exactions. The richest citizens were forced to ransom themselves, and their murmurs were treated as plots against the King. Some had been decapitated, others imprisoned or sent to distant provinces of the kingdom. Marafin, encouraged and supported by Du Lude, the then favourite of the King, had pillaged the churches of all their wealth, even to the reliquaries; nor does it appear that the piety of Louis led him to make inquiries into these abuses.

It appears that Cambray had long been the scene of devastation from all parties, so much so that a popular song recorded the event in these words:—

"Elle est bien habillée
La ville de Cambrai;
Marafin là pillée.

So great a scandal as taking possession of the goods of the Church was, however, not to be endured; and, for the sake of appearances, when Louis gave up the town he ordered some part of the booty to be restored.

These orders were not, however, so rigidly obeyed; but on a subsequent occasion the Sire de Briquebec having taken hold of a splendid chain of gold which Marafin wore, and expressed his admiration of it, the King, who stood by, said in his usual jesting manner—

"Adore it, but do not touch it, for it is sacred."

He gave himself twelve hundred crowns for the churches of Cambray, and having assembled the citizens, he said to them in a gracious manner—

'We desire that you should remain neuter, and be

in the same position in which you have habitually been. But we are viscount of your city, and wish to keep our jurisdiction and the right which belongs to us. As for our arms, one of these days you may take them down, and put up your own bird again. He will have been like the swallows, which go away to return in the spring."

By his honied words and presents he so won over the people of Cambray that the Chapter inscribed him amongst their benefactors.

Nevertheless, at the departure of the French, Louis, Bâtard de Vendôme, whom the King had named Abbé of Saint Aubert, carried away or sold all the furniture of the abbey.

By this treaty it was likewise agreed that the King should restore to Maximilian all that he held, or might hold, in the province of Burgundy. To the wise counsels and good order of Charles d'Amboise this arrangement was owing, whose conduct was a happy contrast to the brutality of M. de Craon.

All this time there was treachery going on, for Louis was bribing the Swiss at the very moment they were agreeing to befriend the Burgundians, and had secured them to himself; and when he signed a truce for a year with Maximilian, he knew that he had succeeded in seducing back to his sway the greatest part of Mary's dominions in Burgundy.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A SON BORN.

WHILE the truce was being negotiated, Louis received another blow which touched him nearly, and made him yet more splenetic and discontented than before. It was announced to him that the Duchess Mary had presented an heir to her estates in the person of a son, who was born on the 22nd June, 1478.

The Prince was born in Bruges, and nothing could exceed the rejoicings at the happy event throughout the dominions of his mother. Every town celebrated it with demonstrations of the most lively pleasure, and nothing was omitted to demonstrate the affection and attachment which was everywhere felt for the illustrious family whose star was now in the ascendant.

Maximilian was away when this desired moment arrived, and he could not leave his camp to come to Bruges to congratulate his wife and be present at the baptism of his son, which took place with great pomp, the godmother being the Duchess Dowager Margaret, and the godfather the long-attached and faithful friend of Charles the Bold, Adolphe de Clèves, Sire de Ravestein.

The presents made to the church on this great occasion were magnificent, and all were placed in evidence in the galleries that they might be publicly seen.

M. de Ravestein presented the infant with a superb sword of gold, and M. de St. Pol with a helmet

enriched with pearls and precious stones. Margaret of York gave him a collar of rubies of great value.

The child was undressed and shown to the people from the church galleries, and his name of Philippe proclaimed amidst shouts of joy. He was obliged to be shown again to the people in the market-place, in order to convince them that the reports spread by the French spies, that a "pretty little girl" was born to them, might be disproved.

Margaret of York held the infant in her arms, and showed him exultingly to the multitude assembled, exclaiming, "My children, behold your young lord, Philippe, of the blood of the Emperor of the Romans."

Adolphe of Ravestein threw handfuls of gold amongst the shouting crowd, who made the air ring with cries of "Largesse! Largesse!"

The name of Philippe, justly dear to the subjects of the beloved father of Charles the Bold, was hailed with rapture by the satisfied and expectant populace, and the welcome of the young prince was complete.

Maximilian's joy, when the messenger arrived to tell him of the event, was extreme. The courier, who had ridden without stop or stay from Bruges to Pont-à-Vendin, where the Duke's army lay encamped, hurried amongst the tents till he had found that of the father of young Philippe, whom he discovered standing at the entrance, giving orders.

He leaped from his horse, and threw himself at the feet of Maximilian, offering the letter of M. de Ravestein, which announced the event. The first word of the Prince was to inquire after the health of his wife, and the favourable answer at once relieved his mind, and he was prepared for the joyful news contained in the missive, which filled him with joy and exultation. He called out the news to his assembled lords, and it was instantly proclaimed to the army by sound of trumpet.

Bonfires were lighted, *fêtes* given, and the whole camp was one scene of exhilaration and pleasure.

The messenger received as a reward for his tidings, the most splendid suit in the Duke's wardrobe; and he despatched him with a most affectionate letter to his beloved Mary, congratulating her on the happy event, and announcing his speedy return.

A brilliant reception was immediately prepared for him by the command of Mary, whose impatience to see him was so great that she could not be kept in her apartment, but descended to a lower room, from the balcony of which she could see him arrive. She would not be restrained when he entered the court of the palace, but rushed forward to meet him, and threw herself into his arms. She showed her child to him with the tenderest exultation, crying out, "Look, my lord, look what a present I have given you, to show my joy at your return. Behold our young son Philippe, of an imperial race, your worthy heir."

Maximilian, his eyes sparkling with delight, took the child in his arms, embraced him, and exclaimed—

"Oh, noble blood of Burgundy, who derivest thy name from Philip de Valois, thou shalt henceforth be called after me and my father, Philip Stock.* What sayest thou to this, my well-beloved Mary?"

"All that pleases you is agreeable to me, my dear lord; your name must be preferred above all others," replied the gratified mother.

When Maximilian held his famous Chapter of the Knights of the Golden Fleece at Bois-le-Duc, he was desirous that his little son Philippe should at once be admitted into the order, and receive the accolade from

* The Belgian editor of the chronicle from which this account is taken—M. Octave Delepierre—is unable altogether to explain the meaning of the word *stock*, which he takes to be *staff, support*. There seems little reason to doubt the solution of the enigma.

the hands of the Sire de Ravestein, the protector and friend of the Duchess.

Ravestein represented that it would be better to defer the ceremony till the Prince could understand its importance; but the father insisted, saying: "It matters little, let us go through the ordinary forms, afterwards the meaning of them can be explained to him."

The youthful Prince accordingly received the order of chivalry in the choir of the church of Bois-le-Duc, from the hands of Ravestein, who touched him lightly on the back with the flat of his sword. Feeling himself struck, the child, who was on his knees, instantly began to feel for the little poignard which he wore at his girdle, with the intent to return the blow of the old knight. This action quite overturned the gravity not only of his father and mother, but all the lords present, and the hilarity was general.

The next child that was born to Maximilian was a daughter, that charming Princess Marguerite whose fate deceived her in the chance of becoming Queen of France. She was Governess of the Netherlands, and the chief consolation of her father in after years, and celebrated for her wit, her wisdom, and her goodness.

Mary had another son, named Francis, who, however, scarcely survived his birth; and she was said to have been *enceinte* at the time of her unexpected and melancholy death.

After Louis had signed the truce with Maximilian, and returned to France, he found Paris in a state of commotion in consequence of the preaching of a certain Cordelier, named Antoine Fradin, who, in his sermons, inveighed violently against the vices of the times, attacking the conduct of the great in particular. His congregation was incalculably numerous, and he had become a perfect *furor* amongst the people, the female part of the auditory in particular.

As Father Antoine did not hesitate to blame the conduct of the government and the King, Louis, who was at Plessis les Tours, for he avoided so great a city as Paris as much as possible, thought it necessary to send Master Olivier, his barber, to set matters right, and to order the Cordelier to cease his sermons.

This, however, only increased the avidity to hear him; the women came to the convent armed with knives and stones, which they concealed under their dresses and in their pockets, in order to resist those who should lay hands on their favourite preacher.

A proclamation, by sound of trumpet, then commanded the people of Paris to cease their assembling without the permission of the King; but this was only treated with derision, and the crowd at the convent was greater than ever. On this Jean le Boulanger, first president, and Denis Hesselin, maître-d'hôtel of the King, went to the convent, and announced to brother Antoine that he was banished the kingdom, and must quit the place instantly.

When he, therefore, left the convent, the people pressed round him, expressing their sympathy and regret, and accompanying him to the gates of the town.

The following lines were made on the occasion, and sung about the streets:—

"Un puissant noble Boulanger,
Un Hesselin et un Barbier
Ont mis hors le bon Cordelier."

Louis, in a worse state of mind than ever, left Paris in disgust, and shut himself up in his dismal palace at Plessis les Tours, to concoct fresh mischief, having given orders that the young Dauphin should be closely penned up at Amboise, although a marriage was now talked of between him and one of the daughters of Edward of England; and that the Queen, separated

from him, and under equal surveillance, should be carefully watched in her abode in Dauphiné.

New plots against his life were continually disturbing him, either by their reality or supposed existence, and he had lately become acquainted with one said to be carrying on by the agents of the Prince of Orange. He affected to treat this with levity, though in truth it deprived him of rest and peace; and he addressed the following letter on the subject to his parliament, treating it with apparent contempt.

"On the part of the King: our faithful and well beloved, the Prince of Thirty-Deniers has had the design of poisoning us, but God, our Lady, and M. St. Martin, have preserved and guarded us, as you will see by the copy of the informations we send, which you will read in open hall before every one, in order that the great treason and wickedness of the said prince may be generally known.

"*Cambray, 6th June.*"

As Louis grew more and more mistrustful, and afraid of his life being attempted, his attentions to the Saints and different Madonnas increased with his terrors. His gifts to churches became at this period more than usually splendid, and the people were forced to supply money and plate for this new want.

Nôtre Dame de la Victoire, and Nôtre Dame de Clery, were richly endowed, and the Chasse of St. Fiacre was covered with plates of silver. A trellice of silver was given to St. Martin of Tours, and a silver shrine to Ste. Marthe of Tarascon.

When the citizens of Paris and other great towns found that their plate was thus likely to be in requisition, they became suddenly extremely humble, and not even at weddings was anything to be seen but goblets

of glass, and vessels of the most simple kind, not a piece of plate appearing anywhere.

The quarrels of the Pazzi and the Medici, in Italy, filled the mind of Louis with alarm, for he saw that conspiracies against the great were of daily occurrence, and that murders and assassinations were not confined to the hands of princes, but that subjects ventured to attack the lives of those in the highest places. He steered clear, however, of interfering in these disputes, which were raging so furiously, for he found he had sufficient care at home. He was, however, obliged to send ambassadors to the Pope; and at their audience, those of Duke Maximilian being also received, when he was designated as Duke of Burgundy, they were directed to demur to the title, which they claimed for the King of France.

For more than a year great contentions took place between France and the Pope, who was favourable to Maximilian. Louis carried on the contest with great firmness, in hopes of detaching all the allies possible from Maximilian: this was now his chief aim, as the passion of his life became stronger with his advancing years, to ruin Burgundy or to become sole possessor of it.

The truce of a year was soon infringed, and before its conclusion a war more violent than ever had again broken out between France and Burgundy, in which the latter lost many towns, and Louis at length triumphantly marched into Dijon. From this capital, however, he was soon called by the disturbances at Arras, which had now reached their height.

Maximilian and his army were eager to attack their hated enemies, the French, in whose ranks they saw many traitors who had betrayed the Duchess Mary, and it was at this period that the young prince led forward his battalions, and gained the famous battle of Guingatte.

Amongst other chivalric demonstrations, it is recorded that several knights rushed to the combat with the right arm bare, according to vows they had made. A powerful assistance at this battle was the body of English archers, who first began the attack, after making the sign of the cross, kissing the earth, and uttering their war cry, "St. George for Burgundy."

The loss of the French was great, but that of Burgundy, although victory remained on that side, was even greater. A horrible carnage had taken place, and the ground was strewn with slain. Maximilian, in all the vigour of youth and beauty—brave, eager, and resolute—had fought like a lion, and been seen in every part of the field, sharing the danger of the meanest soldier, rescuing his friends, and throwing himself before them in the greatest straits.

His conduct on this occasion gained him the renown of a hero, and the love of his Flemish subjects.

If Maximilian had followed up his good fortune at Guingatte, he might have gained Thérouenne, and even Arras, in the first confusion into which the French fell, but he allowed the opportunity to escape; indeed he was, it must be confessed, but little in a condition to continue the war, for he had suffered at least as much as his enemies. He therefore abandoned the siege of Thérouenne, and allowed his army to disperse, scarcely retaining sufficient men to continue the attacks he still meditated.

He laid siege soon after this to the castle of Malaunoi, which was defended by a brave commander named Raimonnet d'Ossagne, and only twenty comrades. They held out for three days, and only yielded when two of the towers having been battered by the enemy's artillery, they were forced into the third, which could hold out no longer.

Unfortunately the valorous defence made did not

impress the besiegers with the respect due to such brave men, and Raimonnet and most of his followers were put to death after the castle was taken.

On hearing this Louis was greatly infuriated, and resolved on taking the most signal vengeance.

He ordered his worthy instrument, Tristan l'Hermite, to take fifty of the chief prisoners made at the late battle, and to hang them in the most conspicuous places in the kingdom. Tristan put himself at the head of eight hundred lances and six thousand free archers, and came first to the gates of Aire, where Raimonnet had been executed, where he hung seven of his prisoners. From thence he continued his sanguinary journey to St. Omer, Douai, and Lille, at every place performing the agreeable duty enjoined him by his worthy master.

Amongst the prisoners was Wolfgang de Polheim, the friend and brother-in-arms of Duke Maximilian, who had seen him taken with infinite fear and regret. Tristan thought to make him one of his victims; and already preparations were on foot to put him to the same ignominious death, when a messenger arrived in haste from the King, to order him to pause, and to send back the devoted young knight to prison. Louis had reflected on the impolicy of thus murdering the particular and intimate friend of the young Duke, and his prudence, not his humanity, thus saved his life.

Already, however, it had been reported that he was executed, and, the name of Polheim being mistaken, it was generally believed that the son of the King of Poland had been sacrificed, nor was it before some time that the true state of the case was ascertained.

Tristan, mortified at being baulked of his prey, to console himself for his disappointment, pounced like a vulture on all he could lay hands on, and, assisted by his enormous band of executioners, laid waste, like a

troop of locusts, the county of Guines, and ravaged and burnt no less than seventeen castles.

Hideous must have been the march of these devastators, men without mercy, athirst for blood, and directed by a ruthless monster, who obeyed the decree of one more cruel and revengeful than human fancy could imagine, an incarnation of evil, a god of blood insisting on a continued supply of victims to his altar, exulting in crime and revelling in the torture of his fellow-creatures!

While Tristan was thus urging his bloody way, and sending his master faithful accounts of his performances, Louis was, all the time, making up his mind to peace with Maximilian, for he found himself in a condition which would not enable him successfully to carry on the war.

Nevertheless, Maximilian was too poor to pay, as they required, his Swiss mercenaries, and Louis expended large sums in gaining over not only the Swiss, but numerous lords of Burgundy, who had revolted from Mary of Burgundy, at the beginning of her troubles and joined the Prince of Orange. Amongst these was the Sire de Vergy, who had been made prisoner at Arras at the beginning of the war, and whom Louis had—with his usual inhumanity—shut up in an iron cage, with his hands and feet manacled, because he had constantly refused to take the oaths of allegiance to him. Louis's knowledge of human nature directed him to appeal to the mother of this unfortunate noble, and to employ her as a means of persuading her son to allow himself to be delivered from so horrible a situation. The Dame de Vergy, therefore, exerted all her powers, and at length induced him to agree to call himself a servant of the King, on which all his forfeited lands were restored, ten thousand livres a year granted him, and a commission given him to serve with the Swiss forces.

Another noble, the Sire Claude de la Guiche, who had suffered a rigorous imprisonment in the castle of Blois, was set at liberty on the same terms, and likewise Antoine de Bussi Lameth, the son of a faithful servant of Charles Duke of Burgundy, who had frequently been his messenger to the Duke of Brittany.

By these means Louis contrived to gain the Swiss to any extent he desired, and thus to keep his newly acquired province of Burgundy in a state of repose. Louis had much to do to keep peace with all his allies, so as to prevent their taking part against him with Maximilian. Edward the Fourth was always inclined to be his friend, but the English nation was violently opposed to peace with France, and, on the contrary, felt the greatest interest in all that concerned the Flemings and their successes. At the court of France, at this period, arrived the Duke of Albany, escaped from a prison to which he had been condemned by his brother the King of Scotland, James the Third. He was received with great honour by Louis, who thus gratified Edward who was at war with Scotland; but he would not in any way assist the Duke of Albany against his brother, because he feared to offend his ancient allies. He, however, procured marriage for the Duke with a noble and rich heiress of Auvergne, Anne de la Tour, who remained for a long time at the court of France, kept as a sort of hostage for the good relationship of England, to be used as occasion might require.

The Duke of Brittany could never forget his enmity to France, and did all in his power to foment any disturbances in England against Louis; to revenge which Louis did the same towards him, in urging against each other the hostile families of Blois and de Montfort, which threw all the country into confusion and civil war.

At the beginning of the year 1480* died the good old King René, long a mere plaything of a king, a mere semblance of a monarch, who, having by degrees had most of his possessions wrested from him, had nothing left but the power of signing wills, by which he made first one and then another of his oppressors his heir.

On his death Louis made great claims, which were resisted by his children and grandchildren, and René of Lorraine was forced to keep a strict watch over his domains to prevent them from falling again into the hands of his neighbours.

Maximilian's troubles had meantime increased, and he had so many wars on his hands that his genius was considerably called forth. Not the least of his annoyances was the revolt of the people of Gueldres, who insisted upon being governed by the son of their late Duke Adolphe, and as Mary and Maximilian, in whose hands the child was, refused to give him up, they had taken the sister of Adolphe, and named her Regent, until her nephew should be restored, and had called upon France to assist their quarrel.

Holland was in a state of ceaseless commotion, owing to the violent contentions of the rival parties of the Hoekx and Kabelliaus, and the towns were torn to pieces with continued pillage and violence, to repress which required both vigilance and money, of the latter of which Maximilian found himself so destitute—being unable to raise any in Flanders, and his father refusing to supply him—that he was in the greatest extremity. The very household of the Duchess was unable to be kept up in its accustomed state, and he was actually obliged to pawn a magnificent casket to a Florentine merchant, established at Bruges, for the sum of fifteen thousand crowns to meet immediate expenses.

* 1479. The year began 2nd April.

Oppressed and fevered with the turbulence of his new subjects who, if in one place they were quiet, were sure to break out in another, Maximilian fell sick in Holland, and the tidings were brought to his young wife first, that his life was in danger, and next that he was already dead.

It was some time before her mind was relieved, and Mary once more breathed and hoped, till at length her beloved husband was restored to her, and their happy union was renewed.

Continued negotiations were going on between the Duchess Dowager and Edward of England respecting the aid promised to Maximilian; but the avarice of Edward, and his anxiety not to lose the constant supply of money he got from Louis, prevented any positive arrangement, although things went so far as that a marriage was proposed between the infant son of Mary and Maximilian, and Elizabeth, Princess of England, who was twelve years old, and already promised to Charles of France! On this occasion the Duchess Dowager presented to the little bride elect a diamond ring worth sixty pounds, which was replaced by a present from the niggard Edward to young Philippe of another ring worth about five pounds. While this was going on Louis was bribing the weak Edward with enormous horns of deer, and gigantic tusks of wild boar, which weighed against the entreaties of his sister and the interests of his kingdom. Added to this Louis was sending underhand messages to Edward, assuring him that Maximilian was endeavouring to treat with him, and that he could prove that the Duchess Dowager had held treasonable communication with her brother, the Duke of Clarence, against the King of England.

Another plan of Louis was to gain over to his interests the Duchess Dowager of Burgundy, who had always been inimical to him, and whom he had long

continued to injure and annoy; but he saw that she had now become an important personage, and had too much in her power to make it politic that she should be neglected.

Maximilian entirely relied upon her, and she was the worst enemy of France. She was held in the highest esteem by all the old servants and counsellors of the late Duke of Burgundy, was considered a woman of sense and judgment, and had gained the respect of the subjects of her daughter-in-law, whose affection for Maximilian was less fervid than on his first arrival amongst them, for they found him less powerful to assist them than they had expected, and the parsimony of the Emperor injured him greatly in their estimation.

Margaret, on the contrary, had great influence with her brother the King of England, and her hatred to France was well known, and made her still more popular from having been at first unjustly suspected at the time when the two faithful friends and ministers of Burgundy were sacrificed to the mistrust of the Gantois.

Nothing seemed less likely than that Louis should gain her for a friend, but he was so accustomed to succeed in this kind of negotiation, that he by no means despaired if the opportunity should once occur. He intended to offer her several rich estates, and a powerful marriage; and already he calculated on seeing Margaret at his feet.

Meantime, she had resolved to go to England herself, on an embassy from her daughter-in-law and Duke Maximilian, and was to be accompanied by a numerous train. The chief object of this step was to obtain from Edward two thousand English archers, who were to be paid with money borrowed for the occasion at Bruges.

Edward received his sister extremely well, and was

ready in his promises, which, however, he kept but ill; for though he desired to succour Maximilian, Louis was too useful to him, and he liked too well to receive his gold to act contrary to his interests altogether. All the negotiations, therefore, that were carried on tended only to a truce with France, which was at length signed on the 27th of August, 1480, greatly to the annoyance of the Duchess Dowager, who had hoped for much better terms than were obtained, and also considerably to the detriment of Maximilian, who began to be looked upon as an uncertain ally of England, and his taste for pleasure and amusement much condemned and criticised; as if it were not natural to a young, brave, handsome, and happy prince to prefer the gaieties which he could command to the continual disquietudes of civil commotion.

All this time Maximilian was extremely uneasy and unhappy about his friend Wolfgang Polheim, who had been made prisoner at Guingatte; and the Duchess Mary shared in his solicitude, and was equally distressed at the long detention and danger of a man so much esteemed by her husband.

So anxious was she to relieve her husband's mind from the anxiety that weighed upon it, that she made a personal application to her godfather, Louis, entreating him to do her the great favour and service of listening to negotiations for the ransom of this cherished friend.

All the actions of Louis were guided by cruelty or caprice, and the merest trifles sometimes weighed with him against things of moment. It happened at this time that he had been seized with a passion to possess certain hounds of a remarkable and very rare breed, possessed by M. de Bossut, a noble of Burgundy.

After trying many ways of obtaining these hounds, which their owner was extremely averse to part with, Louis at last made a proposition of exchanging the

prisoner against these animals; showing in this manner his contemptuous valuation of all that others held most precious, and willing, at the same time, to sacrifice his interest to a whim.

Much to the annoyance of M. de Bossut, he was formally entreated by the Duke and Duchess to part with a few of his, to him, invaluable dogs, in order to save the friend of his Prince; and, after a struggle with himself, the amateur consented to so great a sacrifice. The impatience of the King was extreme while the negotiations were going on on this subject, and he thus writes to M. de Bouchage, in his usual familiar style:—

"M. de Bouchage,—I beg of you to find means that M. de Solliers should go *down there*. I fancy it is the best road to suit our purposes; for there is no man to whom they would more willingly show civility, and perhaps he may pick up something by the way that may be useful to us. Do all you possibly can to get the greyhounds, and I will give you that which you like better than anything—money. At least we shall know the facts of the lies of M. de Genthod."

"*Aux Forges* (*near Chinon*), 20*th November*, 1480."

This mania for dogs had for some time occupied the mind of Louis, who carried it so far, that during his last illness, when he could no longer enjoy the pleasures of the chase, which had been his chief delight, he sought to replace them by hunting mice in his château of Plessis les Tours. In order to taste the whole luxury of such a sport, he had small dogs trained for the purpose, and sent out an order that in every town in his kingdom those who possessed dogs should produce them to his appointed commissioners, that they might be taken for the service of the King if they were found of the right breed.

Plessis was, besides this, filled with all sorts of animals, and in his awakened fancy he believed that he could never have enough. Elks from Poland, reindeer from Sweden, panthers from Barbary, shared his attentions with greyhounds from Brittany, Spanish setters, Valentian spaniels with long ears, and English hounds.

Wherever a rare animal was heard of in any country, his agents had orders to procure it at any price; the more extravagant the better, as he desired, above all things, that his fancy should be talked of, in the hope that when he was known to be occupied with such amusements, no one would credit the report of his illness being really serious.

At the same time that he was agitating his mind to obtain these animals, Louis was persuaded to release two other prisoners, whose long imprisonment in the most frightful dungeons might be supposed to have expiated their crimes. It was to the angry remonstrances of the Pope, whose enmity he at this time feared, that Louis gave way, and delivered over to his legate the Bishop of Verdun and Cardinal Balue from their iron cages, in which they had been so long screwed up. As they probably feared their confinement was for life, or, at least, was to last during the lifetime of their royal persecutor, this must have been a happy surprise to the prisoners.

De Commines* was sent to Loches to visit Cardinal Balue, and report on the state of his health, which, it was asserted with truth, had greatly suffered by his imprisonment in so horrible a state as that he endured.

The historian thus describes the frightful prison:—"Rigorous prisons covered with plates of iron, both

* This minister was chiefly employed to bring about the truce between France and Burgundy.

within and without, with terrible locks; about eight feet wide, of the height of a man, and one foot more. The first who invented them was the Bishop of Verdun, who was the first to suffer in the first he had made, where he was immediately put, and there remained fourteen years. Many since then have cursed them, and I myself, who have become acquainted with them *under the present king**, for eight months."

If Louis could have had his will there was not one of the princes who had offended him whom he would not have cast into these hideous places of confinement, and in too many instances he was able to indulge his appetite for cruelty in this particular.

One of his latest victims was the Count de Perche, son of the Duke of Alençon, whom for suspected wrongs he condemned to this living death.

This Prince, hearing that the King intended to do him injury, had attempted to escape to Brittany, but was watched so closely by the Sire du Lude that he was taken at the castle of Roche Valbot, near Gablé, and carried off to a dungeon at le Flèche, not far from Chinon.

There Louis had him thrust into one of his favourite iron cages, hardly large enough to hold him, where he was kept for six days without being allowed to go out of it, receiving his food at the end of a cleft stick, introduced through the bars, like a wild beast. Since he became, as might be expected, seriously ill with this treatment, he was dragged out to have his meals, and then driven back again to his cage, where he was kept in this horrible state for twelve weeks while his trial was going on.

The famous castle of Loches is well worthy of the visit of all travellers on the Loire, who have only to turn out of their railroad way at Amboise, and in a

* Charles the Eighth.

few hours may reach one of the best preserved and most appalling, as well as extraordinary castles in Europe.

Some low favourite was always necessary to Louis, and the one he had particularly attached himself to at this period of his life was a man named Jean Doyat, who possessed his confidence in a remarkable degree, and was beginning even to equal Olivier himself in his esteem. He found him extremely intelligent and cunning on many occasions, and a late circumstance had caused his master to look upon him as a peculiarly valuable servant.

Louis was well aware of the feeling entertained for himself by his allies, and knew that the Duke of Brittany was trying to deceive him with a semblance of good fellowship, at the same time that he was carrying on correspondence with his enemies.

The army of France was for this reason always ready either to march upon Brittany or Flanders, as the case might require; and Duke Francis continued his preparations of war, which he was sure would shortly be declared.

He had bought at Milan, then famous throughout Christendom for the temper of its armour, a large quantity of cuirasses, helmets, and other warlike habiliments; but, in order that they might pass unquestioned through France, they were carefully enveloped in cotton, to prevent their sound betraying their quality, and were packed like bales of stuff.

Thus concealed and arranged, the bales were placed on mules, and made their way through the kingdom as far as Auvergne, where Maître Doyat was Governor; and as the long train of merchandise crossed the Domes, and wound their way along the passes of those singular mountains, they were too narrowly observed by the quick-witted people employed by the favourite to

escape suspicion, and on examination the secret was discovered. Doyat in great glee instantly wrote to inform the King of the event, who was delighted beyond measure, and immediately gave him the advantage of the confiscation of the whole of this fine armour.

Doyat's high favour with the King was particularly displeasing to all the nobles of the kingdom, who were weary of supporting the insolence of these upstarts; the people hated them quite as much, but this general detestation only confirmed the tyrannical will of Louis, to keep those in place whom he had chosen to elevate from nothing.

The chief office of Doyat was to superintend and keep in awe his former master, the Duke of Bourbon; and as the King had made him Governor of Auvergne, he had every opportunity of doing so, and of mortifying and annoying the Duke in every possible way, in revenge for a just sentence formerly passed on him by that Prince for his evil practices. The time was not very distant, when this unworthy tool of a tyrannical master, before whom, for the time, the greatest trembled, was to meet the reward of his crimes and his insolence. Both he and Olivier le Dain received their merited punishment under the Regent Anne, of France, daughter of Louis the Eleventh, who, when her young brother Charles succeeded to the throne, gave up all the favourites to the indignation of the nobility and the people. The Governor Doyat was whipped through every faubourg of Paris, had one of his ears cut off, and his tongue pierced with a hot iron; was then taken to Montferrand, the place of his birth and of his chief triumphs, where he was deprived of his other ear, and whipped anew, for the edification of his fellow-townsmen; and what, perhaps, was worse to a mind like his, all his goods were confiscated, and he was sent forth a beggar.

But as long as Louis lived, Doyat and Olivier were supreme, and were trusted to the last; and even the Sire de Beaujeu, to whom the King had married his daughter, the Princess Anne, was forced to protest against the conduct of the insolent favourite to his elder brother, the Duke of Bourbon. Nevertheless, although Louis was more than usually considerate to the Sire de Beaujeu, whom he did not fear, and to his daughter, whom he respected for her cunning and for numerous qualities similar to his own, yet he continued his vexatious acts towards the Duke de Bourbon, although he could not make him feel the weight of his anger as he had done the unfortunate Count de Perche, son of the late Duke d'Alençon, for fancied wrongs.

In spite of all that Louis had done by bribes, fine speaking, and policy, he was in his heart well aware of the attachment which still existed in the minds of the people of Flanders towards their young Duchess, and he saw with vexation that, on every possible occasion, those he had the most sought took their opportunity to leave him and place themselves under the command of Maximilian, after having equipped themselves at the expense of France.

Louis felt that his health was daily growing worse, and his reflections on his past career and his present state were by no means satisfactory. He knew that he was hated as much as he was feared, that directly he died there would be commotions during the minority of his son, that there was a chance of civil war, and that, perhaps, all that he had wrested from Mary of Burgundy would be lost to his kingdom.

Louis was in the habit of saying that, in whatever extremity he might be, he insisted that the word *death* should never be uttered before him; "for," said he, "it is too hard a word for a monarch's ear."

He had always dreaded the sixty-third year of his

age, because no king of his branch of the royal stem had reached that period of life. He had several times been in great peril—once at Péronne, once at Montlhéry, and once when a large mass of stone, from the gate of Alençon, had nearly fallen upon him. After escaping these chances, he imagined that his life was secure, and would not contemplate the possibility of its end.

But from the time when he heard of the assassination of the Duke of Milan, he was always tormented with the terror of his life being attempted, and he was accustomed, amongst other precautions, always to have a page in attendance following him with a sword, to present it to him in case of need; and at night, while he slept, the weapon was always leaning against the head of his bed.

He loved to surround himself with new attendants, persons whom he attached to him by some extraordinary act of clemency entirely unexpected, like that he showed, for instance, to Claude de la Châtre, whom he made Captain of his Scotch Archers, although he had been the fast friend of his brother, the Duke of Guienne, whom Louis was suspected of having poisoned; but he preferred seducing to his service the faithful friends of others, who had been proved, rather than make trial of any himself, except in a few instances, which are exceptions to his rule.

Perhaps he might not so soon have sunk under the malady which threatened him, which was apoplexy, if he had not done so much to ward it off. He continued up to the last his favourite exercise of the chase, and made long excursions in the marches of Touraine, Poitou, and Anjou, often leaving his castle of Plessis for several days, and sleeping in poor villages or obscure castles. He disregarded all weathers, and regulated his hunting parties himself—giving way to his temper

in case of any annoyance occurring, and returning home, sometimes, in extreme ill-humour, which he vented on his attendants.

While he lived alone, without any of his family, at Plessis, he amused himself with simple pleasures, such as suited a beautiful queen at Trianon; for he had from Flanders some fine cows, and a native milkwoman to attend them, and his delight was to see butter and cheese made in his dairy!

He would visit the cottages in the villages near, and make acquaintance with their humble inhabitants, and loved to go into his kitchens. One day he had entered and found only at the fire a little boy, who was turning the spit. The child did not know him. "What do you earn?" asked the King.

"As much as the King," replied the young turnspit, quickly. "We both gain our brêad—God feeds him, and he feeds me."

This answer just suited the King's humour; and was a lucky one for the fortunes of the lad, who was immediately removed from the kitchen, and promoted to wait upon the King, who employed him in many important matters, and never lost sight of him from that time.

Another time, on the faith of one of the seven astrologers, whom he was in the habit of consulting, he went out to hunt. In a wood, he met a poor man driving an ass heavily laden with charcoal. The King asked him if the weather would be fine, to which he answered, that there would very shortly be a heavy fall of rain.

The King returned, wet to the skin, and ordered the charcoal-burner to be brought before him.

"What is the reason," said he, "that you know more than my astrologer?"

"Ah, sire!" replied the man, "it is not me but my

ass; when I see him scratching himself, and shaking his ears, I always know that there will be rain."

This was a great source of merriment to Louis, and of reproach to the learned men, whom he liked to tease, at the same time that he was never easy without consulting them on his future fate.

But he had of late shunned the society which formerly amused him, for he was accustomed to be delighted with social dinners, where all ceremony was banished, and men of all conditions, to whom he took a fancy, were admitted at times to his table. The Sires du Lude, d'Argenton, and de Bouchage, were always found guests, and nothing pleased him more than to set their wits against each other. A rich merchant of Tours, called Maître Jean, was thus distinguished by him, and was treated with the greatest familiarity: this man thought to take the opportunity to ennoble his family, and begged letters of nobility from Louis, who granted them without difficulty; but when he next presented himself in his robes, as a noble, Louis turned his back upon him. On which, seeing his surprise, he said—

"You were the first merchant in my kingdom, and you have made yourself the last gentleman."

He was not offended at sharp answers, if they were ready; as on one occasion meeting with the Bishop of Chartres, mounted on a superb mule, with golden trappings, when he said—

"It is plain that we are no longer in the times of the primitive church, when Bishops ride like our Lord, on a she ass."

"Ah, sire!" replied the Bishop, "that happened in the time when Kings were shepherds."

Ill as he now was, Louis still busied himself with preparations for war, as soon as the truce with Maximilian, which was by no means satisfactory to either party,

should be at an end. He ceased not to carry on his usual system of bribery, to gain friends against Burgundy, and to prevent England from materially assisting his foes.

It was in March, 1481, that Louis had been hunting in the forest of Chinon, and was passing in the neighbourhood, when after having heard mass, he had ordered dinner to be prepared for him at the little village of Forges. On a sudden he was seized with apoplexy, and lost all action of his limbs. His first impression seemed to be to desire air, but his attendants were afraid of opening the windows; on the contrary, they carried him to the fire, and used what remedies they thought right, till his favourite physician Angelo Catho arrived, who instantly ordered air into the room, and by judicious applications recalled his senses.

He recovered his speech but imperfectly, but was able to make those around him comprehend that he wished his confessor to be sent for from Tours, and de Commines from Argenton.

This circumstance de Commines himself relates, and adds:—

"I served him for the space of forty days at table and about his person, like a valet-de-chambre, which I held as a great honour."

His confession, de Commines being obliged to explain to the priest what he said, did not take long, for he always confessed once a week, in order to be in a sufficiently holy condition to *touch for the evil*, a practice which he never neglected; so strangely composed was his mind of cruelty and superstition, which he mistook for religion.

No one expected that he would recover from this attack, but he rallied very soon, and the first use he made of his senses was to punish those who had prevented the windows being opened when he was first

taken ill, although they had acted from ignorance, and not from an evil intention.

In ten days he was able to hear de Commines read the letters which were brought to him, and in a fortnight he appeared almost recovered.

But his illness, and the extreme probability of its recurrence, with more fatal consequences, had raised the hopes of all who desired his removal, and Maximilian, Edward of England, and the Duke of Brittany, immediately began to arrange affairs for their own advantage. The latter instantly set on foot a treaty of marriage between the Prince of Wales and his daughter and heiress, Anne, whose position — singularly like what that of Mary of Burgundy had been—was now the great match sought for by all Europe.

Louis had vowed a pilgrimage to St. Claude, but for five months had been constantly obliged to put it off from weakness, and in order to keep the Saint in good humour till he could accomplish his vow, he neglected not every week to send thirty-one crowns, to be placed upon the altar. At length he found himself strong enough to begin his progress, and, taking Amboise in his way, he embraced that opportunity of seeing his son, the Dauphin, who was a personage hitherto almost unknown to him. He gave him his blessing, and confided him to the care of his daughter's husband, the Sire de Beaujeu, commanding the child to obey him in all things.

From thence the King went on to Nôtre Dame de Cléry, one of his favourite Madonnas, whom he loaded with rich presents, and to whom he offered the sincerest prayers for his own health and prolonged life. As he was coming out of her chapel, he met a poor clerk, who threw himself at his feet and implored his pity, telling him that he was indebted fifteen hundred livres to a hard creditor, who had already kept him

twelve months in prison, and threatened to confine him again.

"You have chosen your time well," said the King, "since I have just been praying to God to have pity on me, it is but right I should show the same to you." He immediately paid his debt, and sent the man away happy.

He then went joyously on, feeling better, and convinced that his prayers were heard, and thus he traversed the province of Burgundy, which was now entirely subjugated to him, thanks to the exertions of Charles d'Amboise, who had gained over the towns from the Duke for him. That able minister had, indeed, done good service to his master, for which he was so much detested by the Flemings, that at his death they gave out that his body was carried away by fiends; and so much believed was this report, that it was found expedient to open his monument, which, to the surprise of those who assisted at the search, was unaccountably found empty. Many masses were ordered by Louis for his soul, and greatly did he lament so wise and useful a servant.

Arrived at St. Claude, Louis renewed his prayers and his presents, and his mind was in a more tranquil state, when he was shocked to hear of the death of one of his nephews, which occurred at Lyons the evening after a long day's hunting, during which he had fatigued himself so violently that his death was the consequence. But while Louis was mourning for this event, the news of another death arrived to give him that pleasure of which it deprived so many others, and to rejoice his heart, as it had overwhelmed others with affliction.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE DEATH OF MARY.

LITTLE did the young, gay, and ardent prince who had gained from every other competitor the hand of the fair and amiable heiress of Burgundy, foresee how soon the treasure he so much prized would be taken from him.

He had lived, during their short union, in the most perfect state of happiness and affection with his attached wife; she had presented him with three children, the last of which had died soon after its birth, but the other two, a son and a daughter, were strong and promising. Although he had been much harassed by the continued wars and quarrels he was called upon to engage in, he contrived to enjoy life, and saw the future only on its bright side.

The Duchess Mary, who had received such rude treat- at the hands of her subjects of Ghent and Flanders when she was first called to succeed her father, had by degrees become inexpressively dear to them, and they held her in the more esteem as the character of her husband, Maximilian, in developing itself, showed qualities which gave them less satisfaction than they had at first expected.

Mary had now been married four years, and in all she had done had shown her desire to conciliate, and to render her subjects happy; her beauty, her youth,

and her amiable disposition, which had failed to move them when she was an unprotected orphan—menaced by a powerful and artful enemy—now that she was firmly seated on the ducal throne, and surrounded by guards of the highest rank and the most devoted resolution, able and interested in defending her cause, were now fully appreciated by her people, and had endeared her to them in the most tender manner.

She did not interfere in politics, but left the whole care of Government to her husband, whom she loved with the deepest fondness, a regard which Maximilian returned with interest, and both presented that beautiful and interesting picture of conjugal happiness which is the more valuable in high places from its rarity.

The people of Flanders, difficult to be pleased, who now could see no fault in their beloved Duchess, contented their ill-humour by discovering imperfections in her husband: they accused him of loving the chase better than the care of the state, of frivolity and inconstancy in his inclinations towards the people; and of preferring the society of his court to making himself acquainted with the people and their habits and manners.

When it is considered that the reverse was the case with Louis of France, and yet that his character did not offer any very pleasing example of a prince; the inconsistency of the men of Flanders appears the more remarkable.

That, however, which gave them the most cause of discontent against him was his extravagance and profusion, of which there can be no doubt, and as the money he was fond of squandering did not come from Germany, they were the more annoyed.

The Emperor Frederic was the most parsimonious prince in Christendom, and nothing could induce him to open his purse, even when, by doing so, he would

materially have forwarded his own interests. He had afforded his son neither means nor allies in all his difficulties, and the Flemings found that in the marriage of their Duchess with Maximilian they had been completely deceived.

The prince required frequent supplies of money for his amusements, and was obliged to borrow of the rich merchants of Bruges and other towns; consequently, his credit suffered by this indulgence in his pleasures, and murmurs were indulged against him.

"Where," they asked, "is the aid we expected from the powerful Emperor, his father, who has contented himself with sending a few embassies which Louis of France has disregarded? Where is the support which England was to have rendered us for the sake of the Dowager Duchess; and does not the Duke of Brittany require our aid rather than afford us any? Has he quelled or prevented all the quarrels that exist in Friesland, Holland, and Zealand? Why has Gueldres continued its revolt? Can he do nothing to quiet the people of Utrecht, and put an end to the quarrels of the Hoecks and the Kabeljauws, about which he, nevertheless, occupies himself so much? What advantages have we derived from the truces and treaties he has made, when every day they are infringed by the French; and what mean these bands of adventurers who are beginning to appear in arms from one end of the country to the other, calling themselves now French, now Burgundians? Where is our former commerce, and what has become of our renowned cloth-works? Why are we at one time all burning for war, and at another sacrificing everything for peace?"

These were amongst the many questions agitated by the Flemings; and the restless Gantois had a subject of complaint that both the children of the Duchess Mary were not educated in their town.

The Duchess had added another child to her family, after her journey with her husband to Hainault, where she had been received with great solemnity; it had, however, died almost immediately, which had been a great sorrow to her.

At Valenciennes, which the French had approached, she had seen the flames near enough to her to illumine the surrounding country, and was glad to return, and find herself once more at peace in the midst of her court, in the rich and flourishing town of Bruges, the place where she best loved to reside, and where the chief part of her time had been spent.

Although Bruges had been in some degree superseded by the cities of Bruxelles and Antwerp, yet it still maintained its superiority, and, as the residence of the court, might be looked upon as the capital of the Duchess's dominions.

It had been long considered the most important mercantile city of Belgium; and in the thirteenth century it was the centre of the commerce of Europe—from the Baltic, the Mediterranean, and all the ports of France, merchants crowded to this rich and powerful city, and it attained its highest splendour during the government of the Dukes of Burgundy.

In its now deserted streets may still be traced the hotels of the consuls, established there by all the principal commercial nations of Europe; and it was once as great and important as Antwerp subsequently became. So rich were the citizens, that one alone became guarantee for the payment of the ransom of Jean sans Peur, taken at the battle of Nicopolis, which amounted to the sum of two hundred thousand ducats; nor was it found that there was any difficulty in collecting the money from the towns of Ghent, Bruges, and Ypres.

The wealthy merchants of Belgium did not object to parade their power; and it is told of a Provost of Valen-

ciennes, that, going to Paris during the great fair, he bought the whole of the merchandise there exhibited.

When Louis le Mâle went to do homage to King Jean, the Flemish magistrates who accompanied him were invited to an entertainment, where, there being no cushions to their seats, they folded their splendidly embroidered mantles, and sat upon them. After the feast they retired without them, and when they were reminded of the fact, the Burgomaster of Bruges, Simon van Eertryke, replied: "We of Flanders, are not accustomed where we dine to carry away our cushions with us."

The men of Bruges, at a grand entertainment at Tournay, in 1393, where a great exhibition of archery took place, were distinguished for the splendour of their dresses; they wore costumes of silk and damask, and some of them had dresses of muslin and fine cloth, while the chains of gold that adorned them were of thickness and weight quite marvellous to behold.

Amongst the ladies of Flanders luxury of dress was always carried very far. The Queen of France, wife of Philippe le Bel, was so amazed at the splendour of the ladies of Bruges, that she exclaimed: "I thought I was the only Queen here, but I see six hundred, all more magnificent than myself."

The attachment of the people of Bruges to their young Duchess was extreme; it had become a passion, and every individual in the city considered her as belonging to himself. The sad event which was now preparing was, therefore, felt the more by

"The land that loved her so, that none could love her best!"

Maximilian, after having visited the towns of St. Omer and Bergues-Saint-Winoc, lost no time in joining his beloved Mary at Bruges. No sooner did she hear of his approach than she hastened, with a numerous

retinue, to meet and welcome him; and they returned together, both feeling that every wish of their heart was complete, and that they had nothing more to ask of fortune.

A few hours changed the face of this promising destiny, and put an end for ever to all the high aspirations of the husband and the country of one of the most adored and amiable princesses of her time!

The morning after Maximilian's return rose joyously, and he woke to the recollection of the agreeable surprise he had prepared for the young Duchess, whose passion for the chase, which she inherited from her father, was equal to his own, and which both loved to indulge, in spite of the reproaches of their somewhat severe subjects on their too great fondness for this exciting amusement.

With cheerful smiles of delight Mary rose at daybreak, to obey the welcome summons of her husband, who informed her that the steeds were waiting, ready caparisoned, the hawks were clamouring, and the dogs baying, and the expedition waited only for its Queen, to lead them on to their animated pastime.

Gay and brilliant, full of life and spirits, the Duchess mounted her gentle and favourite horse, which was accustomed to obey her every movement, and was as quiet and submissive to her as he was fiery and impatient in other hands. Her falcon was placed on her wrist; and after caressing him, and greeting all her gay attendants with her usual good-humour and kindness, more than commonly demonstrative on that occasion that her heart was full of happiness, content, and gratitude, she gave the spur to her steed, and the whole brilliant assembly dashed off in gallant style.

The chace began most successfully, the Duchess's falcon had already struck a heron, and she was eager in the pursuit of another, when, having reached a ditch,

her horse, as if from some instinctive presentiment, paused at the brink, and she was obliged to urge him with the whip to take a leap, which would clear the impediment.

The spirited animal obeyed, and in an instant with his light burthen was on the other side; but as he alighted his foot struck on a piece of fallen timber, and he fell, dashing the Duchess to the earth, who was thrown against the projecting wood with such violence that she lost all sensation, and lay on the ground as if dead.

Terror and consternation immediately succeeded the shouts and laughter and merry cries which had been ringing through the air, and agonised groups surrounded the prostrate form, which was tenderly raised and carried into a hut hard by, where every effort that haste and anxiety could allow was made to restore her to consciousness.

At the moment she was receiving these attentions, a breathless messenger had informed Maximilian of the accident, who, dashing his spurs into his horse's sides, was instantly on the spot, where, to his unspeakable horror, he beheld the frightful state of his wife, whom he thought dead. He threw himself on the ground in frantic despair, calling upon her name and uttering loud cries, while, so deep was the grief of all around him, that no one came forward to offer him the consolation they each required.

At the voice of Maximilian the unfortunate young Duchess opened her eyes, and recovered for a moment her recollection. Even in her agony she endeavoured to dispel his terrors, and as he pressed her to his bosom she whispered:—

"Dear lord, calm yourself, I entreat; this accident perhaps will be of no importance. Let me be put into a carriage, and let us return to Bruges."

With the utmost care they obeyed her orders, and she was forthwith transported to her palace, where all the surgeons of the town were assembled without delay, and surrounded her bed in the hope of affording relief to her sufferings.

Maximilian, meantime, could not control his distress and agony; he reproached himself with having projected this fatal day's amusement, he bewailed the probability of his bereavement, the orphan state of his two children, and his own irreparable loss.

"Oh, God! have pity on us!" he continued to exclaim as he knelt beside his dying wife, and watched her movements in hopeless anxiety.

The Sire de Ravestein endeavoured then to say a word of consolation, entreating him to be of good courage, and that perhaps the hurt was not so dangerous as was feared.

"My beloved Mary, my only hope!" cried the distracted husband, as he observed her eyes turned on him—"tell me how you feel now."

"Prince," replied she in a feeble voice, but endeavouring to smile—"I think that I am better. But I beg of you to summon all the chief lords of the court to this place. I have a great desire to speak to them."

The Duke immediately sent off messages to the Count de Romont, the Sire de Fiennes, Jean de Dudzule, the Sires of Chimai, Chantereine Nassau, Beveren, Brandebourg, and Grutheuse, who were all introduced to the bedside of the Princess.

Mary addressed them calmly, saying, that as the accident which had happened might prove fatal; she entreated them to remain faithful to the oath they had taken to the Duke her husband. She begged them to continue in unity like brothers, and mutually to afford each other succour and support, so that nothing could divide them.

"Be friends to my husband and children," said she, "this is my last request and my last prayer." With tears and sobs they all promised to obey her last injunctions and never to forsake the interests of those dear to their beloved Duchess.

After this scene Mary lingered in great pain for several days; she was unwilling to acquaint the physicians with the exact nature of the injury she had received, and the premature birth of an infant was the cause of an accession of fever which she had not strength to surmount.

On the 25th of March, 1482, from every church in Bruges rose the most fervent prayers to Heaven for her recovery, and scarcely an inhabitant of the sorrowing city failed to form part of the procession which thronged the streets from St. Donat's to Nôtre Dame.

On the 27th all the most precious relics were paraded, and, from Nôtre Dame to the convent of Saint Croix outside the gates, countless multitudes accompanied them, all animated with the same hope and uttering the same supplications.

For a short time there was a ray of hope permitted, for Mary appeared to have recovered a little strength. She had summoned the Knights of the Golden Fleece to her chamber, with whom stood the Bishop of Tournay. She felt aware herself that her sufferings would not be prolonged, and turning to them thus spoke:

"Gentlemen," she said, "I feel that I must die before this day be ended, I trust to enjoy eternal felicity, for this cause I make you my eternal adieux.

"Adieu, then, to thee the first, Duke Maximilian. Alas! we must part. Adieu Philippe, adieu Marguerite, soon you will be orphans; you lose your mother before her time, but I must submit to the decree.

"Adieu, Sire Adolphe de Ravestein, noble and faithful heart, who have been my stay in times of need.

"Adieu, Count de Romont, who so valiantly defended my country and my honour.

"Adieu, Ingelbert of Nassau, who were never wanting on the field of battle when your arm could serve me.

"Adieu to you all, Prince of Orange, noble Fiennes, Sires of Chimai, Beveren, Gruutheuse.

"Adieu, Margaret of York.

"Adieu, Dame de Ravestein, guardian and protectress of my children, guide them well according to my desires. My time is come, my hour approaches.

"Adieu, my country of Burgundy, of Brabant, of Flanders, Limbourg, Luxembourg, of Holland, Zealand, and Hainault. Adieu, Namurois, who have always shown me so much affection.

"Adieu, my Commons, who have ever lent me your assistance in my need.

"You lose your Duchess prematurely, but against death there is no remedy.

"My Lords, deign to pardon me if I have ever occasioned you displeasure."

Her last words were hardly audible, and while she spoke her countenance underwent a change which told that all would soon be at an end.

The Bishop of Tournay then lighted the blessed taper and a sad silence ensued; they were all waiting for the final close.

Mary opened her eyes once more, which she had kept closely shut till then, attempted to utter more adieux, and murmuring: "Oh God, take pity on me and receive my soul to your keeping," sunk back and expired.

She had just completed her twenty-fifth year.

Maximilian had been forced from her chamber, for his agony of sorrow was so great that it was feared her last moments would be disturbed by seeing how deeply

he felt her loss. Retired in his cabinet he threw himself on the ground, tore his hair, and wrung his hands in frantic sorrow, exclaiming that he should lose in her all his worldly happiness, and would have parted more readily with all his relations to the tenth degree, and could have better supported the loss of both his parents.

When the Sieur de Ravestein and three other lords waited on him to announce the sad close, his grief was heart-rending; and only the mention of his children, and the danger to the country if he did not control his regrets, roused him from the fearful state of despair into which this sudden blow had thrown him.

He entreated to see the body: and it was permitted, after the attendants had properly disposed it, to be afterwards placed in state and exhibited to the people.

When he saw the inanimate corpse of all he held dear, he could scarcely believe the extent of his misfortune; he threw himself on his knees beside her, kissed her cold hands, and called upon her name with prayers and tears. At length he left the spot, and carried with him a sorrow deeply-rooted in his heart, which no events of after years could efface, nor any of the stirring scenes in which he played so conspicuous a part could sweep away.

He was only three-and-twenty when this sorrow overtook him; and in spite of his valour, his energy, and spirit, the cloud was never removed which darkened his future life, and probably occasioned much of the eccentricity and wildness which caused him to be considered at times scarcely in his proper senses.

While poor Mary lay dying, she is said to have lamented her own imprudent rashness in so often braving danger, and thus having brought on herself so sad a fate. She was naturally courageous and bold,

like her father, and it would appear was somewhat resolute in her will. The accident which caused her death could not be attributed to any fault of hers, except it might be too great an ardour for the chase, which made her urge her steed too far; but she, on more than one occasion, with the excusable levity of youth, had ventured on dangerous expeditions, in spite of the remonstrances of the grave personages who, in her husband's absence, thought themselves responsible for her safety.

Once, in a very hard winter, while Maximilian was absent with his army, and the Duchess was at her favourite place of residence, Brüges, she conceived a desire to go out in a sledge on the ice. M. de Ravestein entreated her to give up the idea, as it might be a dangerous amusement; but, full of gaiety and spirit, she replied,

"Sire Adolphe, my good cousin, believe me there is no danger, and if there be, I can very well take care of myself."

Sledges were accordingly prepared, and she and all her ladies set out towards the gate of Ghent; for between this gate and that of Sainte Croix, all had been arranged for a course of sledges. The ramparts of the town were immediately crowded with people...to see the Princess, and many ventured on the ice, hoping to catch a better view. These, however, were driven off, in order to prevent accidents, and the mirth was extreme and the amusement of the Duchess great, as she saw them run and slip in all directions, to leave the way clear. The attendant ladies were also resolved not to allow any of the young lords of the court to be of the party, and they were hunted by the fair Amazons, like the rest, and fell about in gallant style, increasing the mirth and the enjoyment.

As long as Mary was content with her sledge, all went well; but, having thus succeeded, she was resolved to try her powers at skating. It was necessary that she should be protected by numerous attendants in this sport, and the ice was soon covered with willing guardians, who surrounded her with watchful care. At every fall of the lords who followed her, the young and lively Princess was delighted, and could not be weary of the novel excitement. The skating continued till evening; but Mary, before she gave it up, resolved to have one more course, from one end of the canal to the other. Unfortunately, this was too much for her strength and skill; she fell and injured herself severely, and all the gaiety of the day was converted into fear and regret.

She was carried home in great pain, and it was long before the remedies applied took effect in relieving her.

Nothing could exceed the annoyance and sorrow of M. de Ravestein; he hurried to her apartment, and found her suffering. "Alas! madam," said he, "I foresaw what would happen. I dreaded some misfortune, if you went on the ice!"

Mary laughed at his terrors, and treated the injury she had received very lightly, promising, however, in future to take greater care of herself; and at length she succeeded in re-assuring the anxious minister. Although she soon recovered from this accident, it was nevertheless a serious one, and but for her youth and strength, might have been fatal.

Mary's appearance has been variously described; sometimes she is represented as having been the most beautiful princess of her time, and sometimes the qualities of her mind are more dwelt upon by chroniclers, than the charms of her person. She appears to have been very cheerful, gay, and full of spirits,

extremely affectionate and enthusiastic, attached to her friends, and fond of her subjects.

The "Austrian lip," remarkable in her descendants, is said to have originated in her, if tradition is to be believed. She is thus described by a writer of her day:—

"Elle resemblait fort à son père; elle éstoit blanche et gaye de visage, avait le menton long et la *bouche baillante*, qui éstoit une chose, qui estoit naturelle *aux Rois de France*; elle éstoit forte et saine de corps, de bonne complexion, comme son père. Elle avait une mine virile, grave, haultaine, hardie et sans peur, éstait fort encline a se courroucer promptement, éstait de complexion sanguine, *fort desireuse de lire des histoires veritables*, et aymant fort son mari."

One of the greatest attractions which arrests the traveller in the interesting old town of Bruges, perhaps more filled with treasures, to be found nowhere else, than any of the rich towns of Belgium, is the magnificent tomb of Mary of Burgundy, which no visitor, however rapid his sojourn, has failed to visit with extreme gratification.

This gorgeous mausoleum—a pendant to one erected to her father, Charles the Bold, by his grandson, many years afterwards—was placed in the church of Notre Dame, shortly after her death, under the superintendence of the widowed Maximilian. It is one blaze of gold and enamel, covered with devices and figures, scrolls and wreaths, shields and emblems. The tomb itself is of dark touchstone, overlaid with all these ornaments. The full-length effigy of the Princess reposes on it, and is said to present an exact resemblance. It was executed by the most celebrated artists of the time, and the finish of the ornaments and general design of the tomb are admirable. A long inscription sets forth the titles of the young Duchess,

and in the simplicity of its details speaks forcibly to the feelings; it concludes thus:—

"Regretted, wept, and deplored was she by her subjects, and all who knew her, more than ever princess was.

"Pray God for her soul. Amen."

The two magnificent tombs of Mary and her father still existing in such freshness and splendour as to amaze all who behold them, have been subject to some mutations.

A recently discovered document concerning the expenses attending their construction, has revealed the fact of the moderate charges of the best artists in those days. Philip of Spain, son of Mary, caused his mother's tomb to be repaired and beautified, to answer in appearance to that he commanded should be raised to his grandfather, Charles the Bold. It appears that the chief artificer was a certain Belgian, Jacques Jonghelinck, to whom the sum of two thousand livres was paid for his work on both tombs. Two artists, Marc Gheraert and Van Orley, were employed for the images in gold and copper, which cover the tomb with the marvels of art of the sixteenth century.

When the French Revolution broke out, and all ecclesiastical buildings felt its heavy hand, Notre Dame de Bruges, and all her treasures, had reason to tremble at the fate which was approaching. The worthy guardian of this sacred pile, Pierre de Zitter, and a friend equally deserving of credit, Sierzack, a stone-mason, when they heard the growling of the threatened storm at a distance, resolved to save as much as possible of the cherished tombs, so long the pride of their countrymen. With the greatest care they detached every ornament from the face of the stone, and bore them off in safety to the residence of another zealous and faithful Belgian, Albert Valckenacker, clerk of the table of

the poor in Notre Dame, and, concealed in some mysterious retreat, they lay till all danger was past, and the Restoration permitted them once more to re-appear.

When the French arrived in Belgium, the church of Notre Dame was subjected to the same desecration as others; it was sold as national property, and was bought by a friend, who preserved the ruined heaps of scattered stones as well as might be, but, injudiciously removing the broken remnants of the tombs from their original positions, the sites were lost and a serious injury done.

The individual to whose share the church had fallen being unable, as time wore on, to meet the expenses of keeping it in repair, was obliged to abandon it to greedy adventurers, under whose auspices the lead was stripped off those tombs remaining, and the bones of the dead cast away amongst the rubbish round.

In a small niche was found a leaden box, which contained the heart of Philippe le Beau. This box was forced open, and the sacrilegious and unpitying people, who satisfied their curiosity at the expense of all venerable recollections, actually had the brutality to cut the heart in two.

When Napoleon came to Bruges, he visited the church of Notre Dame, and, in a lateral chapel, was shown by De Zitter himself the two tombs of Mary and Charles, which by his care had been re-erected there, although the ornaments were still concealed. Napoleon, pleased with the zeal of this man, ordered that a thousand francs should be paid him as a mark of his approval. Besides this, he commanded that the sum of ten thousand francs should be granted to restore the chapel; and in the course of time the tombs reappeared in all their original splendour, as they now appear, the ornament and boast of Bruges and of Belgium.

Maximilian, attached as he was to Mary, did not cause his own tomb to be raised at Bruges beside hers; he inclined more to the land of his birth, although his dust does not lie at Innspruck, where his famous monument is to be visited.

Maximilian began it in his lifetime. Singularly unlike all others in any part of the world, it is surrounded with a crowd of personages considerably above the size of life, who stand motionless in bronze, but as if met to converse on the history and achievements of the Emperor. Characters of all periods and in various costumes are here brought together, and keep guard beneath the dome of the church, also begun by the eccentric prince, but which he was unable to continue. It was left to his grandson, Ferdinand, to complete both the church and the tomb, certainly as much a marvel of its kind as those of Charles and Mary at Bruges.

It was in 1558 that Alexander Colin, of Malines, began the wonderful picture-sculptures which tell the history of Maximilian's career; and though it is said that four of the marvellous bas-reliefs on the tomb were executed by other hands, those of the brothers Abel of Cologne, the tradition is not altogether to be credited; it is possible that these artists might have made some designs, and it is known that they were sent to Carrara to choose the delicate marble in which these reliefs were to be executed.

The first of the twenty-four sculptures finished by Colin was the Marriage of Maximilian and Mary of Burgundy; and the last was the Defeat of the Turks in Sclavonia. It is difficult to pronounce on the superiority of any one of these pieces over another, so delicately minute, graceful, bold and spirited are they all. The immense quantity of work in them is absolutely startling, and the eye is dazzled by the profusion of objects introduced; they are in stone what

Hemling is in painting, and the bas-reliefs of Innspruck may be compared to the shrine of St. Ursula at Bruges. The likeness of Maximilian is faithfully preserved throughout his career; from the time when, in the flower of youth, he stands at the altar with Mary of Burgundy—to the more mature age, when he marries Blanche of Milan—and the decline of life, when he blesses the union of his children, in 1515.

The truth of costume is perfect, and the armour and accoutrements of the 15th century represented in the most complete manner. Perhaps this is exhibited with the most force in the relief of the Triumphant Entry of Maximilian into Vienna in 1490, the composition of which is unequalled. Here, Maximilian appears on horseback, in a gorgeous costume, wearing the imperial crown, and bearing the imperial sceptre: he and his charger are covered with embroidered robes, fringes, feathers, and coats of arms, made out in the marble as clearly as if traced with the finest and most brilliant pencil; while the leaves and flowers of the foreground vie in delicacy with the walls, towers, spires, and houses of Vienna—the quays and river—boats and rocks—villages, towns, and farms—and the hills and forests—in the extreme distance.

The Defeat of the Turks is even more elaborate; the minutest details of a siege being introduced, to the prone and slaughtered cattle lying beneath the walls of the burning town: and in the marriage of Philippe le Beau and Jeanne of Castile the details of architecture are equally surprising.

Maximilian was, however, buried at Wienerisch Neustadt, a town which had always shown great loyalty and devotion to its prince, and where his mother, Eleanor of Portugal, was buried; her tomb, a fine specimen of its kind, is in the Neu Kloster-kirche; but Maximilian's body reposes in the beau-

tiful chapel of St. George, in the castle of the Dukes. His friend and faithful minister, Dietrichstein, lies at his feet.

It was at Wels, in Upper Austria, that he died, in the old castle of that antique Roman town, which is on the road from the Danube to the falls of the beautiful sea-green Traun. Travellers pause a few moments on their way by the tram-road, which now traverses this district, and in the deserted, uninteresting place, which they hastily quit for the more cheerful and enticing little town of Lambach, they seldom give a thought to the famous Emperor, whose great spirit winged its way from earth within the walls of the ruined castle on the height.

Austria and the Tyrol are full of recollections of "Emperor Max;" he is the hero of many a spot, and numerous stories are told of him—that of the Martinswand, at Zirl on the Inn, on the road from Innspruck in particular, where stands the rock the scene of his well-known hunting adventure, and which is hollowed into a cave and decorated with a cross. Many a German poet has sung the story, and the recording stanzas are in every one's mouth throughout the country.

Amongst some curious letters published by M. Jules de St. Genois, in a work relative to the archives of Belgium, at Ghent, occurs one which shows a certain kindliness of spirit in the Emperor Maximilian, in remarkable contrast to the severity of Louis of France, on similar subjects. What rank the culprit imprisoned held, or for what cause placed in durance, is of little import. Maximilian writes to the Prior of the Abbey of St. Pierre, at Ghent, in favour of a certain Antoine de Poitiers, as follows:—*

* The manner in which the series of letters, from which this is chosen, was preserved from the French agents of 1795, who despoiled the convents and public deposits of Belgium, is curious. The zealous conservator of the archives, in order to deceive these persons, had taken

"*Bruxelles, Jan.* 1, 1477 (1478).

"FROM THE DUKE OF AUSTRIA, OF BURGUNDY, &c. &c.

"Religious Personage,—Very dear and well beloved, we have been informed that for a certain crime, committed and perpetrated by brother Antoine de Poitiers, a professed monk of the monastery of St. Peter, in our town of Ghent, he has been placed in durance, and is there detained in great poverty and misery; and because that the present weather is hard in consequence of the season of winter, and that the said brother Antoine may fall into some sickness, owing to the cold which he daily suffers, and that several of his relations and friends have represented his case to us, entreating us to recommend it to your consideration, and even to require of you that he shall be placed in a better and more convenient place of confinement: we write thus to you, and pray and require you very earnestly, that for favour and compassion of the said friends and relations of brother Antoine, you will enlarge the said brother from the prison in which he is now detained, or at least put him into one more suitable and easy for him, until the arrival of the reverend father in God, our beloved and faithful counsellor, your abbot and prelate as well as his own. And in so doing you will give us pleasure, Religious Personage, dear and well beloved. Our Lord preserve you.

"N. Corteville. MAX."

the precaution to place on the heap of manuscripts of value amongst which these letters of Maximilian were found, the word "*Rebut.*" He repeated this on other documents, by which *rusc* a quantity of important papers have been preserved to the country. The publisher, suspecting that there might be treasures concealed in these apparently unimportant heaps, took the trouble of looking through them, and was rewarded for his pains.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE LAST SCENE.

MAXIMILIAN, after the death of his wife, appears to have lost all hold upon the affections of his subjects. When the short period is considered since he had been received in the territories of the Duchess Mary as a liberator, the impatience of the Flemings seems remarkable. It is true that his father, the Emperor, would not assist him, and that affairs had gone ill with him; but it was rather from the ill fortune of war than from any fault of his own that he had been unsuccessful in preventing the French from gaining possession of so great a portion of Burgundy, and time and opportunity promised much to a prince so young, so brave, and so ardent.

One would imagine that the Flemings thought Louis the Eleventh immortal, for although his death had been talked of now for a long time, yet they were as anxious to gain his goodwill as if he had been a young monarch just ascending the throne.

The citizens of Ghent, who had put to death the two ministers of Mary, and persecuted her because they suspected a wish of encouraging the French alliance, those very citizens were now enthusiastically anxious to cement a lasting peace with Louis by means of the marriage of the infant daughter of the lost Duchess with the young Dauphin, who had been so

preposterously proposed before by the King for the husband of her mother.

Louis, who had never changed his desire for the possession of Burgundy, either by force or by an alliance, saw now that the hope he had so long entertained was really within his reach, and, dying as he was, his ruling passion led him to seek this gratification as his last.

Although he had so long intended the Dauphin to be the means through which this great acquisition should be procured, yet he had hitherto treated him rather as an idea than a reality; keeping him in a sort of imprisonment in Amboise without education or amusement, and dreading that he should be even seen by any of his ministers or nobles, for fear of his exciting interest in their minds. On one occasion one of his nobles had visited the young Dauphin at Amboise, and, with a view of entertaining the solitary boy, had taken him out to see partridges caught, but no sooner did the jealous father hear of this attention than he was alarmed and offended, and gave strict orders that no one should be admitted to the prince again.

The life of the child was one of privation and unhappiness; he never saw his mother, nor any of his family; his mind was left entirely uncultivated, and no recreation was permitted him. No wonder his health was weak and delicate, and his frame feeble; nor is it to be wondered at that in after years he showed so little intellect or ability.

Yet this was the miserable bridegroom who was first to have been forced on the Duchess Mary, who had already been promised to the daughter of King Edward of England, and who was now to be betrothed to Marguerite of Austria, daughter of the heiress of Burgundy.

Louis saw that nothing was to be gained to France by the English alliance, and cared little for the irrita-

tion of Edward, when he saw his daughter abandoned for another; but he resolved to take advantage as promptly as possible of the offer made him by the people of Ghent to deliver up the infant princess to him before her father could gain any power to withhold her. Nothing was more contrary to the wishes of Maximilian, but it was in vain that he protested and represented his claims to be consulted; the subjects of his late wife refused to attend to him, and had taken all power into their own hands.

It was not that the Flemings wished to become subject to France: on the contrary, they only saw in this marriage of Mdlle. Marguerite and the Dauphin the union to France of those estates where the French language was spoken, which they preferred should be separated from Flanders. They had originally desired to be governed by a prince whose power was limited, and had, they conceived, mistaken their interests in allowing the son of the Emperor to enter their country. Henceforth they hoped to be governed by their Duke, young Philippe, who would not be disturbed by those possessions in France which had for so long a time caused such fatal dissensions, and the more compact Dukedom would become more prosperous; but for the danger they had fallen into from the French they would never have consented to their Duchess's marriage with Maximilian; but had she married the Dauphin, her possessions would have been claimed entirely by her husband, and Flanders, as well as Burgundy, would have been sacrificed. It was now different: the young Duke would retain his most powerful estates, and the provinces of Burgundy were naturally the dower of his sister.

Having once resolved on this plan, the Flemings became extremely impatient that it should be brought to a conclusion; and so desirous were they that no

delay should intervene, that they proclaimed their intention, in case Louis did not instantly agree to their proposal, of throwing themselves into the arms of England, and abandoning the French interests altogether.

The mortification of Maximilian was extreme when he found himself utterly powerless to resist the will of the haughty Flemings, who sent a deputation to him from all the provinces, insisting on his consent to the marriage of his daughter.

Without money or means, he had no resource but to submit, and on the 6th of November, 1482, Maximilian, Archduke of Austria, as he was now styled for the first time, gave power to the deputies to treat for peace and to conclude the marriage.

It was accordingly agreed that the Princess Marguerite should be taken to France and given into the guardianship of the Lady of Beaujeu, daughter of Louis, by whom she was to be brought up as an elder daughter, and the wife of the Dauphin.

As her dower, the Archduke was to give the provinces of Artois and Burgundy, and the lordships of Mâcon, Auxerre, Salins, Bar-sur-Seine, and Noyers, with the stipulation that this great dower should be returned to the Archduke or his son in case of the marriage not being accomplished.

There were a great many other engagements entered into on both sides, pensions to be granted and debts to be paid, and the King solemnly promised never in any way to interfere with the government of Duke Philippe, or to change, in any degree, the liberties and privileges of his dominions; if by his death, or failure of issue, they should hereafter fall to his son or the children of the Dauphiness.

When these and many other preliminaries were firmly settled, the young bride was to be delivered up, and carried to the kingdom of her future husband.

Meanwhile Louis had secluded himself in his prison-like chateau of Plessis, too feeble to attend long to anything, warding off the sure approach of a greater tyrant than himself, and trying to cheat Heaven by fruitless prayers put up by himself and others. He was able only to reach the gallery which conducted to his chapel, so weak and exhausted was his frame, and there he would endeavour to amuse himself with puerilities. He imagined different entertainments to get the better of his ennui, and when one failed others replaced them: at one time he would send for shepherds and shepherdesses from Poitou, and have them dance their country rounds before him; but he never cared to look on these things more than once, and sometimes, after obtaining them with difficulty, he would not attend to them at all. Sometimes he would cause minstrels and poets to exert their art to drive away his care and pain, and he had collected no less than a hundred and twenty professors of the *gaie science* round his gloomy abode, till Plessis and its dungeons might have been mistaken for the dwelling of the troubadour King of Sicily himself; but he found no delight in anything, and was forced to exclaim—

"Man delights not me,—nor woman either."

He had no affection for his wife or children, and bad as his opinion of men was, that which he entertained of women was even worse. He disliked his daughter Jeanne particularly, and her terror of him was so great that, knowing how distasteful she was to him, she was always accustomed to conceal herself, when she appeared before him, behind her governess Madame de Lesquières, whose robe she hoped would hide from her harsh father a figure small, deformed, and altogether unattractive. Nevertheless Jeanne was a gentle, amiable, and pious princess, without one trait in her disposition which

could remind any one of her father; he had forced the young Louis of Orleans into a marriage with her, which was a most unhappy one, for her husband resolutely determined to keep himself apart from her, and to resist the tyranny which had rendered his life miserable.

His eldest daughter Anne was, on the contrary, handsome, clever, and full of spirit, and in many respects extremely like Louis himself, so that he regarded her with more complacency; to keep her, however, in check he had married her to the least ambitious prince in his realm, M. de Beaujeu, and was careful that she should never gain any ascendancy during his life, although, knowing her powers of mind, he named her Regent at his death. He would not, however, acknowledge that he held her talents in any high esteem, for on one occasion, when he had rejected the offer of a fine dog from his favourite Du Lude, and the latter observed—

"Well then, in that case, it shall be given to the wisest lady in the kingdom."

"Who may that be?" asked the King.

"My honoured lady your daughter, Madame de Beaujeu," answered the courtier.

"Say, the *least foolish*," was the tart reply: "there are none wise."

Louis appears, like Queen Elizabeth of England, to have preferred handsome people about him; and this fancy grew stronger towards the last. On one occasion he wrote to his Chancellor thus:

"Chancellor—I return you the letters you sent me; but let me beg that you will not send them any more by the person who brought these, for I find his face horribly altered since I last saw him, and I may say on my honour, that he actually frightened me. So adieu."

"*Written at Plessis du Parc.*"

When once Louis had made up his mind to look upon the necessity of bringing forward the Dauphin as his successor, he acted with his usual energy and resolution, and called all the princes together that they might take oaths of fealty towards him. He foresaw that, at his death, the kingdom would be probably disturbed, and it was the young Duke of Orleans that he feared; he had kept him under as much as possible throughout his reign, had forced him to marry his daughter Jeanne, whom he considered as unlikely to bring any heirs to his house, and had done all in his power to repress the spirit which he saw rebelling within him. Louis of Orleans, afterwards Louis the Twelfth called the Good and the Father of his people, was now twenty-one, the next heir to the crown in case of the failure of the Dauphin, and was a prince of so much promise that the King felt convinced the time was not far distant when he would rise to his proper position in the state.

He sent, therefore, for the prince, to Amboise and caused him to swear by all the oaths he could imagine to be binding to be faithful to the Dauphin—by the name of God the Creator, by the holy Mass, by the holy Evangelists, by the future condemnation of his soul, on his honour, and on penalty of incurring perpetual reproach, to serve him truly when he should come to the crown. Amongst other items included in his oath, the Duke of Brittany was particularly named as to be avoided, for the King was aware that in Brittany lay the greatest danger to his son, as indeed the event proved.

The Vicomte de Narbonne, who had married Mary d'Orleans, was also mentioned, and the young Duke promised to enter into no intelligence with either against his future sovereign.

Nothing could be worse than the condition of the

kingdom at the close of the reign of Louis; all the good order which Charles the Seventh and his ministers and advisers had with the greatest effort established, after the long anarchy of the time of Charles the Sixth, and the occupation of the English, was destroyed; the people groaned under a load of taxes and impositions, the country was filled with mercenary soldiers, who had no interest in its prosperity, and whose trade was pillage and rapine.

So lamentable had the condition of the poorer classes become, so incessant were the calls upon them, and so frequent the cruel desolation of their fields and goods, that they were at the point of despair; famine and sickness were completing what war had begun, and at last the violence and rigour of the officers of the law sent to collect money from their miserable abodes, had no effect in quieting men who had no longer anything to lose but their lives. Murmurs arose both from high and low, and there was but one prayer throughout the kingdom: namely, that Heaven would remove from them the scourge they had too long supported in their tyrannical King.

Louis, in his dismal palace, had heard these wailings and these curses, which he well knew were deserved; and he felt that the short time left him was too little to allow him to repair a life of wrong towards his people. It was not, however, pity for those whom he had made suffer that distressed his mind; it was anxiety for his own safety and terror for his wretched remains of life, that continually disturbed and harrassed him; and, aware as he was of the necessity of some prompt relief being afforded to the people, he was more than ever resolute in resisting any advice on the subject. There were few persons about him, in fact, honest enough to attempt to advise him; but it is recorded of the Archbishop of Tours, that he ventured to set forth to the

King, in a manner most severe and uncompromising, his real duty, and the inefficacy of his presents to churches and his prayers to Saints, without a good will to repair his errors, and a penitent heart to act justly towards his perishing subjects. He remonstrated with him on the enormity of keeping so many princes and prelates in horrible prisons, and assured him that his gifts and professions to the Church were useless, while he ill-treated the ministers of the religion he pretended to respect.

Instead of attending to these truths, the anger of Louis was uncontrollable when he found that there existed a man bold enough to speak them, and he wearied himself with invectives against the insolent churchman who presumed so far.

"Tell him," he wrote to the Chancellor, "that since I know the great wound he wishes to make in the state, I should consider it a great sin, and I should tremble for my conscience, if I believed a word he said; or if I should ask his advice in anything, and assuredly I never will ask it, nor allow him to interfere in any one thing.

"*Item:* Let him know that when I wrote to him, it was with the view of obtaining his prayers to God for the health of my body, and it was not his business to put himself forward for anything else; for I imagine he has more reason to pray for me than for Cardinal Balue or Cardinal Sancti-Petri ad Vinculam, whose champion he is.

"*Item:* Tell him that I am very much displeased that he has thus put his hand to the plough, and has taken upon himself to look backward. I see he is too partial, and shall take care not to trust to him.

"Chancellor, if there is a man who complains, I am not afraid of him. Do immediate justice on all who

are in the wrong; send me word of it, and let alone all the rest.

"*Meung-sur-Loire, 24th August.*"

Furious, however, as the King was, the remonstrances of the Bishop of Tours had their effect, as regarded the imprisoned prelates, and the fear of incurring the censures of the Church induced him to consent at last to the release of several.

Another honest man, in this age of venality, was Jean de la Vacquerie, First President of Parliament, whose name has become immortal among magistrates, for daring to resist the King's injustice, and for boldly remonstrating with him.

It became requisite that Louis should receive the Flemish ambassadors sent to conclude the peace of Arras, and to arrange the marriage of the Dauphin and the daughter of Mary of Burgundy. Louis would fain have avoided this, but he was obliged to receive them in state, reclined on a bed, for he was too feeble to sit up, and he thus exhibited to the astonished deputies, who had heard so long of the power and majesty of the King of France, a wretched, worn, cadaverous skeleton scarcely human in appearance, but disguised, as much as possible, by splendid robes of velvet, silk, and furs, and covered with jewels and gold.

It was at Plessis-les-Tours, where the half-frightened ambassadors, after having received the highest honours at every town on their route, were introduced to the King in a half-lighted room, having crossed drawbridges and threaded mazes of fortifications, as if they were entering a prison or a fortress; and here they first heard the feeble, but mocking voice of the dying King, who apologised to them for being unable to rise, and for being forced to hold the Holy Book, on which his oath was taken, in his left hand, his right arm being paralysed and supported in a sling.

The stout Flemings looked at each other in amaze as they retired, breathless with awe from the audience, and asked, "Is this the mighty monarch we have dreaded so long, who has kept us in subjection, and who destroyed our great prince Charles the Bold!"

From Plessis the ambassadors repaired to Amboise, where the sight of the insignificant Charles, who was to be the bridegroom of their young princess, did not inspire them with any more admiration; but the magnificence of the fêtes prepared for them by the Parliament of Paris made up for these deficiencies in the highest quarters, and the Flemings returned highly satisfied with their arrangements and their reception.

After this, a French embassy was dispatched to Duke Maximilian to receive his oaths, and it was then that Anne of France and her husband, the Sire de Beaujeu, set forth with a brilliant suite to Flanders, to receive the Princess Marguerite, and to conduct her to her future kingdom, where, according to the terms of the treaty, she was to be brought up.

Edward the Fourth of England, in the midst of these arrangements, died, and thus all uneasiness regarding his vengeance for the betrayal of his interests by Louis was at an end. Louis scarcely noticed the circumstance, as if it had been of no importance, and seemed to have wiped the memory of England and her quarrels at once from the tablet of his brain. He was confident in his good star, which had shone on so many desired deaths, and lighted him to the very summit of his ambition. He had had his desire upon all his enemies, and saw himself supreme at last. It was true he was dying, but he could say—

"Come what may, I have been blest."

In the magic mirror of his fate he could see pass over

the shades of all who had contended against him, or who had stood in his way—a formidable list for his conscience, should it be awakened.

The Duke of Guyenne, his brother;
The Constable of St. Pol, his friend;
The Count of Armagnac;
The Duke of Nemours;
The Duke of Calabria;
King René, and all the house of Anjou;
Don Juan, King of Aragon;
And more than all—
Duke Charles of Burgundy, and
The young Duchess Mary.

The catalogue was closed with King Edward, and there was none now left to oppose his will.

When Marguerite was delivered to Madame de Beaujeu, the Sire de Ravestein, still the protector of his sovereign's child as he had been hers, desired that, according to the treaty, she should immediately take possession of her province of Artois. She was, therefore conducted first to Béthune, and made her public entry there; to show her first act of sovereignty, she gave liberty to two prisoners who had long been in confinement in that place.

She then continued her route towards Paris, and arrived there on the 2nd of June, her entry being made amidst the rapturous rejoicings of the people, as her father's had been in the states of Burgundy, for her appearance was hailed as a promise of peace and future good, as his had been, to be as little fulfilled in time to come as events proved.

The usual pageants and fêtes welcomed her, and these were continued as her progress was made to Amboise, where she was solemnly affianced to the Dauphin in the presence of all the nobles of the kingdom, assembled to do honour to the alliance.

But it seemed as if the spirit of Mary of Burgundy could not consent to this union, which, so prematurely contracted, was destined to be dissolved as that of England had been, for the daughter of Edward the Fourth, as well as the daughter of Mary, had both borne the title of Dauphiness of France, yet neither became the bride of Charles, the destined husband of the heiress Anne of Brittany, twice Queen of France.

Every hour of the life of Louis the Eleventh was now become terrible to all about him: he had, in spite of his weakness and his suffering, lost nothing of his irritability, his suspicion, his energy, his cruelty, or his observation; and he tormented by his ceaseless tyranny every person who had the misfortune to be within the magic circle he had drawn round him. All trembled before him, his children, his friends, his ministers, and his servants; and yet he was tyrannised over by one person who made him feel the bitterness of being in the power of one without sympathy or regard.

This was his physician, Maître Jaques Cottier, a brutal and insolent man; in whose skill he placed his whole confidence, and to whom he looked for the salvation of his life, as he did to the prayers of the great anchorite Saint François de Paule, whom he had with great efforts, induced to take a journey from Calabria to visit him.

Cottier, quite aware of his power and regardless of consequences, probably knowing that the recovery of his patient was impossible, treated him in the coarsest and severest manner, continually reproaching him and daring him to dismiss him.

"I know," he would say, "that some fine morning you will send me off, as you have sent so many others, but, *par la Mort Dieu!* if you do you will not live many hours afterwards."

Such speeches as these were enough to disarm the

anger of Louis in a moment, and all that the most humble and servile prisoner could say to propitiate the lord who held his life in his hands, was said by the prostrate King to this low and presumptuous attendant. For a whole year Cottier held the King in this state of slavery, drawing from him enormous sums of money and numerous grants of land, besides having obtained the elevation of all his family, and positions of the greatest power and emolument for himself.

So prodigal was Louis of his gifts whenever he thought they would serve him, all with the view of preserving an existence which hung by a thread, that it was said if he lived much longer the whole revenue of the kingdom would be given away: every Saint in every famous church in France was bribed to his interest, and he wearied his memory to recollect if any vow he had made during his life was left unredeemed.

He was suddenly reminded that once in his youth, when crossing the Adour in a boat, he had nearly been lost in the current, and then made a vow to Notre Dame de Behuart, through whose intercession he believed he had been saved. This obscure little Madonna, it now struck him, might possess some power to assist him at his utmost extremity; and he, therefore, the moment he remembered the circumstance, hastened to issue letters patent to found a chapter in the parish of Behuart, a small village on an island of the Loire, near Angers, by which privilege was granted to the canons of the church to give out letters of remission and pardon every Good Friday to any native of the province of Anjou, let his crime be what it might.

All these struggles were for the health of his body alone; for in spite of the absurd belief he attached to the intercession of Saints, the salvation of his soul appears not to have occupied him; on the contrary, he did not consider that his soul was in the least danger,

as he carefully attended to its health by all the prescribed prayers, penances, and confessions. On one occasion when an orison was being recited before him, and the aid of St. Eutropus was implored for the health of his body and soul, he observed—"That's enough—there is no use worrying the Saint for so many things at a time."

He ordered new bells to be founded for different churches, and processions without end; one of these was destined to drive away the east wind, which was inimical to the sick. His chamber and bed were covered with images of every description; sometimes he took up one and kissed it, and sometimes another, and rejected none: most of these were of lead or brass, and were brought to him by wandering relic merchants from one end of the kingdom to the other, for they were sure of finding a purchaser at Plessis for all the miraculous follies they chose to invent. Very few, even of the highest of the clergy, refused to take advantage of these moments of terrified piety, and immense were the sums received in exchange for accredited relics. The Holy Father sent him so many relics from Rome that there was a fear of a sedition in the city, and the Pope had some difficulty in quieting the people by representing to them that Heaven would not object to their treasures being sent to one who had been so signal a friend to the Holy See.

Plessis-les-Tours at length became not only a prison, but a sort of church surrounded by cells, for the King had commanded numerous hermitages to be constructed, where a crowd of holy pilgrims were domiciled, and whose prayers were supposed to have the more efficacy from being sent up to Heaven from the immediate neighbourhood of the sick King.

At the head of these was the celebrated Roberto Retortillo, born in the town of Paolo in Calabria,

who from the age of twelve years had resided in the hole of a rock, devoting himself to pious meditations. By degrees his abode was sought and surrounded by other pious characters, who assumed the name of the Hermits of St. Francis, and called themselves Minimes.

As the holy Roberto had left the world so early, it appears that he had had no time for worldly study, and could neither write nor read, his whole time being occupied in prayers, which were found to be so efficacious, that no effort was thought too great by the dying King of France to obtain them, and, at the same time, the presence of the most pious man in Christendom.

Kings, princes, and p[illegible] gly employed to persuade the recluse to l[illegible] solitude, and to go for a time to inhabi[illegible] oared for him at [illegible] Though much [illegible] so, Roberto at [illegible] agreed, and his [illegible] continued [illegible], till he stood in the presence [illegible] Louis [illegible] on his knees before him, conjured him *to prolong his life!*

The veneration felt for him was so great that it was believed he was inspired and held the will of Heaven in his words; he was called only the Holy Man by those who believed his mission, but there were many of the profane who turned both him, his journey, and his patient into ridicule.

Neither his presence nor the remedies of the physicians were, however, able to help the victim, which death was merely delaying to seize upon; but I[illegible] was suddenly inspired with another hope and imagined that if he were a second time anointed with the sacred oil the traitor King of Shadows would not dare to approach him.

All sorts of ceremonies were, therefore, gone through, and the Sainte Ampoule was brought in state from

Rheims, but, while it was yet standing in its jewelled shrine upon a buffet in the King's chamber, he was attacked with another fit of apoplexy and lost both speech and sense. He was at first thought dead, but that subtle spirit would not yet depart, and once more flashed in the eyes of the astonished watchers.

Soon after this he spoke again, and seemed to have recovered all his energy of mind, giving the minutest orders and sending to the ministers and to his son; the terrors he had hitherto felt of dying had disappeared and he was altogether calm and reasonable. Still, that his end was approaching, his physicians saw, yet who should be the person to [illegible] it to him? It had been formerly agreed [illegible] and his favourite attendants that when [illegible] arrived all that should be said to him should [illegible] little."

None, however, of the [illegible] of this compact [illegible] near him, and [illegible] and Jean Cottier [illegible] to tell him [illegible] without standing [illegible] delicacies. They [illegible] hed him, and [illegible] uptly uttered these [illegible]

"Sire, we have a sad task which we must execute; place your trust no longer in the Holy Man nor in anything else, for it is all over with you: so you had better think of your conscience since there is no remedy."

"I fancy," replied the King, "that Notre Dame, my good patroness, will grant me the favour to live yet to [illegible] of the week."

[illegible] spoke very firmly of all that concerned him, gave [illegible] orders about his funeral and his tomb at N[illegible] Dame de Cléry, where he desired that he should be placed opposite the altar, and his statue, in gilt bronze, should be erected on his monument, kneeling, *with his hands joined in his hat* according to his usual habit; he commanded that the statue should appear

dressed as a hunter, with boots, a hunting horn round his neck hanging to a scarf, his dog couching beside him, the order of St. Michael on his breast, and his sword by his side. As for the resemblance, he wished it to be not as he now appeared, but as he was formerly in his best days, with his cheeks full and his long hair hanging in curls on his shoulders; and Laurent Wren, a Flemish artist, and Conrad of Bologna, were ordered to execute the tomb.

Louis the Eleventh still kneels on a tomb in the pretty church of Notre Dame de Cléry on the Loire but the modern statue of him which deforms it conveys no sort of recollection [illegible] orders of the King. After what model [illegible] work was executed it would be difficul[illegible] nothing can be less conformable to his [illegible] ss interesting, than the strange figure in [illegible] be and ruff of the time of Henry the Third [illegible] yrant recluse of Plessis is exhibited.

The last wor[illegible]en the moment arrived for him to expi[illegible]

"Notre Dame d'Embrun, my good mistress, have pity on me."

THE END.

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